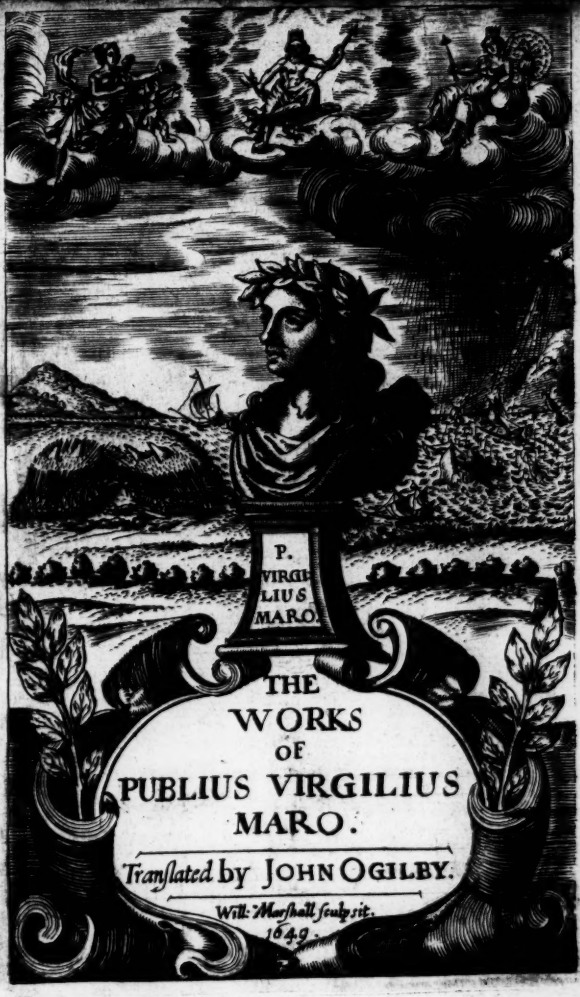

THE WORKS OF PUBLIUS VIRGILIUS MARO.

Translated by JOHN OGILBY.

Will: Marshall sculp: sit.
1649.

THE WORKS OF PUBLIUS VIRGILIVS MARO.

Translated by

JOHN OGILBY.

Claud. de bel. Get. & in Alethium.

Respice judicium quàm grave Musa subis!
Nec tua securum te, Maro, fama vehit.

LONDON,
Printed by T.R. and E.M. for John Crook. 1649.

UMI

UMI

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE,
My very good Lord,

WILLIAM

Marquiſſe and Earl of *Hartford*,
Vicount *Beauchamp*, and
Lord *Seymour*.

My Lord,

IT hath been the cuſtome of the moſt knowing men, to dedicate their Labours to Perſons of that quality, from whom with juſtice they might expect both pro-

tection and honour. Our Nation hath not been unfruitful of such, with some difference of degrees, though at present under a cloud: and it cannot be thought flattery while I make my humble addresse to your Lordship, my ambition enjoys the best; since You are not only descended from Scepter'd Ancestors, (from whose influence I may derive a modest security) but endowed with those abilities of Judgment and Science, to know, and place an exemplary value upon Dedications of this nature. So that I may take up that of the famous *Lyrick* in my just application to your Lordship:

Mæcenas atavis edite Regibus,
O & præsidium, & dulce decus meum.

And

And that it might not be thought a stain to so great a Patron, I have presumed (which is the second part of my bold undertaking) to wait on your Honour with no lesse then the Prince of Latine Poets; though in relation to my self, I call it but the shadow; and cold resemblance of *Virgil*. And although this Translation (for it is hard to render weight for weight, and measure for measure) may relish more of *Thrace* then *Greece*, having been bred in phlegmatick Regions, and among people returning to their ancient barbarity; And that our *English* Wooll may seem but an unworthy habit for that *Muse*, which from her conception was adorn'd with all the gold and

ſpoils of *Italie*, the moſt glorious Miſtreſſe of the world: Yet if your Lordſhip ſhall be pleas'd to ſmile upon the dreſſe ſhe now wears, it may live to be be receiv'd (when time ſhall ripen more ornament of Sculpture and Annotations) with none of the meaneſt attempts of this nature; And the Tranſlator though unworthy, encouraged by Your gracious acceptance, ſhall moſt gratefully acknowledge himſelf,

My Lord,

The moſt humble Honourer
of Your Name and
Vertue,

IOHN OGILBY.

Virgil's
BVCOLICKS.

The first *Eclog.*

Tityrus.

THE ARGUMENT.

Sad Melibæus *banished declares*
Those miseries attend on civill Wars,
But happy Tityrus, *the safe defence*
People enjoy, under a setled Prince.

Tityrus. *Melibæus.*

Melibæus.

UNder the spreading Beech at ease from cares,
Thou *Tityrus* playst on slender reeds soft airs:
We, must our Land and pleasant fields forsake,
Our country fly: thou in cool shades dost make
The woods fair *Amaryllis* to resound.

Tityrus.

This peace from God we (*Melibæus*) found,
(For he shall ever be my God) a soft
Lamb from our folds shall bathe his altars oft:
He grants my herds to range, and what I will,
Thou seest I play upon a rurall quill.

Melibæus.

I envie not, but wonder th' art so blest
Since all with *Sequestrations* are oppreſt:
Lo! I undone, away my Goates muſt drive,
And ſcarce I lead, O *Tityrus!* this alive.
For mongſt thick hazels th'hope of all my flock,
Ah! ſhe hath left upon a naked rock.
Oft this miſchance (had we not ſenſleſs been)
By Thunder-ſtrucken okes I had forſeen,
And on the hollow elme, by th' ominous crow:
But who this *God* may be, pray let us know.

Tityrus.

That city they call *Rome*, I did account
Fondly like this of ours, where Swains are wont
Yearly with care, to wean their tender lambs;
So I conceiv'd whelps equall to their dams,
And judg'd that Kids were as their mothers, tall:
So us'd I great things to compare with ſmall.
But ſhe, 'bove other cities lifts her head,
As o're the ſhrubs the lofty *Cedars* ſpread.

Melibæus.

What to ſee *Rome* did ſo thy journey haſte?

Tityrus.

Freedom, which look'd on me, though mean, at laſt:
When firſt my downy chin the razor ſhav'd,
She look'd at laſt, and with her ſmile ſhe ſav'd.
When me firſt *Amaryllis* did poſſeſs,
And *Galatea* left; for Ile confeſs,
Whilſt me that *Galatea* did injoy,
My freedom loſt, no ſtock I did imploy.
Although my folds then many offerings ſpar'd,
And for th' ingrateful city, I prepar'd
The richeſt cheeſe I could, yet never brought
My right hand home again with mony fraught.

Milebæus.

Melibæus.

I muse why *Amaryllis* Gods implor'd,
For whom she keeps her tree with apples stor'd.
Tityrus was absent, *Tityrus* the Pines,
For thee the fountains call, and tender Vines.

Tityrus.

What should I do? thraldom I must not leave,
Nor could elsewhere, Gods so propitious have.
And here that shepherd first I saw, for whom
Twice six dayes annually our altars fume:
He answering first my suit said: Shepherds, now
Your cattell feed, and let your oxen plow.

Melibæus.

O happy man! since large enough for thee
Thou fields injoyst, though all thy pastures be
With stones, with plashie Fens, and rushes spread.
Not thy big femals, in strange commons fed
Shall suffer, nor sick cattell taint their bloods.
O happy man! here by the well-known floods,
And sacred fountains, thou fresh aire shalt take;
Then quick-sets, which our neighbouring limits make,
Whose sallow flower *Hyblæan* Bees invade,
Oft with soft murmurs shall to sleep perswade.
Then shall the Woodman under high rocks chant;
Nor thy delight, sad Stock-doves, shalt thou want,
Nor turtles cease to grone from elmy bows.

Tityrus.

In empty skies, first nimble Dear shall browse,
The Ocean leave his naked fish on shore;
The confines wander'd of both lands before,
Parthians drink *Arar*, *Germans Tygris* taste,
That his Idæa shall forsake our breast.

Melibæus.

But we must go to thirstie *Lybian* Realms,

To *Scythia* or *Oaxes* chalkie ſtreams,
And from the world divided, *Britany*,
Shall ever I again my Countrey ſee,
And my poor houſe, which I with turf did reare;
My ſeates admiring after many a yeare?
Shall th impious Souldier have this new-plow'd fields?
Barbarians reap this corn? What diſcord yeelds,
See wretched Citizens, See, for whom we plow:
Set Pears, *Melibeus*, and plant Vineyards now.
Farewell my *Goates*, farewell once happie flock.
I ſtretch't on verdant banks you on a rock
No more ſhall ſee hang on the ſhrubby top:
Nor Verſes ſing, nor fed by me to crop
Sharp *ſallows*, and the ſpreading *Cyſhiſus*.

Tityrus.

But here this night you may repoſe with us
In this green bower; here are ripe Apples, we
Soft *Cheſtnuts* have, and ſtore of curds there be:
The *Villages* do ſmoke, and from the tall
Mountains far off, now larger ſhadows fall.

The ſecond *Eclog.*

Alexis.

The Argument.

Coridon *moanes how learned men are bent*
To honour thoſe of place and high diſcent:
But often they like to Alexis *prove,*
And nothing but diſdain return for love.

POor *Coridon* for fair *Alexis* burns,
Joy of his Lord, nor hopes for love-returns.
But yet he daily came, where a cool ſhade
The ſpreading tops of the tall *Beeches* made:
And there in theſe unpoliſh'd lines alone
In vain to Woods, and Mountains makes his moan.

Cruel *Alexis* doth my Verſe diſdain,
And without pity me with ſcorn hath ſlain.
The cattel now in cooling ſhades abide,
And ſpeckled *Lizarrds* in the buſhes hide;
And *Theſtylis*, for Reapers, tir'd with heat,
With ſtrong herbs *Betony* doth, and *Garlick* beat:
Whilſt I am ſeeking where thou maiſt be found
Amongſt the ſhrubs the *Graſhoppers* reſound.

Were it not better that I ſhould have born
Proud *Amaryllis* wrath, and haughty ſcorn?
Were it not better for *Menalcas* ſmart,
Though he is brown, and thou ſo beauteous art?
Sweet youth, in beauty not ſuch truſt repoſe,
White Bloſſoms fall, when *Blackberries* are choſe.
Scorn'd me, *Alexis* not deſires to know,
How rich in flocks, and how my pailes oreflow:
My thouſand lambs *Sicilian* mountains haunt,
Summer, nor Winter, milke I do not want.
I ſing thoſe notes which once *Amphyon* did,
Calling his Herds to *Aracynthus* meade:
Nor am I ſo deform'd, late I beheld
My ſelf in the calme ſea, with winds unſwel'd:
And wert thou Judg, I ſhould not *Daphnis* fear,
If any ſhadow true reſemblance bear.
O that with me thou in theſe homely parts
And humble cotes wouldſt ſtay, and ſhoot ſwift Hearts;
There with a green wand drive the flocks of *Goats*,
Then in the grove wee'l imitate *Pans* notes.
Pan taught us joyn firſt many quills with wax,
Pan minds our ſheep and maſters of the flocks.
Nor ſhalt thou ere repent this Pipe to uſe,
For which *Amyntas* nothing would refuſe.
Compoſed with ſeven differing reeds I have
A Pipe, which once to me *Dametas* gave;
And dying ſaid, this thee now ſecond knows,
At which *Amyntas* fond, his envie ſhews.
Beſides two Kids I have, I lately found
As they were ſtraying in a dangerous ground:
Their skins with white already dapled be,
Two Yews they ſuck; theſe I preſerve for thee.
Which *Theſtylis* would fain have got; and ſhall,
Since you our preſents not regard at all.

Sweet

Sweet youth draw near; for thee whole baskets full
The beauteous Nymphs of unstain'd *Lillyes* cull,
For thee fair *Nais* gathers Violets,
Tulips Narcissus, and sweet *Poppy* gets,
Blossoms of Annis joyns, hath intermix'd
Cassia, with other pleasant flowers *betwixt*,
Soft *Cowslips* with bright *Marigolds* are deck't,
I shall the tender wooll-skin'd *Peach* select,
And *Chesnuts* which my *Amaryllis* lov'd,
Damsons Ile add; this fruit shall be approv'd,
And you O *Laurels* cull, thou *Myrtle* next,
Because so plac'd your smell is best commix'd.
Coridon's rude, nor doth *Alexis* grace
His gifts, nor to thee gives *Iolas* place.
What wouldst thou wretch! I have let tempests spoyl
My flowrs, and *boars* my crystall fountains soil.
Whom fly'st thou fond! the Gods have dwelt in bowers;
So *Paris* liv'd, let *Pallas* keep her towres;
But let cool Groves 'bove all things please us best.
Stern *Lyons*, *Wolves*, *Wolves* have the *Goate* in quest,
The wanton *Goate* fresh *Cythisus* invites,
Thou me, *each one persues his own delights.*
Behold they now unyoak the wearie Steer,
And the Sun setting, larger shades appear;
Still love burns me, there is no mean in love,
Ah *Corydon*, what madness doth thee move?
On the green *Elm* hangs my half-pruned *Vine*,
But rather now, some needful task design,
Prepare soft twigs, the limber Bullrush winde,
And if *Alexis* scorn, some other finde.

The third *Eclog.*

Palæmon.

The Argument.

These Swains present, how vertue and the arts
Still emulation breed in men of parts.
But grave Palæmon *doth their passions calme,*
Both praising, yet to neither gives the Palme.

Menalcas. Dametas. Palæmon.

Menalcas.

ARe these, *Dametas*, *Melibæus* sheep?

Dametas.

No: *Damon's*, for he gave them me to keep.

Menalcas.

Still hapless flocks, whilst that *Neæra* he
Courts, fondly jealous better she loves me.
For twice this stranger hourely drains the Dams,
Robbing the *Ewes* of strength, of milk the *Lambs.*

Dametas.

Henceforth such crimes more sparingly object,
We know what you did, if we would detect,

And

And how the He-Goats vext lookd on the while,
And in what place; but th' eaſie Nymphs did ſmile.

Menalcas.

Sure 'twas when I in *Mycon's* ground was took
Pruning his Vines with an unwelcome hook.

Dametas.

Or when you *Daphnis* Bow and arrowes brake,
At the old Beech, which thou ſo ill didſt take
To ſee beſtowd upon the boy from thee.
For couldſt thou not do miſchief, thou wouldſt die.

Menalcas.

What will not Maſters, when the ſervants dare
So bold attempts as theſe? when thou didſt ſnare
Poore *Damons* Goat, vilde Swaine, did I not marke,
Though all the while at thee his Dog did bark?
And when I cride, Hold thief, where doth he ruſh?
Swaine, count thy Goats, thou skulk'ſt behinde a buſh.

Dametas.

Vanquiſh'd in ſinging why ſhould he refuſe,
To pay the Goat, won by my Pipe, and Muſe!
That Goat (if you muſt know) was mine, no leſs
Damon who could not pay it, did confeſs.

Menaclas.

Thou him in ſinging? hadſt thou ever yet
A Pipe with wax conjoyn'd, didſt thou not ſit
In high wayes, thou lewd Piper, and there uſe,
On hiſſing quils to ſpoyl a wretched Muſe?

Dametas.

The skill that either hath, let us now trie;
I'le lay this Heifer (leſt thou ſhould'ſt denie)
Twice ſhe to milking comes, and at her teats
Two Calves ſhe feeds; then ſay, what are thy beats.

Menalcas.

Menalcas.

I dare not from my flock a wager lay;
I have a fire and ſtep-dame, twice a day
Both tell the ſheep; the *Goats* another counts.
What you ſhall grant, thy *Heifer* far ſurmounts,
(Since thou art pleas'd to rant) *beech* Cups I will
Stake down, carv'd by divine *Alcymidons* skill.
On which with a ſmooth turn ſoft Vines he ſhapes,
And with pale *Ivie* cloaths the ſpreading *Grapes*.
Amidſt two ſignes, *Conon*-who's th'other then?
He with his Art deſcribes Earth's Globe to men;
What time the Plow-men, and the Reapers have,
Which yet my lips ne'r touch'd, but clean I ſave.

Dametas.

Alſo for us two Cups *Alcymidon* made,
The handles round with bright *Acanthus* laid,
Orpheus amid'ſt, and following woods they have,
Which yet my lips ne'r touch'd, but clean I ſave.
But if that well my *Heifer* thou doſt weigh,
In thy Cups praiſe ſo much thou wouldſt not ſay.

Menalcas.

Thou ſhalt not ſcape, I'le meet where thou dar'ſt pleaſe,
Call when you will; let him be Judge of theſe
That next we meet; *Palæmon* ſee before,
I'le make thee that thou ne're ſhalt challenge more.

Dametas.

Say what thou haſt, in me is no delay,
Nor ſhun I any; friend *Palæmon* ſtay,
No trifle's layd, thy beſt attention fit.

Palæmon.

Begin, ſince now on the ſoft graſs we ſit,
Now every field, all trees now fruitfull are,

Now

Now flouriſh Groves, the ſeaſon is moſt faire.
Dametas firſt, *Menalcas* next rehearſe,
For ſtill the *Muſes* love alternate verſe.

Dametas.

With *Jove* begin, all things are full of *Jove*,
He Swaines regards, and doth my Verſes love.

Menalcas.

And *Phœbus* me, and I have for him ſtill
His own freſh *bay*, and bluſhing *daffadill*.

Dametas.

Me *Galatea* would with *Apples* win,
Then flies to ſhades, but ſtrives firſt to be ſeen.

Menalcas.

My flame *Amyntas* courts me oft alone,
Nor to our dogs is *Delia* better known.

Dametas.

Guifts for my love I have, and by my ſearch
I know the place where her ſwift *Pigeons* perch.

Menalcas.

Such as I had, *red Apples* half a ſcore
The youth I ſent, to *morrow* I le ſend more.

Dametas.

What words to us did *Galatea* ſay,
You winds a part unto the *Gods* convey.

Menalcas.

That thou not ſcorn'ſt me, am I better yet;
If whil'ſt thou hunt'ſt wilde Boars I keep the net?

Dametas.

Phyllis Iolas ſend, my birth-day 'tis,
Thy ſelf come, when for fruit I ſacrifice.

Menalcas.

Her I lov'd beſt, for tears ſhe parting ſhed,
And long farewel, farewel, faire *Iolas* ſaid.

Dametas.

Dametas.

Stern Wolves the Stals, windes trees, ripe fruit the ſhowers,
Me *Amaryllis* ruines, if ſhe lowrs.

Menalcas.

Soft dew the corne, low *ſhrubs* the weaned kids,
Small *ſallow* Goats, but me *Amyntas* feeds.

Dametas.

Pollio, though ſhe be ruſtick, loves our muſe:
A Calfe you Muſes, for your reader chooſe.

Menalcas.

Pollio makes verſes, let a Bull be fed
That ſtrikes with hornes, with feet the ſand doth ſpread.

Dametas.

To joyes like thine, who loves thee *Pollio* come,
For him flowes honey, thorns bear *Amomum*.

Menalcas.

Who hates not *Bavius*, may love *Mævius* notes,
The ſame may *Foxes* joyn, and milk he-*Goats*.

Dametas.

Fly, who cull flowers and earth-born ſtrawberies,
For in the graſs a cold *Snake* hidden lies.

Menalcas.

Lead home the Ewes, leaſt heat their milk detain,
And you as lately preſs the teat in vain.

Dametas.

How poor my Bull is in a fertile field?
One love, the herd, and the herds Lord hath kil'd.

Menalcas.

Sure love is not the cauſe, ſee how they ſhew!
Nor what eye witch't my tender Lambs I know.

Dametas.

Say, (and my great *Apollo* be) what ſhore
The Skie extends three fathomes, and no more.

Menalcas.

Menalcas.

Say in what Land, the names of Princes ſigne
The ſpringing flowrs, and *Phyllis* ſhall be thine.

Palamon.

Tis not in us this difference to compoſe,
You both deſerve the praiſe, and each, who knowes
Or fears ſweet love, or hath the bitter tride.
Swaines ſhut your Springs, the Meads are ſatisfi'de.

The

The fourth *Eclog.*

Pollio.

The Argument.

Here Sibill *is applide to* Pollio's *son,*
Her Propheſies his Gnethliacon,
But Chriſts *birth he by happie error ſings.*
The Prince of Poets crowns the King of Kings.

Sicilian Muſes, ſing we one note higher,
All like not *tamarisk* nor the humble *brier*:
If *Woods* we ſing, *Woods* worthy *Conſuls* be,
Laſt times are come, *Cumea's* Propheſie,
And times great order now again is borne,
The maid returns, *Saturnian* Realms returne:
Now from high Heaven ſprings a new Progenie:
To th' infant chaſte *Lucina* favouring be,
Who ending iron ages, through all Lands
Shall golden plant: thy *Phœbus* now commands.
Thou childe being Conſul, *Pollio* ſhall poſſeſs
This Fame of th' Age, great moneths themſelves addreſs;
If any prints of our old vice remain'd,
By thee they r void, and fear ſhall leave the Land.

He

He a Gods life ſhall take, with Gods ſhall ſee
Mixt *Heroes*, and himſelf their object be.
Rule with paternal power th' appeaſed earth,
Which ſhall to thee (ſweet childe) undreſt, bring forth,
Berries, wilde *Ivie*, and ſhall pay firſt fruits
Of mixt *Acanthus*, with *Egyptian* roots
The *Goats* themſelves ſhall home full udders bear,
Nor ſhall the herds the mighty *Lyons* fear.
Flowers ſhall thy cradle ſprout, the *Serpent* ſhall
And the deceitfull herb of venome, fall;
In each place *Roſes* of *Aſſyria* grow.
As ſoon as thou the *Heroes* fame ſhalt know,
And thy Sires acts, vertue thy ſelf attain,
The fields ſhall mellow wax with golden grain:
The bluſhing *Grape* ſhall hang on thorns unſet,
And boyſtrous *Oke*, with dewy hony ſweat.
Some ſteps of ancient fraud ſhall yet be found,
Thetis to tempt with ſhips, and to furround
Cities with walls, bids earth in furrows tear,
A ſecond *Typhis*, a new Argo bear
Choice Heroes, and another war, imploy
Again a great *Achilles* ſent to *Troy*.
Here when full years ſhall make thee perfect man,
The Saylor ſhall forſake the *Ocean*,
Nor Navigable *Pines* ſhall trafick ware:
But each part of the world ſhall all things bear.
Nor *Earth* feel harrows, nor the Vine the hook,
Nor ſhall his *Steers*, the ruſtick tiller yoak;
Nor Wooll with various colours ſhall deceive,
But in the medows *Rams* ſhall skarlet have,
And changing ſometimes golden fleeces wear,
And feeding *Lambs*, ſhall native purple bear.
The Fates conſpiring with eternall dome
Said to their Spindle, Let ſuch ages come.

Attempt

Attempt great honours, for the time draws near,
Dear race of Gods, great ſtock of *Jupiter*,
Behold! the world ſhakes on its pondrous axe,
See, earth and heavens immenſe and th'Ocean tracts,
How all things at th'approaching age rejoyce!
Oh that my life would laſt ſo long, and voyce,
As would ſuffice thy actions to rehearſe:
Not *Orpheus* then ſhall vanquiſh me in Verſe,
Nor *Linus*, though their parents preſent be;
Phœbus got this, and that *Calliope*.
Should *Pan* with me ſtrive by *Arcadias* dome,
Although a God, *Pan* ſhould be overcome.
Begin ſweet childe, with ſmiles thy mother know,
Who ten long moneths did with thy burthen go.
Sweet childe begin, cheer'd by no parents look,
To 's board no God, t' her bed no goddeſs took.

The

The fifth *Eclog.*

Daphnis.

The Argument.

Since Kings *as* common Fathers *cherish all,*
Subjects *like* children *should lament their fall;*
But learned men of grief should have more sense,
When violent death seizes a gracious Prince.

Menalcas. Mopsus.

Menalcas.

MAy we not *Mopsus* (both being skilfull, met,
Thou on small Pipes to play, I verse repeat)
Here amongst Elms commix'd with hazels sit?

Mopsus.

Thou eldest art, whom me t' obey is fit:
Whether to trembling shades light *Zephyrs* wave
We goe, or take some Grot; See, how yon Cave
Hath from wilde spreading Vines a Canopie.

Menalcas.

In our hills only *Amintas* strive with thee.

Mopſus.

What if t' excell *Phœbus* in ſong he aimes?

Menalcas.

Say *Mopſus*, if thou haſt, or *Phyllis flames*,
Or *Alcons praiſe*, or *Codrus brawles* begin:
And *Tityrus* ſhall thy feeding Kids keep in.

Mopſus.

I le trie thoſe ſtrains on the green Beech I wrot,
And with alternate change did warbling note.
Then boldly bid *Amyntas* ſtrive with me.

Menalcas.

As the bright *Olive* ſtains the *ſallow* tree,
As bluſhing *Roſes* humble *Lavender*,
So thee before *Amyntas* we prefer.
Dear Swaine, no more, here is the caves deſcent.

Mopſus.

The Nymphs loſt *Daphnis* funerall did lament,
Witneſs you Hazels, Nymphs, and purling ſtreams;
VVhen the ſad mother raiz'd the mangled limbs
Of her dear ſon, Gods, ſtars, ſhe cruel calls.
Not any then oh *Daphnis*! from their ſtalls
The Cattell drove to cooling Springs, the flood
No herd did taſt, nor touch'd ſweet graſs for food.
Rough hils, and Groves, with echoes did reſound
Daphnis thy death, and *Lybian* Lyons gron'de:
Daphnis Armenian Tygers firſt conjoyn'd
In's Chariot, and to *Bacchus* rites deſign'd:
Did trembling Spears with gentle leaves combine,
As *Vines* the woods adorne, as *Grapes* the Vine,
As *Males* the herds, as *Corne* the fertill field:
Thou thine didſt grace: when thou to Fates didſt yield,
Both *Pales* and *Apollo* left our plaine.
In furrowes where we oft ſow'd largeſt grain,

Sad

Sad darnell, and wilde Oats o'reſpread, and where
Purple *Narciſſus*, and ſoft *Violets* were,
The *Thiſtle* and rough prickling *brambles* ſpring.
Swains ſtrew freſh boughes, ſhades to your Fountains bring,
Such honors *Daphnis* for himſelf did doome,
His Monument reare, and this write on his Tombe.
I Daphnis *known in woods unto the Skie,*
Kept a fair Flock, and yet more fair was I,

Menalcas.

O divine Poet! ſuch thy Verſe to me,
As to the tir'd, in graſs ſweet ſlumbers be,
Cool ſtreams in heat the thirſty ſo rejoyce;
Thou, both the Pipe do'ſt match, and Maſters voyce.
O happie Swaine! thou ſhalt his ſecond be,
Our ſong what ere it is, I ſhall to thee
Begin, and to the Stars thy *Daphnis* bear:
Daphnis lov'd vs, *Daphnis* to heaven we'le rear,

Mopſus.

VVhat gift more welcome unto us? the Swaine
Was worthy to be ſung, and every ſtraine
Stymichon lately did to us approve.

Menalcas.

Fair *Daphnis* wonders at ſtrange courts above,
VVho clouds, and ſtars beneath his feet beheld,
Joy ravish'd *Pan*, the woods, and every field,
The Shepherds, and the virgin *Dryades*.
No Wolfe layd wait for ſheep, no nets to ſeiſe
By craft the Dear, *good Daphnis peace did love.*
The unſhorn hills glad echoes raiſe above
The higheſt Stars, Rocks in a cheerfull Ode,
And ſhrubs *Menalcas* ſound, the *God*, the *God*.
Be good and bleſt to thine; four Altars ſee,
For *Daphnis* two, and *Phœbus* two for thee.

Two Bowles with new milk frothing yearly we,
And with the fat of Olives, two decree.
Rejoycing feasts with plenteous *Bacchus* made,
If cold, with lustie fire, if hot, in shade.
Arrisian Wine, brisk *Nectar* I shall bring.
To me *Dametas* shall, and *Ægon* sing,
And *Satyre* like *Alphisibeens* Dance.
These shall be ever thine; and when w' advance
Our rites to Nymphs, fields purge with th' annuall rite.
Whil'st *Boars* on hils, whil'st fish in streams delight,
Grashoppers dew, and Thyme the bees repast,
So long thy honor, name, and praise shall last.
As Swaines to *Bacchus*, and to *Ceres* pay
Their yearly vowes, so they to thee shall pray.

Mopsus.

Now for such Verse, what present shall I finde?
Not murmurs of th' approaching *Southern* winde,
Nor waves more pleasie, when they the shores assaile;
Nor water gliding through a stonie vale.

Menalcas.

This slender Pipe we give, our love returns,
This Corydon for fair Alexis burns.
To this I sung, *These Melibeus sheep.*

Mopsus.

Take thou this hook which hardly I could keep,
From dear *Antigines* who well deserv'd,
VVhich is with brasse *(Menalcas)* neatly carv'd.

The

The sixth *Eclog*.

Silenus.

The Argument.

Those Sects which promise sensuall delights,
Soonest infect, and gain most Proselytes;
But oft those Tenets which are held divine,
Rise from full bellies, and heads charg'd with Wine.

First our *Thalia* chanted rurall strains
In Verse, nor she to dwell in woods disdains.
Phœbus, when I did sing of Kings, and war,
Said, *Tityrus*. And nip'd me by the ear;
Shepherds should feed their flocks, and tune soft layes.
Now I (for thou O *Varus*, and thy praise
Others shall strive to sing, and wars rehearse)
On slender Reeds shall tune an humble verse.
I chant not things forbid; if struck with love
Any shall reade, the shrubs, and every Grove
Shall sing thee *Varus*; what can more ingage
Phœbus, then thy name on the title page?

Say Muſes; *Chromis*, *Mnaſylus*, beheld
Stretch't in a Cave *Sylenus* ſleeping, ſwel'd
VVith laſt nights *Bacchus*, as his uſuall guiſe;
Far off, faln from his head his garland lies,
On a worn handle, his great bottle hung.——
They went (for when the old man ſhould have ſung
He mock'd their hopes) and with's own Chaplets bound.
VVith them joyn'd *Ægle*, whom ſhe timerous found:
Ægle the faireſt Nymph; this fraud he ſpies,
VVhil'ſts ſhe vvith Mulberies his temples dies,
And ſmiling ſaid, why binde you me? let goe;
It is enough that you have ſeen me ſo,
My promis'd Verſes take, they novv are done;
Her otherwiſe Il' pleaſe, then thus begun.

Then thon might'ſt ſee wilde beaſts, and fauns advance
Sporting in troups, and the tall Okes to dance.
Nor ſo in *Phœbus*, joy *Parnaſſus* ſpires,
Nor *Iſmare*, *Rodophe*, *Orpheus* ſo admires.
For he ſung how collected ſeeds did come
Of Earth, Aire, Sea, through the huge *vacuum*,
And glittering fire: how all things firſt commenc'd
From theſe, and the worlds tender Orbe condens'd:
Then Earth grevv hard, and *Nereus* did exclude,
And by degrees the forms of things indu'd.
That a new Sun did ſhine, the Lands admire,
And ſhowrs to fall from Clouds now mounted higher:
When firſt the ſprouting vvoods began t' appear,
And beaſts in unknown hills, graz'd here and there;
Next *Saturn's* reign, and ſtones that *Pyrrha* flung,
Caucaſus foul, *Prometheus* theft, he ſung:
Adds *Hylas* loſt, where Sailors neer the Spring
Call *Hylas*, *Hylas*, till the ſhores did ring.

And

And with a white Buls love did please the Queen
Pasiphae, happie, if no herds had been.
Poor Virgin, why didst thou to folly yield?
And *Pretides* launs, vvith fained lowings fil'd;
Yet such foul lust, not any of the herd:
Persu'd, although their necks the yoak had fear'd.
And oft had horns sought in their tender brow.
Ah miserable, in vvoods thou wanderst now,
His snowie side upon soft *Daffadils* laid,
Chevving the Cud, under an oken shade:
Or woe's some other in the ample drove.
Shut Nymphs, *Dictaan* Nymphs, shut close your Grove,
If any tracts as he shall wandring pass
By chance we finde, or took with verdant grass,
Or following Cattell, other Heifers call,
And they intice him to *Gortinas* stall.
Next, her pleas'd vvith *Hesperian* fruit he shews,
Then *Phaeton's* sisters, whom sowre mosse inclose,
And from the Earth the lofty Aldar brings.
And *Gallus* wandring by *Permessus* springs.
How him a Muse led to th' *Aonian* top,
And how to th' man, *Phœbus* whole Quire stood up.
In divine Verse how *Linus* these expresst;
His hair vvith flovvres, and bitter *Apium* dresst.
These Pipes the *Muses* give thee, take, behold!
These ancient *Hesiods* vvear, with which, he could
Singing, wilde ashes from the Mountains move:
VVith these thou mayst describe *Apollo's* Grove:
Lest *Phœbus* should in any woods more pride.
VVhat shall I say of *Scylla*? whose white side,
(As Fame reports) with barking Monsters bound,
Vexing *Dulichian* ships; ah! in that sound
She trembling Sailors with her Sea-hounds tears.
And *Tereus* limbs transform'd, he next declares,

Philomels bankets, and what gifts she brought,
And with what speed, she wretched, desarts sought,
And with what wings once o're her Court she flew,
He sung all these, which blest *Eurotas* knevv
From *Phœbus* once: and bids the Laurell sing,
And to the stars the Vales with echoe ring.
Till night bid house their flocks, their numbers tell,
And from unwilling skies the *evening* fell.

The

The ſeventh *Eclog.*

Melibæus.

The Argument.

The Vulgar *like the worſt, and make their choice*
Not from beſt Language, but the loudeſt voyce:
And oft thoſe men get fame, and win the prize,
Who guard with boldneſs weak abilities.

Corydon. Thyrſis.

AS *Daphnis* ſate under a murmuring Oke,
Thyrſis, and *Corydon* drove on the flock.
Sheep *Thyrſis*, *Corydon* milch Goats did bring:
Arcadians both, in youth both flouriſhing,
Both match'd to ſing, to anſwer both prepar'd.
Here whil'ſt ſoft *myrtle* me from cold did guard,
The Goat chief of the flock ſtrai'd; and I ſpide
Daphnis, when he beheld me, ſtraight he cride,
Melibe, here, ſafe is thy Goat, and Kids;
Reſt in this ſhade, if no affair forbids,

The

The herds themselves to drink here, pass the Meads,
Green *Mincius* here with soft reeds Couches spreads,
Now from the sacred Oke the swarms resound.
VVhat should I do? no maid was to be found,
That carefully my nevv wean'd Lambs should watch:
VVhen *Corydon* and *Thyrsis* sung their match.
Yet for the sport my business I laid by,
Then, both in Verse strove for the victorie;
The Muse their parts alternate did divide,
These *Corydon* sung, and *Thyrsis* thus replide.

Corydon.

You Fountain-*Nymphs*, our love, or grant me Verse,
As once to *Codrus*, who did strains rehearse
Like *Phœbus*; but, if such can not be mine,
This Pipe shall hang upon the sacred Pine.

Thyrsis.

Your rising Poet crown *Arcadian* Svvaines
With Ivie, and let spight burst *Codrus* veines,
Or if he'le praise too much, let beries arme
My browes, lest an ill tongue your Poet harme.

Corydon.

A Boars head *Delia*, *Mycon* doth impart
To thee, and large hornes of a long-liv'd hart.
Thy Statue shall be in fine Marble plac'd,
If this thou grant, vvith purple buskins grac'd.

Thyrsis.

Priapus, only Cream and Cakes expect
Yearly, thou our poor Orchards dost protect,
We for a time, thee but in Marble mould:
But if our flocks increase, thou shalt be gold.

Corydon.

Corydon.

Galate me doth more then *Thyme* delight,
Bright *Ivie* not ſo faire, nor Swans more white,
VVhen the fed Cattel firſt to ſtals repaire;
Come, if thou haſt of *Corydon* a care.

Thyrſis.

I bitterer to thee then *Sardan* graſs,
More rough then *broome* ſhall ſeeme, then *Owſe* more baſe,
If this day ſhews not longer then whole years,
Goe, if you' have any ſhame, goe home, fed ſteers.

Corydon.

You moſſie Springs, and graſs more ſoft then ſleep,
And verdant boughes, which you with ſhadowes keep,
In ſummer ſave my flocks, great heat comes now,
And pregnant Grapes ſwell on the gladſome bough.

Thyrſis.

A hearth, fat Pyne, nor ample fire we lack,
VVith daily ſmoke, our Chimney peeces black:
The cold of *Boreas* here we fear no more,
Then VVolves our Cattell, or fierce ſtreams the ſhore.

Corydon.

Here *Junipers* and downie *Cheſnuts* be,
And tempting Apples under every tree.
All things now ſmile, but if *Alexis* flie
Our Mountains, thou ſhalt ſee the rivers drie.

Thyrſis.

In ſcorch'd fields th' aire infected herbage kils,
Bacchus his viney ſhade denies the hills:
VVhen *Phyllis* comes all ſhall wax green again,
And *Jove* deſcend in joyfull ſhowres of raine.

Corydon.

Alcides Poplar, *Bacchus Vines* doth grace,
Faire *Venus Myrtle*, and *Apollo* Baies,

Phyllis

Phyllis loves hazels, if ſhe theſe allow,
Myrtle and *Laurell* both to *hazels* bow.

Thyrſis,

The *Aſh* in woods, in Orchards *Pines* are faire,
Poplar in ſtreams, *Firrs* in high Mountains are;
But if fair *Lycida* oft thou viſit me,
The lofty *Aſh* and *Pine* ſhall bow to thee.

Melibæus.

Theſe I record, and *Thyrſis* vanquiſh'd, thus
From that time *Corydon, Corydon* for us.

The

The eight *Eclog.*

Pharmaceutria.

The Argument.

Nothing can eaſe the pangs of cruell love,
Though a baſe object do the fancie move,
And when they feele the power of Cupids *Dart,*
They will not ſtick to uſe the blackeſt Art.

Damon. *Alpheſibus.*

Alpheſibe, and *Damons* Muſe we ſing,
At vvhoſe contention young ſteers wondering
Forgot to feed, *Lynces* their verſe amaze,
And in his courſe the flovving River ſtaies.
Alpheſibe and *Damons* Muſe we ſing.
VVhether thou paſs by great *Tymavus* Spring,
Or cut *Illyrian* waves. Shall once the day
Appear, when I thy victories ſhall diſplay?
It ſhall; and I thy praiſe through earth rehearſe,
Fit onl y for a *Sophoclean* verſe.

Theſe

Theſe ſprung from thee, in thee muſt end. Take layes
Begun by thy Commands; mongſt conquering bayes
Suffer this Ivie round thy browes to ſpread.
Scarce nights cold ſhadows from the skie were fled;
When dew the heards delight, had pearl'd the Mead,
On a ſmooth Olive, leaning, *Damon* ſaid.

Damon.

Lucifer riſe, uſher the joyfull day,
VVhil'ſt I complaine, me *Niſa* doth betray
With fained love, and yet at my laſt houre,
The Gods (who knew I gain'd not) I implore,
And now my Pipes begin Menalean *ſtrains.*

Menalus never wanted murmuring Groves,
And whiſpering *pines*, it alwayes heard the loves
Of paſſionate ſhepherds, and great *Pan* who ſtill,
Suffer'd not Svvaines to have an idle quill.
And now my Pipes begin Menalean *ſtrains.*

Mopſus hath *Niſa*: Then all love may ſpeed,
And now wing'd *Griphins* may with horſes breed;
And timerous Deer in followving times be found,
Fearleſs to water with the cruell hound.
Mopſus new torches cut, now thou art wed,
Strevv nuts, for thy ſake *Heſper* goes to bed.
And now my Pipes begin Menalean *ſtrains.*

Oh nobly match'd, vvhil'ſt thou didſt all deſpiſe,
My Pipes and Goates not pleaſing in thy eyes,
My hairie eye-browes, and my unſhorne beard,
Nor think'ſt that any God for mortals car'd.
And now my Pipes begin Menalean *ſtraines.*

I, thee a little one, vvith thy mother found
Once gathering mellovv apples in our ground;
I vvas your guide, at tvvelve years from my birth,
And then could ſlender boughes reach from the earth,
Soone as I ſaw, as ſoone I periſhed.
Alas, how great an error me miſled!
And now my Pipe begin Menalean *ſtraines.*

Now *Love* I know, *Iſmarus* him hath fed,
Or *Rodophe*, or fartheſt *Afrique* bred,
Mongſt wilde forſaken Rocks, thoſe places coud
Produce no off-ſpring of our ſtock, or blood.
And now my pipes begin Menalean *ſtraines.*

Dire *Love* a mother taught, her hand t' imbrue
In her ſons blood, thou a ſtern mother too;
Has ſhe more rage, or the boy leſs deſert?
He's ſtubborn, and thou cruell mother art.
And now my pipes begin Menalean *ſtraines.*

Let vvolves novv naturally avoid our flocks,
And *golden Apples* grovv on ſtubborn Okes;
From the baſe *Eldar* ſprout the *daffadill*,
And Amber from lovv *Tamariſk* diſtill;
Owles ſtrive vvith *Swans*, let *Tityrus Orpheus* be,
Orpheus in woods, *Arion* on the ſea:
And now my pipes begin Menalean *ſtraines.*

Let all parts now be ſea, farewell you woods,
From aerie hils, I'le leap into the floods,
T' accept a dying man's laſt preſent daine.
Leave pipes, leave off now, the Menalcan *ſtraine.*

Thus *Damon*: vvhat *Alpheſibe* anſwerd, you
Muſes relate! all cannot all things do.

Bring

Bring water, with soft wreaths the Altars dress,
Rich Gumms, and juicy *vervain* sacrifice,
That I my love with Magick may disarme
Of his disdain; there only wants a Charme.
My Verse bring from the Town, bring Daphnis *home.*

Charmes can command the Moon down from the skie;
Circes Charmes chang'd *Ulisses* company:
A frozen Snake being charm'd, burst in the meads.
I walk around with these three severall threads,
Bout th Altars thrice I shall thy Image bear;
Od numbers to the God delightfull are.
Bring from the Town my verse, bring Daphnis *home.*

Knots *Amaryllis* tye, of colours three,
Then say these chaines I knit, for *Venus* be.
Bring from the Town my verse, bring Daphnis *home.*

As with one fire this clay doth harder prove,
This wax more soft. So *Daphnis* with our love,
Break Cakes, fire Laurell with a sacred blaze,
Daphnis burns me, for him I'le burn this bayes.
Bring from the Town my verse, bring Daphnis *home.*

So *Daphnis* as a wearied Heifer loves,
Seeking a steer in woods, and shadie Groves,
She near a streame laid on green siege doth mourne,
And when night cals, regards not to returne.
So *Daphnis* loves, and I his cure not minde:
He once a pledge his garments left behinde.
Which now in th entrance, Earth, I give to thee,
This pledg for *Daphnis* is ingag'd to me.
Bring from the town my verse, bring Daphnis *home.*

Mœris.

Mœris for me theſe hearbs in *Pontus* choſe,
And curious drugs, for there great plentie growes.
I many times with theſe have *Mœris* ſpide,
Chang'd to a wolfe, and in the woods to hide.
Bring from the town, my verſe, bring Daphnis *home.*

Bear th' aſhes *Amaryllis* forth, and them
Caſt o're thy head, into a running ſtreame,
Nor look back. Theſe for *Daphnis* I prepar'd,
For he doth neither Gods, nor Charmes regard.
Bring from the town, my verſe, my Daphnis *home.*

See th' aſhes, of themſelves on th' Altars blaze,
Whil'ſt I to bear them out did make delayes.
I know not what it means; oh may it thrive;
And *Hylax* barks at dore! Do we believe,
Or thoſe who love, dreams to themſelves ſtill faine?
Now Charms forbear, Daphnis *comes home again.*

The ninth *Eclog.*

The Argument.

Beſt Princes Peace affect, and more delight
Their Subjects to preſerve, then their own right;
But thoſe who follow War no power can awe,
Swords make oppreſsion juſt, and madneſs Law.

Lycidas. Mœris.

Lycidas.

MOEris, where go'ſt? to Town the common way?

Mœris.

We *Lycidas* live to hear a ſtranger ſay
(Which we ne're thought) who now the fields doth own,
Theſe Lands are mine; you ruſtick Swaines be gone.
Vanquiſh'd and ſad, ſince chance ſwaies all things, we
Send him theſe Kids; may they unluckie be.

Lycidas.

Truly I heard, where th' hill begins to bend,
And with a gentle ſtooping to deſcend,
Towards the brook, where the old torne Beech doth ſtand,
Menalcas by his ſong had all regain'd.

Mœris.

Thou heardſt, and ſo twas fam'd; but our verſe proves
Gainſt martiall arms, as the *Chaonian* Doves

When

When the Eagle comes; If from the holl[illegible] tree,
The ominous Crow had not premoniſh'd me,
To cut off new debates, nor more to ſtrive,
I, nor *Menalcas* had not been alive.

Lycidas.

Alas! can any man ſo impious be?
Menalcas, all our Joys are loſt with thee.
Who ſhall the Nymphs record? who with ſweet flowrs,
Strew earth, and Springs ſurround with ſhadie bowrs?
Or who ſuch verſe I had from thee ſhall write,
When thou courtd ſt, *Amaryllis* our delight?
Tityrus, till I come, nor long I'le ſtay,
Feed thou my Goats, and having fed convey
To watering, and whil'ſt they driving are,
Look how you meet the Goat, he'le ſtrike, beware.

Mœris.

He ſung to *Varus* this unpoliſh'd ſtrain,
Varus thy name (if *Mantua* ours remaine,
Mantua, (to ſad *Cremona*, ah too nigh.)
Harmonious Swans ſhall carrie to the skie.

Lycidas.

So from the *Cyrnean* yewes thy bees retreat,
So *Cythiſus* extends the Cowes full teat:
Begin if thou haſt ought; the muſes me
A Poet made, and I can verſifie;
And me a Poet too the Shepherds deem,
But I want confidence to credit them.
I've nought worth *Varus* yet, or *Cinnas* choice,
But like a gooſe mongſt Swans I make a noiſe.

Mœris.

And ſo do I, and to my ſelf rehearſe,
(Could I remember) no unworthy verſe:
Come hither *Galate*, what ſport is there
Amongſt the ſtreams? the purple ſpring is here:

The Earth adorns the banks with every flowre,
And silver Poplar hides this pleasant bower,
And tender *vine*-twigs weave into a shade.
Come hither, let wilde floods the shores invade.

Lycidas.

What wa'st I heard thee sing, the last fair night?
I have the tune, could I the words recite.

Mœris.

O *Daphnis* why observ'st thou ancient signs,
Dionean Cæsars star, behold, now shines:
The star, which fields with fruit, and gladness fils,
And coulors vines upon the sunnie hils.
Daphnis set pears, thy race shall fruit injoy,
Age all things wasts: the minde too; I a boy
With song have often tir'd the summers sun,
Now all those straines are lost, and my voyce gone;
A wolfe saw *Mœris* first. *Menalcas* yet
At large to thee shall all those lines repeat.

Mœris.

Thou by delaies our longings dost increase,
Through every field is spread a silent peace;
The aire is still, the middle path is here;
And see now *Bianors* tombe begins t' appear.
Here where the Shepherds have their bavins tyde,
Mœris let's sing, and lay thy Kids aside:
Timely wee'le reach the town, and if we fear
The night should gather rain, ere we come there,
Singing lets goe, the way shall better please:
That I may sing, thee of thy load Ile ease.

Lycidas.

Shepherd, no more, let's do what next remaines,
When our chiefe comes wee'le fancie better straines.

The

The tenth *Eclog.*

Gallus.

The Argument.

Both Wiſe and valiant men oft feel the flames
Of cruel love, and follow wanton dames;
Yet ſcornefull Ladies ſtill this curſe purſues,
To ſlight the better, and the worſe to chooſe.

THis my laſt work, O *Arethuſa* ſpeed.
For *Gallus*, which *Lycoris* ſelf might reade,
Straines muſt be ſung: who *Gallus* will denie?
So gliding under floods of *Sicilie*,
May not with thee, ſalt *Doris* mix her ſtream.
Begin, let *Gallus* ſad love be our theame,
Whil ſt flat no'sd Goats ſhall crop the tender buds;
To deaf we ſing not, anſwer'd by the woods.
In what woods were you *Naiades*, what Grove,
When *Gallus* periſh'd, by unworthy love?
Parnaſſus tops, *Pindus* have not delaid,
Nor for you *Aganippes* fountain ſtaid.

Laurels for him, and *tamarisk* tears did pay,
And *Menalus* whil'ſt by a Rock he lay,
VVith cold *Lycæus* Clifts did him lament.
That ſheep ſtand round us we do not repent;
Nor divine Poet doſt thou flocks contemn:
The fair *Adonis* fed ſheep near the ſtream.
The ſhepherds come, and the dull herds-men haſte,
And fat *Menalcas* flies from winter māſte.
All ask whence ſprung this love; *Apollo* came,
And ſaid, what madneſs *Gallus* doth inflame?
Thy dear *Lycoris* wanders through the ſnowes,
And through rough wayes after another goes.
Sylvanus comes adorn'd with rurall boughes,
Lilies, and *fennel* dangling on his browes.
Pan comes, *Arcadia's* God, whom we have ſpide,
With *Synople*, and bluſhing berries dide;
Betwixt extreams is there no mean? he ſayes,
Love hath regard to no ſuch things as theſe.
Not love with tears, nor graſs with ſtreams, nor bees
With thyme are ſatisfi'de, nor Goats with trees.
Penſive he ſaid, O you *Arcadians* chant
About our hils, for you no cunning want.
Oh! then my aſhes ſhall finde peacefull reſt,
When by your quill my paſſions are expreſt.
I would with you a ſhepherds life were mine,
To follow ſheep, or prune the ſwelling vine:
Then *Phyllis*, or *Amyntas* were mine own,
Or ſome love (though I grant, *Amyntas* brown,
Dark are the *violets*, ſo the *bilberrie*)
Would mongſt ſoft *vines* and *ſallowes* reſt with me.
Phyllis ſhould wreath me flowres, *Amyntas* ſing.
Lycoris, here are meads, here the cool ſpring,
Thou far from home, (I wiſh it were not ſo)
Seeſt without me, cold *Rhine*, and *Alpine* ſnow:

May

May thee no bleak winds, nor rough tempeſts meet,
Ah may no ſharp ice wound thy tender feet.
Ile goe and play in a *Chalcidick* ſtraine,
My notes on reeds, of a *Sicilian* Swaine.
Rather in Deſarts I reſolve to live,
And in the dens of ſavage beaſts to grieve;
There on the tender barks to carve my love,
And as they grow ſo ſhall my hopes improve.
Meane while commixed with the Nymphs, Ile view
Menalus, or the cruel boar purſue:
Nor ſhall I be with hardeſt froſts withſtood,
To ſet with dogs, round the *Parthenian* wood.
Through murmuring Groves, and rocks me thinks I goe,
Pleas'd to ſhoot arrowes, from a *Parthian* bow.
As if this were a medicine for our love,
Or by mans ſufferings, *Cupid* milder prove,
Verſes diſpleaſe now, Muſes in diſgrace,
And now again, you ſhadie Groves give place.
Nor can our troubles work him to a change,
Should we drink *Hebrus*, in midwinter range
Amongſt huge froſts, and *Scythian* ſnow; ſhould we,
When on high elms the parch'd vines dying be.
The ſouthern flocks, under hot *Cancer* move,
Love conquers all, let us give place to love.
Let this ſuffice your Poet to have ſaid,
Whil'ſt he a basket of fine bulruſh made:
Muſes, you ſhall great things for *Gallus* do,
Whoſe love to me as much doth hourely grow,
As the green *Alder* ſhooteth in the ſpring.
Let us ariſe; ſhades oft hurt thoſe who ſing;
Juniper ſhades are to our fruit a foe,
The Evening comes, goe home, my fed Kids, goe.

THE FIRST BOOK OF *Virgil's* GEORGICKS.

The Argument.

What times are beſt to ſow, what natures are
Of differing grounds; what induſtrie and care.
What hurts the corne, the Plowmans ſeverall Rules:
Who muſters up innumerable tooles.
Who firſt the world with th' art of tillage bleſt.
Summer and winter Swaines muſt take no reſt.
Plowmen muſt learn the ſtars; which froſt and ſnow,
Fair and fowle weather, rain and winds foreſhew,
Claſhing of Nobles, tumults, and of late
Popular fury, and great Cæſars fate.

WHat makes rich grounds (*Mecænas:*) in what ſigns
'Tis beſt to plow, and marrie elms with vines:
What care of ſheep; with Cattel what agrees:
And how much skill belongs to frugall bees;
Now I ſhall ſing. You glorious Lights, who bear
In your ſwift motion round the ſliding year:

Bacchus,

Bacchus, blest *Ceres*, if from you we gain
For poor *Chaonian* acorns, golden graine;
And wine t'inrich our watery cups: and you
Fauns, who to Swains your bounty still allow:
Together *Fauns*, and virgin *Dryades* come;
Your gifts I sing: and *Neptune*, thou to whom
Earth-trident-struck, brought forth a generous steed:
And woods protector, thou, whose snowie breed
Three hundred graze on *Ceas* fertile grounds,
Pan, the flocks guardian, leaving native bounds
And *Lycian* groves, if *Maenalus* thou prize,
With *Pallas* come, who th' Olive did devise:
And thou Inventor of the crooked Plow
Silvanus, bearing a soft *Cypres* bough.
All *Gods* our fields protect; and those who feed
The tender grain, still cherishing our seed,
And who from skies on corne, send plentious rain;
Thou *Cæsar*, whom what seat shall entertaine
In Heaven's unknown: whether thou take the care
Of Realms, and Cities, or the world declare
Thee Lord of fruit, to whom the seasons bow,
And with thy mothers *myrtle* wreath thy brow;
Or rule vast waves, alone thy *Deitie*
Sea-men adore, and farthest *Thule* obey:
Or *Thetys* with the *Ocean* purchas'd thee:
Or to slow moneths a new signe added be,
Whom *Libra*, and *Erigone* may imbrace,
Whil'st burning *Scorpio* shrinks to give thee place:
And doth his ampler part in heaven forsake.
What ere thou'lt be(let not the *Stygian* Lake
Accept thee Lord, nor have thou such desire:
Although the *Greeks Elyzium* fields admire,
Nor for her mother car'd, sought *Proserpine.*)
Grant a free course, and aid my bold design;

Pity

Pity the Ignorance of Swaines, with me,
And to be invok'd with prayers accuſtom'd be.

When the warme ſpring diſſolves the mountains ſnowes,
And the fat ſoyle with *Weſt-winds* ſofter growes,
Then let my ſteers at plow to groan begin,
And by the furrow my worne Coulter ſhine.
The greedie Husbandman likes beſt that mold,
Hath felt two ſummers, and two winters cold:
That mans great harveſt doth his Garners burſt.
But ere thou break the unknown fallow, firſt
Obſerve the winds, and mark heavens various face,
Old cuſtome, and the nature of the place:
What every ſoyle will bear, and what refuſe:
This corne, that vines, more kindly doth produce;
Here, plants beſt thrive, and there rank herbage growes,
Seeſt not how Safron *Tmolus* ſtill beſtowes?
India ſends Ivorie, ſweet *Sabea* Gummes:
From the nak'd *Chalybs*, ſteel; from *Pontus* comes
The Bever ſtone, from *Epire* Mares for race;
For nature hath impos'd on every place
Eternall Laws, ſince firſt *Deucalion* hurl'd
Stones to repair the populated world;
Whence men, a hard race, ſprung. Therefore goe on,
And thy rich ſoyl with the firſt warming ſun
Let thy ſtrong Oxen turn, when *Phœbus* makes
Long dayes, and humid clods with ardor bakes.
If poor thy ſoyl, before *Arcturus* riſe,
To break a ſhallow furrow will ſuffice.
Here leſt the corn ſhould harme from weeds receive,
There, leſt ſmall moyſture barren akers leave,
And let thy furrow lie each year untill'd,
And to grow hard with reſt thy worne-out field:

Or

Or where in season thou did'st barely sow,
And pleasant pulse, with dangling cods didst mow,
Where brittle stalks of wofull Lupins stood,
Or slender Veches like a whispering wood.
The field, flax, otes, and sleepy Poppie, burns,
But easie is the labour made by turns.
Nor a drie soyle with rich marle spare to feed,
And uncleans'd ashes on poor grounds to spread.
So with chang'd seed, Swains rest give to the fields,
And Land left fallow no less profit yields;
From burning sterile plains oft plentie comes,
And brittle stubble crackling fire consumes.
Whether from this new force, and nourishment
The Earth receives; or else all venome spent
By fire: and forth superfluous moysture sweat:
Or many dark hid breathings lax'd by heat,
By which, fresh sap the springing corne sustaines,
Or more condens'd it bindes the gaping veines.
Lest soaking showrs, or *Sols* more potent beame,
Or *Boreas* piercing cold should wither them;
And much he helps his field, who barren mould
Breaks, harrowes then; nor *Ceres* doth behold
That Husband-man from the high heaven in vain,
And who the gleab athwhart runs ore again,
Turning his plow, and crossing breaks the soyle,
Making the field obedient with his toyle.
Swaines pray for winters faire, and summers wet;
Winter dust, joyes the earth, and glads the wheat:
Not *Mesia* then shall harvests boast like these,
Nor *Phrygian* hils admire their own increase.
What shall I say of those have sow'd their land?
Then straight goes on, casts heaps of barren sand,
And streams to's corne in flowing rivers turns:
And when scorch'd fields with dying herbage burns,

From

From rising ground conducts a crystall lake;
Which mongst smoth rocks doth gentle murmurs make,
And bubling forth refresh the parched field.
Or those left too large ears the stalk should yield,
The ranck corne, and soft stemme eat down again,
When first it hides the earth; and those who draine,
With thirstie sand the plashes in their ground,
Most when in doubtfull moneths the floods abound,
Whence slimie mud hath cover'd all the vale,
Making the ditches a hot steam exhale.
But yet (for all mens toyle and oxens paines,
Skilfull in tillage) the *Strymonian* Cranes,
Geese, and shade harme, or bitter *Succorie*.
Nor was *Jove* pleas'd tillage should easie be:
And first commands with art to plough the soyle,
On mortall hearts imposing care, and toyle;
Nor lets dull sloth benumb men where he reigns.
Before *Jove's* time, no plowman tild the plaines,
None mark'd out *limits*, or a meer set forth;
But all in common: then the liberall earth
Without compulsion brought each kinde of grain,
He first black Serpents arm'd with deadly bane,
Commands stern Wolves to prey, the Sea to swell,
From leaves shakes honey, and did fire conceal:
To wine then rivers gave a stricter bound,
That severall arts by labour might be found,
And men in furrows seek the grain that fell,
And hidden fire from veins of flint compell.
Then *Alder-boats* first swomme, then Mariners
Gave names, and told the number of the stars:
The *Kids*, the *Pleiades*, and the *Northern Bear*.
Then birds they catch with Lime, and beasts in snare,
And with their dogs, the mighty woods beset.
This strikes broad rivers with his casting net;

At ſea his humid lines another drawes:
Then force of ir'n, and blades of grating ſawes;
(For firſt they wedges to ſoft wood did uſe)
Then came ſtrange arts. *fierce labor all ſubdues.*
Inforc'd by bold *Neceſſity*, and *Want*,
Firſt, *Ceres* mortals taught the earth to plant:
When maſt, and acorns ſacred groves ſuppli'd,
And *Dodon's* forreſt nourithment denide.
Then was more ſweat for corne; left mildews ſpoile
The grain, and thiſtles over-run the ſoyle:
The crop then failes, *deſtructive* weeds appear,
Briers and *burs* ſuppreſs the golden ear:
Then hapleſs *Darnell*, and *Wilde-oats* command,
Unleſs with rakes thou daily break thy land:
Fright birds with noyſe, and cut the ſhadie bowes
Of thy dark ground, and call for rain with vowes.
Thou ſhalt in vaine ſee others ſtore increaſe,
VVhen ſhaken okes thy hunger muſt appeaſe.

The hardy Plowmans tooles we next muſt know;
Which wanting, we can neither reap nor ſow.
A heavie plow of crooked oke; a ſhare;
And with ſlow wheeles th' *Eluſine* mothers carre;
Sledges and flailes, rakes, ponderous enough,
Fine oſier baskets, countrey houſhold ſtuffe,
Hurdles, and laſt, *Jaccus* myſtick Van;
All which, if th' art a carefull husband-man,
Remember to provide, if the divne
Glorie of tillage, thou intendeſt thine.
Soone in the woods with mighty labour bow
An Elme, and forme it to a crooked Plow.
To this a Teeme beneath of eight foot cut;
To th' double back two ears, and Dentals put:
Of lofty Beech your Plowtaile: but the yoak,
Let that be from the gentle Tyle tree tooke, Which

Which from behinde ſhould the deep turnings guide,
And oke with hanging in the chimney tride.
Here many ancient rules I could declare,
Unleſſe thou ſhun'ſt, and ſcorn'ſt ſo mean a care.
With a great rowler firſt, thy Barne flore lay,
Smooth'd with the hand, confirm'd with binding clay,
Leſt graſs ſpring up, or it ſhould duſtie grow,
Then many miſchiefs chance; for oft below
The little *Mouſe* her ſtore hath and abode:
And the blinde *Mole* her bed; in holes the *toade*
Is found; much vermine from the earth are borne,
The *Weezel* plunders the great heap of corne,
And the *Ant* fearing age and want to come.
Obſerve when firſt the nut begins to bloome,
Gracing the woods, bending the fragrant tree:
If they exceed, ſuch thy increaſe ſhall be,
And with great heat a mighty harveſt found;
But if with ſwelling leaves the ſhades abound,
Then thou ſhalt thraſh a chaffie ſtalk in vaine,
I have ſeene many to anoynt their grain
With Nyter firſt, then lees of oyle to ſpread,
That husks deceitfull ſhould have larger ſeed:
Then with ſoft fire they ſwell the haſten'd graine,
Seed long pick'd I have ſeen, and culd with pain,
And yet degenerate; unleſs yearly we
The largeſt chooſe. *All things by deſtiny*
So haſten to grow worſe and backward goes,
As one againſt the ſtream his Veſſel rowes,
Who if by chance his arme a little ſlack,
The Bote in the ſwift channell hurries back;
They obſervations from the ſtars ſhould make,
Mark riſing *Kids*, and note the glittering *Snake*,
As thoſe who homewards through rough *Pontus* trade,
And ſtraights of narrow *Helleſpont* aſſaid.

When

VVhen *Libra* in juſt ballances ſhall weigh
Darkneſs with Light, and ſhadowes with the day,
Then exerciſe your ſteers, and barely ſow,
Till too extream the cruell winter grow.
Flax, Poppie then, cover with earth and plough
VVhil'ſt the Clouds hang, and thirſty grounds allow.
Beans ſow in ſpring; then *clave graſs* rich earth takes,
And *Millet* then your annuall care awakes;
VVhen *Taurus* golden horns open the year,
And *Syrius* leaves to other ſtars the Sphear.
But if for wheat and ſtronger corne thy ground
Thou exerciſe, and but a crop propound;
Firſt, let the Eaſterne *Pleiades* goe down,
And the bright ſtar of *Ariadnes* Crowne:
Commit dew-ſeed to furrowes then, and here
Truſt earth with hope of the inſuing year.
Would'ſt thou thy ground ſhould *vetch*, and *Feſſels* bear,
Nor ſhalt deſpiſe *Ægyptian Lentils* care;
Bootes fall no obſcure ſigne will ſhew;
Begin, and ſowing to mid-winter ſow.
Wherefore the golden Sun in equall lines
The great orbe governs, through the worlds twelve ſigns.
Five Zones the heavens infold, one ſtill is beat
With ſcorching beams, torrid with mighty heat:
On either hand th' extreams extend their track,
Bound ſtill with cruell ice, with tempeſts black:
Between the midſt, and theſe, two more there are,
Which ſeats the Gods for mortals did prepare:
Through both of theſe a paſſage doth divide,
Through which the ſigns in oblique order glide.
As to *Rypheau* hils the world aſcends,
So to the South of *Lybia* down it bends:
To us the Pole is elevated ſtill,
But Ghoſts ſee them beneath, and diſmall hell:

Here

Here in huge bendings glides the winding Snake,
And like a river doth Meanders make:
Through both the Bears incircling them about,
Who to be dipt in th'Oceans billows, doubt.
Here, (as they say) either is lasting night,
And gloomy shade for ever hindring light:
Or else from us to them *Aurora* speeds
Ushering the day: and when with panting steeds
The *Orient* breathes on us; there purple night
Ascending adds, late Tapers to the light.
Hence from no doubtful signs we Seasons know,
What time is best to Reap, and when to Sow,
And when the faithless Sea we may again
Row with tuff Oares, when venture to the Main
An armed Fleet, or fell the lofty Pines.
Nor vain we mark, setting, and rising signs,
Which in four Seasons th'equal year divide.
But if cold showrs force Swaines within to bide,
Much work asks haste, which 'gainst the weather's fair
Is to be done: to whet the blunted share,
And of a tree to make a hollow bark,
To measure Corn, or else their Sheep to mark;
These sharpen Forks and Stakes, the tender Vine
Others infold with bonds of *Amarine*:
And some with *Rubean* twigs, neat baskets binde,
Now dry their corn at fire, and then they grinde.
Some works on Holidayes are to be done:
To draw out water, no Religion
Nor Law forbids us; nor to hedge our Corne,
And Snares to lay for Birds, to burne the Thorne,
To wash the bleating Flocks in curing Floods.
The driver of the slow Ass, often loads
His back with Oyl, or Fruit, returning fetch
From Town a Handmill, or black mass of Pitch.

The Moone grants ſeverall dayes ſhould be imploy'd
Luckie for ſeverall works: the fift, avoide:
Hell, and the Furies then were borne; and Earth
Gave mighty *Typhon*, and the Gyants birth
Which *covenanting Brethren* thrice aſſay
To pull down Heaven, *Pelion* on *Oſſa* lay;
On *Oſſa* green *Olympus* to have thrown;
Thrice *Jove* with thunder caſt thoſe mountaines down.
The ſeventeenth day is beſt to plant the Vine,
Oxen to break, threads to the Web to joyn:
The ninth is beſt for flight, and Bad for theeves.
Cold night to many works perfection gives;
Or at Sun riſe, when fall the early dewes:
Night, to mow Stubble, or dry Meadows, chooſe:
For ſuppling moyſture wants not in the night.
Some by late fires will watch, and VVinter light,
Sharpning a ſtake, mean while his task, though long
His dear wife ſhortens with a 'pleaſing Song;
Running her ſounding Shuttle through her Frame.
Or ſhe decots ſweet *Muſt* with gentle flame;
And ſcums with leaves froth from the boyling Pot.
But bluſhing *Ceres* beſt at noon is cut;
Amidſt the heate, the dry corn thraſhes beſt;
Plow and ſow, naked, *Winter* is for reſt:
Then Husbandmen injoy what they did gaine,
And with glad feaſts each other entertaine:
The *Geniall* time invites, and frees from care.
As wealthy ſhips, when mor'd within the Bar,
The Saylors on the Sterns freſh Garlands ſet.
But you may *Maſt*, and *Laurell* berries get,
VVith Oyl and bleeding *Myrtle* then, and ſnare
Cranes by the feet, and nets for Bucks prepare,
Cours timerous Hares, ſhoot fallow Dear, or ſwing
VVith hempen whip, the *Balearian* ſling,

VVhen

VVhen Snow lies deep, when Ice the river bars.
VVhat ſhall I ſay of the *Autumnall* Stars,
VVhen leſſer heate gives day a ſwifter wing;
VVhich muſt be watch'd; ſo muſt the flowry Spring.
Oft I have ſeen, when corne from golden lands
Ready to houſe, juſt when the ſtrawie bands
Should binde the ſheaves; in war the windes contend,
And from the roote the yellow harveſt rend,
The tempeſt with ſo black a whirlwinde flew,
And the light ſtraw, and flying ſtubble blue.
Oft from the skie a mighty deluge powres,
And black ſtorms muſter with condenſed ſhowrs,
Clouds from ſea gather, the arch'd skies reſound,
And Oxens labour the rich corn is drown d.
Then dikes are fill'd, and ſwelling waters raiſe
Loud murmurs, and, ſeas rore in ſtormie baies.
Then in the hideous night, *Jupiter* takes
In's hand bright lightning, which diſcharging, ſhakes
The mighty earth; beaſts fly, and mortall hearts
Baſe fear dejects. He, with his blazing darts
Down *Athos*, *Rhodope*, or *Ceraunia* throws:
South windes ariſe, blacker the tempeſt grows;
Now woods complain with winde, and now the ſhore,
This fearing know heaven ſtars, and ſignes, before:
Where Melancholy *Saturn* doth retire,
And through what Orbe wanders *Cylenian* fire.
But firſt the gods adore; to *Ceres* yeeld
Rites yearly, working in the gladſome field,
VVhen the ſoft Spring rough Winter ſhall ſucceed
Then wine grows mellow and Lambs begin to feed,
Then ſleep is pleaſant, ſhades ſpread mountaines ore.
Let all the jocund Swaines *Ceres* adore,
Nor one preſume ſickles to thruſt in corne,
Till Oken wreathes, for her, his brows adorne,

Dance Country *Measures*, and like Verſes ſing.
VVhat moſt ſure ſigns may to our knowledg bring
Drowth, rain, and winde, which uſhers in the cold,
Jove hath decreed; what new *Moons* ſhould unfold.
When *South windes* reſt, what Swaines ſo oft perceive
When neerer to their ſtalls their herds they leave.
Then ſtraight with riſing guſts the Ocean ſwells,
And a loud Fragor heard in lofty hills:
Or afar off ſhores ſound with raging ſeas,
And mighty murmurs in the woods increaſe.
From talleſt ſhips then bellows ſcarce refrain,
When *Cormorants* with clamour from the maine
Fly to the ſhore, and when the Sea-foul ſports
On the dry Strand, and from the Fen reſorts;
And mounting bove the lofty clouds the Herne.
Oft before windes thou ſhalt the ſtars diſcern,
Shoot ſwiftly through the skie, and in the night
To leave behinde a traine of blazing light,
And often chaff to fly, and falling leaves
With floting feathers, ſport on bounding waves.
But when it thunders from the cruel *North*,
And when the *Eaſt* and *Weſtern* winds draw forth:
All dikes are fill'd, the Sailor at th'Alarms
Strikes his wet ſail, *no ſtorm the wiſe man harms*?
From which the ſoaring Crane to Valleys flies;
Or elſe the Cow viewing the open skies,
At her wide noſtrils the perception takes.
Or chattering Swallows fly about the Lakes;
Or in the mud Frogs ſing their old complaint.
Oft through ſtraight paths to ſecret roofs the Ant
Conveies her Eggs; deep drinks the mighty bow:
And from their foode in a great flight, the Crow
Makes his retreat, and ſounds his fanning wings.
Various Sea-foul, with thoſe haunt pleaſant Springs,

And

And *Asian* Medows of *Caÿster* use,
Busie, their shoulders bathe, with sprinkling dews.
Now under water thou mayst see them dive,
And in their sportfull washing vainly strive;
The wicked *Crow*, aloud then rain demands,
And all alone stalks proudly on drie sands.
Nor at Nocturnall wheeles the Maidens be
Of stormes unskilfull when they shining see
The oyle to sparkle in the shining Lamp,
And the hard snuff to make the light grow damp.
Nor less may'st thou from storms fair weather learn,
And long before by surest signes discerne:
For then no star an obtuse beame displays,
Nor is the *Moon* estrang'd from *Phœbus* rayes,
Nor fine wool fleeces driven through the skie;
Nor to warme Sun's ashore with spread wings lie
Halcyon's belov'd of *Thetis*: nor loose straw,
Foule Swine remenber in their mouthes to draw.
But Clouds sink lower, and to Vales retreat:
And from high roofes observing *Phœbus* set,
The *Owle* in vaine, late notes doth exercise.
Nisus appears, high in the Chrystall skies,
And *Scylla* punisheth for the purple haire.
Where ere she flying cuts the yielding aire,
Nisus behold! her sterne foe through the skies,
Sounding, persues: where through the Heaven he flies,
On swift wings shuning through the Clouds she bends,
Then oft the *Crow* her watery throat extends,
Redoubling notes oft in their towrie nest:
(With what unwonted joy I have not guest)
Sport 'mongst the leaves, the storme past, glad to see
Their ancient buildings, and fair Progenie.
Nor think I Heaven on them such Knowledge states,
Nor that their *Prudence* is above the *Fates*.

But when a tempeſt, and the fleeting rack
Hath chang'd their courſe, and the moyſt aire grows black
With *Southern* windes, which thicken in the skies
Thin vapours, and the groſſer, rarifies;
Their thoughts are chang d, the motions of their minde
Inconſtant are, like Clouds before the winde:
Hence tis that birds chaunt forth melodious notes,
The beaſts are glad, and Crowes ſtretch joyfull throtes.
If the ſwift Sun whoſe horſes never ſwerve,
And *Moons* in order following thou obſerve:
Th'inſuing day ſhall never thee deceive,
Nor nights fair promiſes of hope bereave.
When firſt the *Moon* renewing flame adorns;
If a groſſe aire, obſcure her blunted horns,
Great ſhowres, for ſea, and Husbandmen prepare:
But if her face a Virgine bluſh declare,
It ſhall be winde, 'gainſt winde ſhe bluſheth ſtill.
If the fourth day her Orbe with ſilver fill,
(For that by long experience hath been tride)
Nor with blunt horns through Chryſtall Heaven ſhall glide:
That day, and all that follow, you ſhall finde
To the moneths end, free, both from raine and winde.
To *Milecert*, *Glaucus*, *Panapea* now
Sailors preſerv'd, from danger, pay their vow.
Alſo true ſignes the *Sun* at riſing ſhewes,
And when he doth in *Thetis* lap repoſe,
For the moſt certain on the *Sun* attend:
Both in the morne, and when the ſtars aſcend.
When riſing he with many ſpots growes pale,
Drown'd in a Cloud, and half his Orbe doth vaile:
Then ſtorms expect, then *Southwinds* riſe from ſea,
To trees, and corne, and Cattell, enemie.
Or when amongſt thick Clouds before the day
Many refracted beams themſelves diſplay;

Or

Or when forſaking *Tythons* ſaffron bed,
Much paleneſs hath *Auroras* cheek ore-ſpread.
Ah! then but ill, the vines defend their grapes,
Such horrid haile on houſe tops ratling leaps.
This to remember it will profit thee:
When he high Heaven forſakes, (for oft we ſee
Strange colours wandring in his viſage, joyn'd)
The duskie threatens rain, the fiery winde.
But if the ſpots red flaſhes ſhall unfold,
All vext with raine, and winde thou ſhalt behold.
That night ſhall none perſwade me to the ſea,
Nor yet adviſe, that I my anchor weigh.
But when he gives, or takes the day again,
His Orbe be clear, thou fear'ſt a ſhowre in vain.
Then thou mayſt ſee ſoft gales to move the woods;
What *Veſper* next, (whence winds drive empty clouds)
What *Auſter* plots, the Sun doth ſignifie,
And who ſo bold to give the Sun the lye.
Clandeſtine tumults, he doth oft foreſhew,
And open war, from ſecret plots to grow:
He pitying *Rome* at *Cæſars* funerals ſpread
A mourning vaile, ore his illuſtrious head.
The impious age then fear'd eternall night,
Though in that time *Earth* and vaſt *Amphytrite*,
Fierce Dogs, and cruell foule ſtrange ſigns did yield;
We, ſmoking *Ætna* ith' *Cyclopian* field
Oft ſaw to rage, and from broke tunnels came
Huge liquid ſtones, and mighty globes of flame.
Germany heard from heaven a ſound of armes,
And the *Alps* trembled at unus'd alarms:
A mighty voyce in ſilent groves was heard,
And gaſtly ſpirits, wonderous pale, appear'd
Before twas night: and beaſts (o wondrous) ſpake;
Swift rivers ſtand, and yauning earth did quake:
Braſſe in the Temples ſweat: ſad Ivorie weeps,
High woods, *Eridanus*, King of rivers, ſweeps;

And

And on the plaines with hostile billows falls,
Bearing with him the cattell and their stalls.
Nor then sad entrails threatnings ceast to shew,
Nor through the channels putrid blood to flow;
And then the populous Cities did resound
With howling wolves, which walk'd their nightly round,
Nor from cleer skies ever more lightning came,
Nor such dire Comets oftener seen to flame.
Again, *Phillipi*, *Roman* Squadrons saw
With equall arms, for dreadfull battell draw.
Twice with our blood the Gods did not disdain
To inrich *Æmus*, and th' *Æmathian* pliane.
Time comes, by Swains, when turning up their ground
Eaten with rust, large Javelins shall be found:
Or boysterous rakes, from emptie helms strike fire,
And shall huge bones dig'd from their tombs admire.
Great *Vesta*, *Romulus*, and our native *Gods*,
Who lofty *Rome* preserve, and *Tuscan* floods.
Ah for the Prince, at length your selves ingage,
That he again repair this ruin'd Age.
Long since enough we with our bloods did pay
For sacrelegious perjuries of *Troy*,
Cæsar, long since Heavens court envi'de us thee,
Griev'd thou shouldst pleas'd with mortall triumphs be.
Wrong was turn'd right, and war through all the world,
So many shapes of wickednes had hurl'd.
To the scorn'd Plow, no man doth honour yield,
Swains prest to arms, waste lies th' uncultur'd field:
And crooked Sythes to swords transformed are.
Euphrates here, there *Germany* makes war:
The neighbouring Towns in Civill arms ingage,
And impious *Mars* through all the world doth rage.
As when the Chariots starting from the bar
Straight through the listed Champaine hurried are:
The Charioteer is borne away, in vaine
Checking their speed; who now contemn the reine. The

THE SECOND BOOK OF *Virgil's* GEORGICKS.

THE ARGUMENT.

How trees *by nature grow, ſome from the root,*
Some from the ſeed, ſome of themſelves do ſprout,
As many wayes of Art experience grants.
The Gardner graffs, inoculates, tranſplants,
What fruitfull trees *in ſeverall* Countries *are;*
But none with happie Italie *compare.*
How to diſcerne the goodneſs of each ground,
Where choiceſt Olives *and beſt* Vines *are found,*
What ſafty in the harmleſs Countrey *lies:*
What dangers from rebellious Cities *riſe.*

THus much of *tillage*, and the *Planets* ſway,
Tile thee now *Bacchus*, and wilde plants diſplay,
And the ſlow Olives race; father, draw neer,
(All things are full of thy great bounty here)
Thou pregnant fields deck'ſt with Autumnall vine,
Till foming preſſes overflow with wine;

Father

O Father come, and lay thy buskins by
With me in *Muſt* then ſtaine thy naked thigh.
Trees in their growth of different natures are,
Some ſpring themſelves, unforc'd by humane care,
As in the fields where winding rivers flow,
The gentle *Broom*, *Poplar*, and *Sallow* grow,
And *Willowes* with freſh branches flouriſhing.
Some from their ſeed being ſet, as *Cheſtnuts* ſpring,
And *Joves* great *Æſculus* which all groves excel'd,
And *Okes* which *Grecians* ſtill *oracnlous* held.
In mighty Groves ſome ſpring from their own root,
So *Cheries*, *Elms*, *Parnaſſian Laurell*, ſhoot:
Which ſmall in great ſhade of their mother riſe.
Theſe waies firſt nature gave: by theſe all trees
In Orchards, woods, and ſacred Forreſts grow:
Others there are, which uſe and cuſtome ſhew.
Here, from the tender *Parent*, this man gets
The ſprouting twigs, and in a furrow ſets.
There in the earth, another covers ſtocks
Of ancient trees, pales, poſts, and cloven blocks;
Some trees require their boughes be ſet archwiſe,
And make their own ſoile, living nurſeries.
Some need no root, nor doth the *Gardner* doubt,
That ſprigs ſet in the ground ſhall timely ſprout.
And wondrous to be told, the Olive root
From a drie ſtick, cut at the end will ſhoote.
And oft without impairing, we may ſee
The boughes of one, chang'd to another tree,
And Pears from grafted Apples for to ſpread,
And *ſtonie Cornell*, with ripe *plums* wax red.
Therefore O *Husbandmen*, the beſt means trie
T'improve wilde fruit, leſt waſte your Orchards lye.
To plant the vine in *Iſmare* we are glad,
And that *Taburnus* verdant Olives clad.

Help,

Help, O *Mecænas* and this work review,
My glory and my chief fame, ſprings from you;
Swell thou my ſaile, now venturing to the main,
Nor all things would I in my verſe containe;
Had I hundred mouthes, a hundred tongues,
A voyce of ſteele; help me to coaſt along;
The taske is eaſie; nor I'le thee detaine
With dull deſcriptions, nor fables vaine.
Thoſe trees which of themſelves are foſtered,
Unfruitfull be, but ſtrong, and fair they ſpread:
Becauſe they draw their nature from the ſoyle;
But theſe, if any ſow, or ſhall with toyle
Tranſplant, and then in cultur'd orchards ſet;
Their wilder diſpoſition they forget:
VVith often pruning then not ſlowly will
Anſwerthy labour, and obey thy skill;
So thoſe which ſpring ſroom roots like profit yield,
If you tranſplant them to the open field,
Theſe, boughs before aad parent-branches ſhade,
VVhich ſtops their growth, and makes the bodie fade.
Plants which from ſeed ariſe of ſlow growth are,
And ſhades for our poſterity prepare;
Apples grow wilde, and looſe their former taſte,
And *Vines* harſh cluſters bear for birds to waſte,
All labour aske, and covering in rich ſoyle;
And muſt be conquer'd, with much art and toyle.
Th' Olive from trunks, vines proſper beſt from ſtocks,
And *Paphian Myrtle* ſprings from ſolid okes;
Tall *Aſh*, and *Hazel*, beſt from *Sciens* takes,
And *Poplar* which *Herculean* Garlands makes:
So *Joves Chaonian* oke, and high Palms grow,
And Fir which muſt the Sailors fortune know,
Arbuts from Nuts, the ſterile Plane tree bears
Beſt Apples, Cheſtnuts, Beech; bloſſoms of Pears.

The

The wilde *Aſh* ſilvers with a ſnowie flower,
And under Elms rough Swine the maſt devoure.
T' *inoculate*, and *graffe*, are ſeverall arts:
For where the bud ſhoots from the tender parts,
And breaks the gentle Filme, juſt, where they binde;
They make an orifice in the knottie rinde;
Impriſoning there, the ſprig of th' other tree;
And with moyſt bark they teach them to agree.
Or elſe the knotleſs trunk they cut again,
And with a wedge deep wound the ſolid grain.
After the ſlip ſo valued, there incloſe,
Nor longs the time, when ſprouts with fruitfull boughes
A mighty tree to heaven, at leaves unknown
Admiring, and ſtrange Apples nother own.
Nor of one kinde ſtrong *Elms*, and *Sallowes* be,
The *Lotus*, nor th' *Idaan* Cypres tree;
Nor in one manner the rich *Olive* comes,
Orchites, and *Radies*, and ſour *Pauſian* plums,
Alcinous apples, nor ſuch branches bear
Wardens, *Cruſtumians*, and the *Syrian* pear;
Nor the ſame Vintages our cluſters grant,
Which *Lesbos* hath, from the *Methymnean* plant,
Thaſians there are, and ſilver *Mareots*, theſe
Fat grounds affect, and thoſe the lighter pleaſe;
And *Pſcithian* grapes beſt dride; *Lageos* ſtrong,
Which ſoon will trie your feet, and tie your tongue;
Purple, and early grapes there are. What verſe
You *Rhetick* Vineyards ſhall your praiſe rehearſe?
But yet contend not with *Falernian* vine,
There are *Aminian* grapes, a moſt ſound wine;
Tmolus to this, and King *Phanaus* give,
And leſs *Argitis* homage; none will ſtrive
With this to fill the Preſs, with cheering juice,
Nor laſt ſo many years, and fit for uſe:

Nor

Nor *Rhodian* gracing Feaſts, and rites, ſhall ſcape,
Nor the *Bumaſte*, that ſo ſwelling grape;
Their names, and kinds innumerable are,
Nor for their catologue we need not care,
Which who would know, as ſoone may count the ſands,
The weſterne winds, raiſe on the *Lybian* ſtrands,
Or when *Eaſt-windes* at ſea more violent rore,
Reckon *Æonian* waves, which rowle to ſhore.
All grounds not all things bear; the *Alder* tree
Growes in thick Fens, with *Sallows* brooks agree,
Aſh craggie Mountains, ſhores ſweet *Myrtle* fils,
And laſtly *Bacchus* loves the ſunnie hils:
The *Yew* beſt proſpers in the *North*, and cold.
The conquer'd worlds remoteſt Swains behold,
Where *Arabs* painted *Gelonie* are found;
Each Land ſhewes ſeverall plants; the *Indian* ground
Bears *Ebonie*, *Sabea*, *Frankincenſe*.
What ſhall I ſay to thee ſweet wood? from whence
Balſame deſtills, and *beries* ever green
Of bright *Acanthus*? How ſhall I begin
Of trees in *Æthiopia*, white with woll?
Where from the leaves the Natives fleeces cull:
Or of thoſe groves in utmoſt *India* bred,
Neer the worlds border, whoſe aſpiring head,
No arrow could by Archers skill ſurmount;
And yet good Bowmen we thoſe men account.
Media brings wholſome apples of harſh juice,
Gainſt ſtep-dames poyſon nothing more in uſe:
When banefull hearbs they mix with deadly charmes,
This helps, and vitall ſpirits 'gainſt venome arms.
This mighty tree, *Laurell* reſembles well,
But that it caſts abroad another ſmell;
No windes offend the leaves, the flowers indure:
With this, their tainted breaths the *Medians* cure,

And

And it to old mens *Tyſicks* medcine yields.
But *Median* groves, nor all thoſe plentious fields,
Nor *India*, *Ganges Hermes* full of gold,
May ſtrive with *Italie*, nor *Bactrians* bold,
Nor great *Panchaia*, rich with *Frankincenſe*.
This place no Buls whoſe noſtrils fire diſpenſe
Have til'd, to ſet the teeth of Dragons there,
Nor did it crops of Spears, and Helmets bear.
But luſhious fruit, and rich wine fill the Preſs,
And *Olive* plants, and joyfull herds poſſeſs.
Here warlick Steeds trot proudly through the fields,
This ſnowie flocks, and Buls prime offerings yields;
VVhich bath'd *Clitumnus* in thy ſacred floods,
Romes tryumphs draw, to *Temples* of the *Gods*.
A laſting Spring, and ſummer all the year;
Our flocks twice teeme, our plants twice apples bear,
This no fierce Tygers, nor ſterne Lyons breeds,
Nor *Symplers* here deceiv'd with poyſonous weeds.
Nor ſcalie Dragon quarters in this ſoyle,
Wreathing himſelf to a prodigeous pile.
To theſe ſo many famous Cities adde,
Works of great care, with art, coſt, labor, made;
So many ſeats cut from the quarries ſide,
Under whoſe ancient wals ſweet rivers glide.
VVhat ſhall I ſay of both thoſe Seas which lave
Our Coaſts? or of thoſe many Lakes we have?
Or ſpeak of thee great *Laris*, and thy waves
Benacus, which ſo like the Ocean raves?
Or Ports, or *Lucrine* Sluces ſhall I ſing?
VVhoſe raging floods with mighty murmur ring.
Where *Julian* ſtreams thunder in troubled ſeas,
And *Tyrrhen* waters fill th' *Avernian* bayes.
Here we have ſilver rivers, brazen Mines,
And with much gold this happy Country ſhines;

Here

Here a bold race, the valiant *Marſians* are,
Stout *Sabels*. and *Ligurii* us'd to war;
The long ſpear'd *Volſcii*, *Decii*, *Marii*, hence,
And the *Camilli* draw their old deſcents.
This the bold *Scipios* and thee *Cæſar* bore;
Who Conqueror now in utmoſt *Aſias* ſhore,
Driv'ſt from the *Roman* Towers, th' unwarlick Bands
Of *India*. Haile great *Saturnian* Lands,
Parent of fruit, and men of noble parts:
To undertake thy ancient fame, and *Arts*,
Boldly I'le open now, the ſacred Spring,
And through *Rome's* ſeats, *Aſcræan* verſes ſing.

Now ſeverall kinds of ground we muſt declare,
Their colour, ſtrength, and what they willing bear;
And firſt your harder ſoyle, and barren hils,
Where ſtone and thin clay, mix'd in ſhrubbie fields,
Freſh Groves of living Olives, theſe rejoyce;
And by wilde Olives of that Land make choice:
And where ſoure *Beries* through the Country ſpread.
But a rich ground, with pleaſant moyſture fed,
Where ſtore of graſs, and *verdant* champains be,
Such as in wanton vales we uſe to ſee;
VVhere Rivers from the lofty Rock deſcend,
VVith fruitfull mud, and to the *Southward* bend,
Nouriſhing Ferne, which ſo much hurts the Plow:
Here, for thee *Bacchus* ſtrongeſt wine ſhall grow
To ſwell the Preſs; this the rich Grape ſhall bear,
Such as in Gold for offerings we prepare;
When the ſwolne *Tuskans* on their Cornets play,
And we on Altars ſmoking entrals lay.
But if thou herds, and Steers delight to keep;
Or Goats that burne the corne, or fleecy ſheep;

Seek pleasant Groves, and rich *Tarentum's* Coast,
And plaines which wofull *Mantua* hath lost.
VVhere silver Swans neer flourie Rivers plant,
VVhere Crystall Springs, nor grass the Cattel want.
How much thy herds eat in the longest day,
So much cold dews in the short night repay.
Black grounds which under heavie Plowes are rich,
A brittle soyle (for tillage makes it such)
Is best for corne; upon no ground appears
More Carrs returning home with wearie Steers;
Or where the angrie Swaine cuts down a wood,
And fruitless Groves which many years had stood,
And by the roots, Birds ancient seats o rethrew,
who to the skies their nests forsaken, flew.
But a rough Champaine soone improves with toyle;
For hungrie grounds, and a rough stonie soyle,
Scarce bees with *Cassia*, and sweet dew supplie.
In whose dark hollow Rocks, foul *Serpents* lie:
No Land they say with better choice is stor'd
Of food for *Snakes* nor better nests afford.
That Earth exhales thin Clouds, and flying mists;
And moysture drinks, repaying when it lists;
Which alwayes her own *verdant* Liverie wears,
Nor hurts with coomings, and foule rust the shares,
Where Elms with joyfull vine are interwove,
Where Olives grow; that soyle you may approve,
Both for your Cattell, and the heavie Plow.
For they such plaines nee'r wealthie *Capua* sow:
And those which border nigh *Vesuvius* heights;
And *Clanius* who, oft poor *Acerra* frights.
I'le teach thee now moulds differing to discerne;
That what's too thick, or looser thou mayst learn.
Since one, corne best affects, the other Vines;
To *Ceres* ...ick, to *Bacchus* thin inclines.

First with great diligence let a place be found;
There let a pit be made, deep in the ground;
This done, cast in the thrown-out mould again,
And with thy feet tread the whole surface plaine.
If there want Earth, tis loose; that most inclines
Cattell to feed, and cherish prospering Vines.
But if t' its bounds, 'twill not be brought again,
And the pit fil'd, some earth shall yet remain,
That soyle is thick: plough with thy sturdy yoak,
There the hard glebe, let that tough soyle be broke.
Land that is salt, and which we bitter finde,
Is bad for fruit, to tillage not inclin'd;
All plants shall here degenerate, and the vine
Looseth the name, and this shall be the signe.
From smokie rooses, an Osier basket take,
And such a strainer as for wine they make:
There Earth with streams drawn from a Crystall Spout
Commix; and all the water will run out,
And in great drops shall through the strainer flow;
But soon the taste will clear distinction shew;
And straight thou may'st with bitterness espie,
The tasters mouth displeas'd, be drawn awrie.
And lastly we thus rich soyle understand,
It will not moulder kneading in your hand;
But to your fingers it will cling like pitch.
Moyst ground hath weeds, and that which is too rich.
Ah! Let not mine too fertile prove, nor bear
Upon a heavie stalke a ponderous ear.
Mould that is sad, that, silently by weight
It self betrayes; and so we finde what's light.
Black, and all colours, straight our eyes discerne.
But curs'd cold, is wonderous hard to learn.
Yet sometimes pitchy Firr, and fatall Yew,
Or winding Ivie will sad tokens shew.

This known with care, thy earth plough long before,
And raiſe the ridges of thy Furrows more:
And let thy turn'd up Gleab ſterne *Boreas* face,
Before thou ſet the vines rejoycing race.
Brittle is beſt, which winde and froſt indure;
And ruſtick Swaines with turning oft manure.
But thoſe men who no care, or labour flie,
Chooſe places fit both for a Nurſery,
And where they may tranſplanted after grow:
Leſt they their mother ſuddain chang'd not know.
Alſo Heavens quarters on they bark the ſcore,
That they may coaſt it, as it was before:
Which *Southern* heat ſuſtains, which viewd the Pole,
Such ſtrength hath cuſtome in each tender ſoule.

First know, if hils or dales beſt pleaſe the *grape*,
Wouldſt thou the plenty of rich vineyards reap.
Sow the vale thick, then will thy preſs abound;
But if it hillie be, and riſing ground,
Set thin thy ranks, nor leſs in every tract,
Range ordered vines the walks drawn out exact.

As when a mighty battel's to be fought;
Up to the front the ordered files are brought,
Troups hide the fields; and ready for alarms,
All the vaſt Champain ſhines, with glittering arms;
Before in horrid fight the battell joynes,
And doubtfull *Mars*, to neither part inclines.

So let thy ranks in even number grow.
Not that vain fancie ſhould be fed with ſhew;
But elſe th' earth grants not equall nouriſhment;
Nor can their branches have their full extent.

Perhaps how deep to furrow thou would'ſt know.
In ſhallow trenches I my vines dare ſow.
But the huge *Æſculus*, that mighty tree
Muſt in earths boſome deeply fixed be:

How

How much to Heaven her ſpreading branches ſhoot,
So much towards hell extend her fixed root.
Therefore not her, ſhowrs with huge tempeſts mix'd,
Nor cruell winter harms, but remains fix'd,
And many years and ages ſhe indures,
Of ſhort-liv'd man; whom her own ſtrength ſecures.
Tall branches guard her, and huge bowes diſplaid
Protect her round with her own mighty ſhade.
Nor make thy *vineyard* where the Sun declines;
Nor plant rough *hazels* mongſt the tender *vines*,
Nor pull the lofty branches, nor impaire
The ſprouting bows; *for great muſt be thy care:*
Nor ruſtie pruners harme, the hopefull ſeed,
Nor let wilde Olives in thy vineyard breed.
Mongſt careleſs Swains oft happens fire: which firſt
Under the ſappie rinde is cloſely nurſt:
Then by degrees to the high branches flies
And ſpreading ſends loud fragor to the skies:
A victor ſtraight from bough to bough aſpires;
And the Crown ſeis'd, involveth all with fires.
To Heaven black clouds and pitchy miſts are ſent,
And diſmall vapours ſcale the firmament.
But more if from the *North* a tempeſt riſe;
And in the groves winde makes the flame increaſe.
This happens, then their ſtocks decaid, no more
Sprout freſh again, nor flouriſh as before:
Nor from the earth like nouriſhment receives:
But curſt wilde *Olives* grow, with bitter leaves.
Let none how ever skilfull, thee adviſe
To turne hard grounds, when *Northern* winds ariſe.
Winter binds earth with froſt, nor grants the ſeed
To take firme root, nor tender plants to feed.
Then ſet thy vines, when the white bird appears
In bluſhing ſpring, which the long Serpent fears;

Or in firſt *Autums* cold, before the ſun
Hath cool'd his ſteeds in winter, ſummer don.
Spring cloaths the woods with leaves, and groves attires,
Earth ſwels with ſpring, and genitall ſeed requires.
In fruitfull ſhowrs th' Almighty from above
Deſcends ith' lap, of his delighted love:
And great, he with the mighty body joyn'd,
Both propagates, and foſters every kinde.
Harmonious birds then ſing in every grove,
And cattell taſte the ſweet delights of love.
Earth bleſt, now teems: ſoft winds diſſolve the Meads,
With cheering warmth, through all ſweet moyſture ſpreads.
To the new ſun, the tender herbage dare
Open their leaves, nor vines rough *Auſter* fear:
Nor thundering *Boreas* uſhering dreadfull ſhowrs;
But all things bud with bloſſome, leaf and flowers.
Sure I believe, when firſt the world was made,
So ſhone the day; and ſuch bright conduct had.
That was the Spring; the Spring made all things fair,
And bluſtering *Eurus* did cold tempeſts ſpare.
Then cattell breed: in unplow'd fields began
Firſt to appear, that iron race of man:
VVilde beaſts poſſeſt the wood, and Heaven the ſtars.
Nor tender creatures could indure ſuch cares;
If not thoſe breathings were twixt heat, and cold,
And Heavens indulgence did the earth uphold.

VVhat ever plant thou in the earth doſt ſet,
Firſt dung it well, and deeply cover it.
Let ſhels, and limeſtones guard it with a paile:
That ſtreams may glide betwixt, and may exhale
A gentle vapour, that may cheer the plant.
Some ſtones, and potſheards uſe to lay upon't:

hich

Which a defence gainſt riſing tempeſts yield,
And when hot *Syrius* chops the parched field.
Thy plants being ſet, next often draw the mold
About the roots, to break the clods be bold:
And with a thwarting Plow turn croſs thy ground:
And let thy labouring ſteers thy vines ſurround.
Then take ſmooth reeds, and wands, and ſticks prepare,
With aſhen poles, and ſtakes that pointed are.
Supported thus, the winds they will contemn,
And boldly climbe the high Elms talleſt ſtemme.
But whil'ſt in tender Infancy they are,
Sprouting new leaves, the gentle offspring ſpare:
Nor when the *verdant* branches do ariſe,
And with looſe reins are poſting to the skies:
Uſe not thy ſharper knife, but gently pull
Th' ambitious bowes, and haughty branches cull.
But when grown ſtrong th'imbrace the Elms nigh top,
Then ſhave their locks, and dangling treſſes crop:
Before they fear'd the knife; more rigorous now
Uſe thy commands, upon the ſtubborn bough.
And from all cattell ſtrongly them immure,
Whil'ſt the ſoft bows diſturbance not indure.
T' whom Cowes, and Goats, and Sheep more harme have done,
Then freezing winter, and the ſcorching Sun:
Cold not ſo much, nor white congealing froſts,
Nor vexing beams, which beat on ſandie coaſts,
As cattell harme, when with a venom'd tooth
They wound the branches, in their tender youth.
Only for this crime we on *Altars* pay,
Bacchus a Goat, and act the ancient play.
Then from great villages *Athenians* haſt
And where the high-wayes meet the priſe is plac'd.
They to ſoft meads, heighten'd with wine, advance:
And joyfully mongſt oyled bottels dance.

Th' *Aſonian* race, and thoſe from *Troy* did ſpring,
Diſſolv'd with laughter ruſtick verſes ſing:
In *Viſards* of rough bark conceal their face,
And with glad numbers thee great *Bacchus* grace:
Hanging ſoft pictures on thy lofty pine.
Then vineyards ſwell, pregnant with cheering wine,
The ſhadie Groves, and the deep vales oreflow,
Where e're the *God* ſhews his illuſtrious brow.
To *Bacchus* then, let us due praiſes ſing
In ancient verſe; wafers, and Javelins bring.
A ſacred Goat to th' *Altars* draw by th' horne;
On *Hazell* ſpits then the fat entrails turn.

But other toyles in dreſſing vines are found,
And ne're enough: three or foure times thy ground
Turn yearly, and with forks reverſt, the clods
Conſtantly break: and cleanſe from leaves the woods.
Labour returns in circle to the Swaine,
And years revolve in their own ſteps again.
But when thy vineyard her laſt leaves removes,
And cold *North-winds* diſpoyle the glorious Groves;
Then the induſtrious Husbandman takes care
T'extend his labour to th' inſuing year;
To lop the vine which hitherto eſcapes,
And with old *Saturns* hook, he pruning ſhapes.
Firſt dig thy ground, and ſhreads and refuſe burne,
And under roofs the poles, and ſtakes return.
Gather your vintage laſt; vines twice have ſhade,
And twice the corne thick briers, and weeds invade.
Both toyles are painfull: *a large Farme commend:*
A little, till. Thorns that to woods extend,
And reeds, which clog the banks, to cut prepare:
And on wilde *Sallow* take eſpeciall care.

The

The vines are bound, pruners no more they want,
And round the empty walls the *Gardners* chant.
Yet ſtill muſt labour be, and toyle in duſt,
And grapes being ripe, a tempeſt they miſtruſt.
On th'other ſide; Olives you may neglect,
They need no care, nor crooked Sythes expect,
Nor the tenacious Rake: once ſet, they riſe
Shooting luxurious branches to the skies.
Thoſe grounds ſupply, turn'd with the crooked Plow
Moyſture enough, and large increaſe allow.
Th' Embleme of Peace, thus the rich Olive growes.
So *Apples* when they feel extending boughes,
And growing ſtrength, ſuddaine the ſtars invade,
By their own vertue, ſcorning humane aid.
Nor leſs with fruit are laden every buſh.
And wilder Forreſts with red beries bluſh,
There ſhrubs are cut, and Firr in tall woods breed
Nocturnall fires, and Torches thence proceed.
And ſhall men doubt to plant and carefull be?
Why urge I theſe? *Broome* and the *Sallow tree*.
Or feed the ſheep, or elſe the ſhepherd ſhade
Yield honey, or for corne are hedges made.
What pleaſure is't to view *Cytorus*, rich
With waving *Box*, and groves of *Marick* pitch.
How am I pleas'd to ſee thoſe fields that are,
Glorious undreſt, nor us'd to humane care!
Thoſe barren trees high *Caucaſus* do crown,
Which ſtorms oft tears, and often tumble down,
Are of great uſe: There *Pines* for Maſts are feld,
And *Cypres*, and tall Cedars towres to build:
Here coverings for their Cars, and ſpoaks for wheels,
Husbandmen get, and ſhips finde crooked Keeles.
Sallowes have boughes, the tall *Elms* leavie are,
Myrtle for Spears, and *Cornell* fit for war,

And Yewes are bent into *Ityrian* bowes:
Smooth Tile and *Box* the skilfull *Turner* knowes
How to compleat, and with his tooles to trimme,
And down the *Poe* in rough ſtreams *Alders* ſwimme.
In rugged bark the bees conceal their ſtocks,
And hoard in hollow wombs of ancient okes.
Can *Bacchus* bleſſings like to theſe diſpenſe?
'Twas *Bacchus* firſt proud quarrels did commence.
He in cold death did thoſe hot *Centaurs* tame,
Hylæus, *Rhetus*, *Polus*, overcame:
As threatning *Lapiths* he a Goblet threw.

Oh happie Swaines if their own good they knew,
To whom juſt Earth remote from cruel wars
From her full breaſts ſoft nouriſhment prepares:
Although from high roofes through proud Arches come
No floods of Clients early from each roome;
Nor Marble pillars ſeek which bright ſhels grace,
Gold-woven veſtments, nor Chorinthian *braſſe;*
Nor white wool ſtain'd in the Aſſyrian *juice,*
Nor ſimple oyle corrupt with Caſſias *uſe:*
But reſt ſecure, a fraudleſs life in peace,
Variouſly rich in their large Farmes at eaſe;
Tempe's coole ſhades, dark Caves, and purling ſtreams,
Lowings of Cattell, under trees ſoft dreams,
Nor lack they woods, and dens, where wilde beaſts haunt,
Youth in toyle patient, and inur'd to want.
Their Gods and parents ſacred; Juſtice tooke,
Through thoſe her laſt ſteps when ſhe Earth forſook,
Let the ſweet *Muſes* moſt of me approve,
VVhoſe Prieſt I am, ſtruck with *almighty* Love.
They ſhall to me Heavens ſtarrie tracts make known;
And ſtrange Eclipſes of the Sun and Moon.
Thence Earthquakes are, why the ſwolne Ocean beats
Over his banks, and then again retreats:

Why

Why *Winter* Suns haſt ſo to touch the maine,
And what delayes the tardie night reſtraine.
But if theſe gifts of Nature I not finde,
And a cold blood beleaguereth my minde.
Then I'le delight in vales, nere pleaſant floods,
And unrenown'd, haunt rivers, hils, and woods;
Thy banks ſweet *Sperchius*, and *Taygeta*, where
The *Grecian* virgins ſtately feaſts prepare.
How ſhall I be to *Hæmus* vale convaid,
And crown my temples with a mighty ſhade?
Happie is he that hidden cauſes knowes,
And bold all ſhapes of danger dares oppoſe:
Trampling beneath his feet the cruell Fates,
Whom Death, nor ſwallowing *Acheron* amates.
And he is bleſt who knowes our Countrey *Gods*;
Pan, old *Sylvanus*, and the Nymphs aboards:
He fears not Scepters, nor aſpiring States,
Nor treacherous brethren ſtirring up debates:
Nor *Ducians* Covenant, at *Iſters* ſtreams:
Nor *Romes* affaires, and nigh deſtroyed Realms,
Or poor men pities, or the rich envies.
What nouriſhment the bounteous field ſupplies,
What trees allow, he takes: *nor ever ſaw*
Mad Parliaments, Acts of Commons, nor ſword-Law;
Some vex the Sea, and ſome to war reſorts,
Attend on Kings, and waite in Princes Courts.
This would his Countrey, and his *God* betray
To drink in Jems, and on proud ſcarlet lye.
This hides his wealth, and broods on hidden gold,
This loves to plead, and that to be extold
Through all the ſeats of Commons, and the ſires.
To bathe in's brothers blood this man deſires.
Some baniſh'd, muſt their native ſeats exchange,
And Countries, under other Climates range.

The

The Husbandman turns up his fruitfull plaines;
Whence he, his children, and poore houſe ſuſtains,
His heards, and labouring ſteers: no reſt is found,
Either his trees with bluſhing fruit abound,
His folds with Lambs, or elſe his ſtacks with corne:
Or plenty loads his field, or cracks his barne.
In winter he *Sycanian* Olives mils,
And the fat ſwine, with maſt and akorns fils.
All ſorts of fruit in plentious *Autumne* falls,
And milder vines grow ripe on ſunnie walls.
Whil'ſt 'bout his neck his prettie Children cling,
His chaſte houſe modeſt: home his heifers bring
Extended teats: in meads his fat Kids reſt,
And with their horns in wanton ſport conteſt.
He keeps the feſtive dayes on graſs layd down,
And friends about the fire the Goblets crown.
Bacchus implor'd, then for his Hinds ſticks faſt
A prize; at which, they nimble Javelins caſt;
Stripping their hardned limbs for ruſtick ſtrife.
Of old this was the ancient *Sabins* life,
Rhemus, and *Romulus*, and *Tuſcans* fierce:
And *Rome* great miſtreſſe of the Univerſe,
Who ſeven proud hils then did with wals ſurround,
Before *Dictean Jupiter* was crown'd,
Or Sounding Trumpers heard, or any made
Ring on hard anviles the impoſed blade.
But we have paſt now through a ſpacious plaine,
And now's high time our ſmoking ſteeds t'unrein.

The

THE THIRD BOOK OF *Virgil's* GEORGICKS.

The Argument.

How to chooſe Cattell, *and beſt wayes to breed.*
To traine a Horſe, *for labour, war, or ſpeed.*
The power of Love: *whoſe fire conſumes the* Males,
Makes Buls *to fight, and* Mares *court* Weſterne *gales.*
Of Sheep *and* Goats: *of milk what profit's made,*
Of haire *and* wool, *which drive a mighty trade.*
Of Dogs *for hunting, or a watchfull* Guard,
Serpents *and* Flies *from* Beaſts *muſt be debar'd.*
With what diſeaſes Cattell are *annoyd,*
How rots and murrains have whole Realms *deſtroyd.*

GReat *Pales*, and th' *Amphriſian* Swain renown'd,
Lycæan ſtreams, and woods, I'le now reſound.
All things that took up idle mindes are ſhewn;
For who hath not cruell *Euryſtheus* known?
And bloody altars fierce *Buſiris* reard,
Or not of *Hylas*, or of *Delos* heard?

Of

Of swift *Hypodame* and *Pelops* fam'd
For's ivorie shoulders, who proud horses tam'd:
To raise my self a way must now be found,
That through all Nations I may be renown'd.
First to my Countrey (if I live) I will
Conveigh the *Muses* from th' *Æonian* hill;
And *Idumean* palmes to *Mantua* bear:
Then in green fields a Marble temple rear,
Where the great *Mincius* slowlie winding glides,
And borders with a tender reed his sides.
Amidst the fane, shall *Cæsars* statue be,
Who shall in purple me triumphing see,
Driving a hundred Chariots to the floods,
Leaving *Alpheus*, and *Molorchian* woods:
All *Greece* shall strive with whirlbats and the race,
And offering Olive leaves, my browes shall grace.
How it delights to see the solemn traine,
March to the Temples and the bullocks slaine!
Or as the sceane, with fronts rever'st shall shift,
And painted *Brittans* purple hangings lift.
There, I'le in gold and ivorie draw th' alarmes
Of *India*, and conquering *Cæsars* armes;
And huge *Nile* swelling both with waves, and war.
On brazen beams I'le navall trophies rear.
Next conquer'd *Asia* and *Niphates* show,
And *Parthians* flying, bold to use their bow.
In *Parian* Marble, and respiring brass,
Shall stand the statues of the *Dardan* race;
And all their titles, who from high *Jove* came;
Old *Tros*, and *Phœbus*, who did *Ilium* frame.
Let cursed *Envie* at the *Furies* shake,
And tremble at the dreadfull *Stygian* Lake,
And at *Ixions* twisted Serpents grone,
His racking wheel, and never resting stone.

Meane

Meane while let us ſeek Groves, where *Sylvane* Gods,
Their dwellings have, and ſearch untracted woods,
Your hard commands *Macenas* to perſue.
Our muſe no lofty flight takes, wanting you.
Ah quickly come, nor make delay at all,
For now *Cytheron* with loud voyce doth call.
Horſe-taming *Epire*, and *Tagetian* hounds,
And woods the clamor echoing reſounds;
Next I ſhall *Cæſars* mighty wars proclaim,
And through as many years extend his fame:
As hath been ſince bright *Phœbus* did adorne
The world with light, till thou great Prince wert borne.
Who ere *Olympick* games admiring ſteeds,
Or for the Plow his ſturdie bullocks, breeds,
To chooſe well bodied femals muſt have care;
Of the beſt ſhape the ſowr-look'd heifers are,
Her head great, thick her neck and to her thigh
Down from her chin, her dewlaps dangling lie.
Longſided, all parts large, whom great feet bears,
And under crooked horns her briſly ears.
Thoſe beſt I like whom ſpots of white adorne,
Or ſhun the yoake, oft butting with the horne,
The whole Cow faire and viſag'd like the male
Sweeping the ground with her long buſhie taile.
The fourth year paſt, *Lucina* they implore,
And after ten taſt joyes of love no more.
Their ſtrength to plow, or procreate then failes:
Whil'ſt wanton youth thy herds boaſt, free thy males,
Thy flocks whil'ſt they are young to *Venus* bring,
That from the old new progenies may ſpring.
The beſt dayes firſt from mortall wretches flye,
Diſeaſe, ſad age, labour, and death ſupply:
But alwayes there are ſome, which rather you
VVould wiſh to change; then ſtill your breed renew;

Leſt

Leſt thou for loſt things ſeek, begin before,
And let a yearly race ſupply thy ſtore.
Nor chooſing horſe from the like precepts ſwerve,
Thoſe thou intend'ſt muſt their great ſtock preſerve,
They at the firſt thy ſpeciall care require:
For the fair iſſue of the generous ſire,
Walks proudly round about the ſpacious field;
Whil'ſt his ſoft thighs in ſupple flexures yield.
Firſt dares the way, and threatning rivers, take;
And ore an unknown bridge, at full ſpeed make;
Nor fears vain ſounds, one hath a lofty neck,
A handſome head, ſhort belly, and broad back:
Luxuriant ſwellings on his valiant breſt,
VVhite, ſorrill, worſt; Bay, or bright grey is beſt.
But when from far a ſound of arms he hears,
He knowes no ſtand, he ſhakes, and pricks his ears,
And fierce to charge, fire from his noſtrils flies;
And his thick maine on his right ſhoulder lies.
His back-bone broad, he beats the earth, and prooſe
VVith thundring ſtrokes makes off his ſolid hoof.
Such was ſwift *Cyllarus*, whom bold *Pollux* tam'd,
Mars and *Achilles* Chariot horſes, fam'd
Mongſt *Grecian* Poets; *Saturn* chang'd, had ſuch
A flowing maine, and at his wives approach
Flying high *Pelion*, thunders with his neighs.
But when diſeaſes ſhall his body craze,
And ſtruck in years his ſinews weaker are;
Keep him at home, *his age not ſordid ſpare.*
Aged they coldly *Venus* entertain,
And the ingratefull work prolong in vain;
And if to joyne loves battell they ingage,
Like fire in ſtraw, they vainly ſpend their rage.
Therefore their years and courage chiefly learn,
Next, other qualities, and breed diſcerne.

Bear,

Beat, how they grieve, how joyfull when they win.
VVhen through the fields they flie, haſt thou not ſeen
How they ſwift Charriots hurrie to the bar?
Twixt hope and fear mens hearts diſtracted are;
They ply the whip, and bending give the reine,
The burning axe flies thundering through the plain;
Now low they are, now up they ſeem to riſe,
And eaſie air dividing, ſcale the skies:
Nor the left breathing uſe, nor make delayes,
But a dark cloud of duskie ſand they raiſe,
VVith faom, and followers breath bedew'd they are;
So love they praiſe, of conqueſt ſo much care.
First *Erythonius* Chariot-horſes joyn'd,
And on ſwift wheeles triumphing dar'd the wind.
Lapithes firſt the art of riding found,
And horſemen taught t' inſult ore trampled ground,
Arm'd cap-a-pe, and thick proud ſteps to uſe,
Both task's alike; and skilfull riders chooſe
One young as well as ſwift, and fierce for fight.
Though he hath often put the foe to flight;
And *Epire*, or *Mycene* his Countrey call,
Or boaſt from *Neptune* his originall.
This being known, take thou eſpeciall care,
To feed them high when they muſt ſerve the Mare,
Whom for the Stud a Lord they have decreed,
They give ſweet graſs, clear ſtreams, and ſtrongeſt bread,
Leſt ſtrength they want, loves task to undergoe,
And their Sires ſ iling a poor offspring ſhew.
But carefully they make the female leane;
And when known luſt provokes to *Venus*, then
They keep from food, and drive them from the ſtreams,
And often chaſe and tire in *Phœbus* beams,
When with thraſh'd corne the bearen barneflore's grone;
And the light chaffe by *Weſtern* winds is blown.

Theſe

These Arts they use, lest that the field of love,
By too much wanton rankness barren prove,
And oylie fatness make the furrowes thin,
But greedie take the seed, and keep it in.
The Sires care past, now is the Dams begun,
When neere their time, with rekon'd monehts they' ave (gone,
To draw a laden carr let no man force,
Or to leap ditches, or in speedie course
Run through the meads, or in swift floods to swimme,
But feed in large groves, neer some pleasant stream,
Where banks with mos, and *verdant* gras araid,
Shelter'd with caves, and with a rockie shade.
A Fly about the Groves of *Silarus* haunts,
And high *Alburnus*, green with stately plants,
Asylus cal'd by *Romans*, but the same
The *Greeks* stile *Æstron* by an ancient name;
Loud-sounding, fierce, from which affrighted, flie
The herds, and with loud bellowing shake the skie,
And Groves, and thirstie *Tangerus* banks. Heavens queen
This Monster sent to wreak her deadly spleen
On *Io* then transform'd into a Cow.
This (for 'tis worst when hotter it doth grow)
Beat from thy herds, and feed the pregnant Mares,
When *Phœbus* drives, or night brings on the stars.
But when they have teem'd, on h' offspring place all care,
Which straight they name, and mark what breed they are,
Which to increase their stock they most allow,
Or sacred Altars serve, or draw the Plow,
Or those thou would'st to Countrey uses frame.
Instruct them young, and with much custome tame,
Whil'st pliant are their joynts, and soft their minde.
And first about their necks loose collors binde,
Made with soft twigs, Next, when the *free-borne* are
To service us'd, them in fit couples pair,

And

And let them joyne their equall steps with *Art*,
And often use to draw an empty cart;
To print a small tract in the dusty roade.
Then grones the beechen axe with ponderous load:
Next a brass teeme, with mighty wheeles he drawes.
Meane while th' unbroken steers, not only grasse,
And fennie rushes, must with *Sallow* feed,
But bring him corne thy self; nor let thy breed
Their snowie milk pailes, as th' old custome fill,
But the full teat, give their dear offspring still.
If thou in war, and cruell arms dost pride,
Or neer *Alphœus* streams delight'st to ride,
And drive swift Chariots through the sacred Grove;
First make thy horse, arm'd men and arms to love;
Make him shrill Trumpets suffer, and to hear
The groning wheeles, nor lashing whips to fear;
And at th' applauses and his masters voyce,
And sounding of his clap't neck, to rejoyce.
This from the mothers teat he must indure,
And to soft headstals him you must inure.
Whil'st weak, and trembling, sturdie age unknown:
The third year spent, the fourth now drawing on,
Let him begin to ride the ring, and all
His Aires to learn, Curvet, and Caprioll.
Let his swift thighes alternate flexures bend;
Then with the windes in nimble course contend,
And with loose reins fly through the open strands,
Scarce leaving any print upon the sands.
As from the *Northern* shores, when *Boreas* fierce
Doth *Scythian* stormes, and aiery clouds disperse.
When with loud blasts, the waving Chaimpaine crown'd
With rank corne shakes, and the tall woods resound.
Huge billows charge the shore with all their force,
winds fly, and Sea and Land scowre in their course.

This at the games of *Elis* swiftly flies
Through the great lists, sweating to gain the prise,
From's mouth flowes bloudy some, or else allots
His soft neck for the *Belgick* Chariots.
Then let the large limb'd grow, nor feeding spare
When they are broke; before, they stubborne are;
When taken up, their haughty souls disdaine
The gentlest stroke, nor will indure the reine.
No art more keeps *their strength* then to remove
Venus, and cruell shafts of blinded Love;
Whether in herds thou dost, or horses pride.
Far of the bulls alone are feeding tide
Behinde a mountain, or beyond some flood,
Or at full stalls, shut up with plenteous food,
The female in their sights, consume their strength,
VVho burning, minde nor food, nor groves at length.
She with her sweet inticements oft provokes
Proud rivals, till their furie turne to strokes.
In pleasant groves the beauteous Heifer feeds;
But they joyn battell, and in warlick deeds
Gaine many wounds; their bodies bath'd in gore,
Closing their horns most dreadfully they rore.
The mighty woods, and heavens vast Court resound.
Nor more these warriors pasture in one ground;
Exil'd to coasts unknown, the vanquish'd goes,
Moning his shame, and the proud Conqueror's blowes.
That unreveng'd from him his love was tooke,
And looking back his native Realm forsook.
Then he improves his strength with all his care,
Among st hard rocks all night his lodgings are:
There he rough leaves, and brisly *Carix* eats,
And striving with his horns, his anger whets
Against a tree; his blowes the winde excite,
Raising the sand a Prologue to the fight.

Strength

Strength once regain'd, he doth to battell goe,
And ſuddain chargeth his forgetfull foe.
As when amid'ſt the Sea billows grow white;
Rowling from th' ocean, gather to a height,
And now at Land, gainſt rocks it ſtrangely rores;
Nor leſs then Mountains break upon the ſhores,
The deep waves boyle, whirl'd with a foming tide;
And working caſts up ſand on every ſide.

All men on earth, and beaſts, both wilde and tame,
Sea-monſters, gaudy fowle, ruſh to this flame:
The ſame love works in all; with love ingag'd,
The Lyoneſs mindeleſſe of her whelps, inrag'd
VVanders the fields, nor foule Bears oftner take
So many lives, nor greater ſlaughter make;
Nor cruell *Tygers*, nor the raging *Boar*:
Ah'tis ill wandring then, drie *Lybias* ſhore.
Seeſt thou how horſes will all over ſhake,
When in their noſtril's the known ſent they take?
Nor they with curbs, nor ſtripes can be debar'd,
Nor Rocks, nor Rivers can their courſe retard;
Though down they ſweep whole Mountains with their waves;
The *Sabell* Boare whetting his tusks, then raves
Rubbing againſt a tree, and tears the ground,
Hardning his ſhoulders gainſt th' inſuing wound.
How was that young man took, when fierce deſire
In his hot blood kindled ſo great a fire!
For he when all the elements, did fight,
Through Seas turn'd Mountains ſwomme in hideous night;
When at him heavens Artillery thunder'd round,
And broken billows gainſt the Rocks reſound:
Nor could his wofull parents him recall,
Nor ſhe whoſe Fate attends his funerall.

But the Mares furie above all is fam'de;
For *Venus* with ſuch rage their minds inflam'de.
VVhen *Glaucus* Chariot Mares with furie ſtir'd.
Did with revenging teeth devoure their Lord.
Beyond high *Gargarus*, loud *Aſcanius* ſtream,
O're hils, and deepeſt floods, Love carries them,
And ſtraight with hidden fire their marrow burns:
But moſt i'th Spring, when heat of blood returns.
Then all to courting *Zephire* turne their face,
And plac'd on Rocks, laſcivious gales imbrace,
And oft they pregnant prove without a mate,
Big with the windes and (wonderous to relate)
Then over hils and dales are carried on;
Not to thee *Eurus*, nor the riſing Sun,
To *Boreas*, nor whence *Auſter* doth ariſe,
And with black ſhowrs in mourning cloaths the skies.
Hence comes that poyſon which the Shepherds call
Hippomanes, and from their groine doth fall.
The wofull bane oft cruell ſtepdames uſe,
And with a charme mongſt pow'rfull drugs infuſe.
But time irreparable haſts away,
VVhil'ſt we with love transported waſte the day.

Thus much for herds; Next be your care to keep
The ſhaggie Goat, and drive the fleecie ſheep:
From this expect your glory, ruſtick Swaines:
Nor am I ignorant how great a paines
It is low things with glorious words to praiſe,
And ſlender arguments to ſuch honour raiſe.
But me, love of *Parnaſſus* doth invite
To hils untracted, there is my delight;
VVhere no old path is to *Caſtalia* found.
And now great *Pales* thee I ſhall reſound,

First in warme Coats preserve thy flocks, and feed
Till fresh spring give new livories to the Mead:
Let straw and litter keep their lodgings warme,
Lest cruell cold, the gentle offspring harme,
Breeding the scab and rot; but *Arbuts* bring
To wanton Goats, and water from the spring.
Then free from winds against the winter sun
Place thou their stalls, where *Phœbus* warms at noon.
When cold *Aquarius* shall no more appear,
Sprinkling chill dewes on the concluding year.
And to keep Goats take thou no smaller care,
Nor less shall be thy gain, then if they were
In rich *Milesian* fleeces cloath'd, and sold,
Blushing in *Tyrrian* purple for much gold.
These still will breed, hence store of milk you get:
The more the paile fomes with the drained teat,
The more sweet streams from the prest udder spin.
Besides they cut the beards and hoarie chin
Of the *Cyniphian* Goats, and brisly hairs,
Usefull for Camps, and wofull Mariners.
But they in woods and high *Lycæus* rove,
Feeding on briers, and bramble beries love.
Then home returne, leading their own fair strain,
And scarce with full teats o're the threshold gain.
But carefull keep from them cold windes and snow:
Because they less the want of mortals know.
And bring sweet food, for them green branches cut,
Nor from the hay stack all long winter-shut.
But when the spring the *Western* winds invokes;
To Groves and Meads invite then both thy flocks.
At the first dawn, in cold grounds let them feed,
Whilst day is young, and pearled is the mead.
When dew to cattell deer, on soft grass lies,
And the fourth houre heat musters from the skies;

And amongſt ſhrubs the murmuring *Graſhopper* ſings;
Command thy flocks then to the Lakes or Springs:
Or let them taſte ſweet ſtreams in pipes conveid;
And when grown hot, to ſeek ſome cooling ſhade;
Or *Joves* great *Oke*, preſerved long from harms
By ancient rites, ſtretching his mighty armes.
Or where dark Groves are with thick branches made
Awfull, and ſacred with a horrid ſhade.
To water then, and feed again, prepare
At Sun-ſet, when ſweet *Veſper* cooles the air,
When the bright Moon relieves the thirſty ground,
Halcyans on ſhores, and birds on trees reſound.
Why ſhould I thee of *Lybian* ſhepherds tell?
Their paſtures, and how ſcatteringly they dwell?
Oft night and day, for a whole moneth they feed,
And unhous'd Cattel through vaſt deſarts leade.
In open field the *Lybian* Shepherd lies,
With him his ſtock, his houſe, and Deities,
His arms, his *Spartan* Dog, and *Cretan* bow.
So doth the armed *Roman* Soldier ſhew
Loaden in's march; then ſtands in well pitch'd tents,
Before the foe could have intelligence.
But *Scythians* who *Maeotick* Lakes command,
And ſtormie *Iſter* rouling golden ſand,
Where *Rhodope* doth to the poole extend,
There in cloſe ſtals the Cattell they defend.
The fields no graſs, the trees no leaves do boaſt:
But ſnowie mountains, and a horrid froſt
Hides all the earth, at leaſt ſeven Cubits high,
Still cold, *North* winds blowing eternally.
Nor can the Sun thoſe gloomie ſhades diſplace;
Nor when his horſe mount the *Meridian* race,
Nor when he cools them in the *Weſtern* maine.
There, icy fetters ſtraight ſwift rivers chaine.

Wheels

Wheeles ſhod with iron the ſtrong-back'd water bears,
And where ſhips ſail'd, now ſafe goe laden Cars.
It breaks hard braſs, cloaths freez upon their backs,
Aud wine once liquid, ſuffers now the axe:
And mighty lakes transform'd to ice; ſoone hard
Grow drops of water on their uncomb'd beard.
Meane while all heaven is dark with ſnow, ſheep die,
And under mighty drifts fair Cattell lie;
Whole herds of Deer, new Mountains there infold;
That ſcarſe you may their lofty creſts behold.
Nor theſe with nets they ſnare, nor ſeiz with hounds;
Nor are they frighted when the arrow ſounds;
But as they ſtruggle under hils in vain,
Kill with their Swords, whil'ſt they aloud complain,
Then bear them home, triumphing with a crie.
Theſe under ground, in Caves ſecurely lie.
Whole *Elms*, and loads of mighty *Oke* are layd
Upon the hearth, when the huge fire is made.
They ſpend the night in ſport; ſtrong Ale they quaffe,
And wanting VVine carouſe ſharp Cervice off.
People ſo fierce nigh *Hyperborean* hills
Under cold ſtars of th' *Artick* Region dwels;
Still beaten with the ſharp *Rypheun* blaſts,
Their body cloath'd with *Sable* Furs of beaſts.

But if thou wool eſteeme, from thorns thy ſheep;
From burs and briers preſerve: from rank graſs keep.
And with ſoft fleeces ſnowie flocks elect;
But him (although the Ram be white) reject
Whoſe mouth is alwayes moyſt, with a black tongue;
Leſt he ſhould change the colours of the young.
But chooſe another through the ſpacious plaine,
VVith a white fleece (if it may credit gain),

Arcadian Pan, thee *Luna* to the grove,
Calling intic'd; nor didſt thou ſcorne his love.
Is milk thy care, then *Lotus*, *Cytheſus* bring?
And in their coats ſtore of ſalt herbage fling.
This makes them drink which more the teat extends,
And with a quicker taſte the milk commends.
Some from the Dams hinders the tender Kids,
And with hard muzzels from the pap forbids.
VVhat they at morning milk, they preſs at night,
VVhat they at evening gain, when day grows light
The Swains to Market bring, or ſprinkled o're
VVith ſalt, they keep it for their winter ſtore.
Nor of thy Dogs have thou leſs care; but feed
Fleet *Spartan* whelps, and thy *Molloſſian* breed
VVith ſtore of whay; commanding ſuch a guard,
Gainſt thieves by night, or wolves thou art prepar'd:
Nor ſhall the fierce *Iberian* thee affright.
Thou the wilde timerous *Aſſe* ſhalt put to flight,
Oft hunt the Hare and Deer with full-mouth'd hounds,
And thruſt forth *Boars* ſhelter'd in wood-land grounds:
And from high Mountains with loud ſhouts beſet
Sometimes huge Stags, and drive them to thy net.
Next learn to burn ſweet *Cedar* in their roomes,
And ſmoke out Serpents with *Galbanian* gums.
For oft amongſt the planks a Viper lies,
Deadly to touch, and light affrighted flies.
Or elſe a Snake in ſheltring roofs doth uſe,
VVhich will on Cattell cruell bane infuſe
Hid in the ground: take thou a ſtake, or ſtone,
And as he ſwels, and hiſſeth, knock him down.
But if he threaten, yet thou mayſt be ſure,
He will by flight his Coward head ſecure.
His armed ribs being bruis'd, and harnes'd traine,
Scarce rallying up his broken rear again.

In

In the *Calabrian* Groves there haunts a ſnake,
Wreathing a haughtie Creſt, and ſcalie back,
And mingled ſpots on his long bellie ſhew.
Who whil'ſt the rivers from the Mountains flow;
Earth with the Spring dew'd, and the ſhowrie *South*,
He lives in fens, glutting his greedie mouth
With fiſh, and croaking frogs; but when earth gapes,
And Lakes are drain'd with heat, to Land he ſcapes:
Rouling his flaming eyes; Then far and wide
Rages with thirſt, with heat much terrifi'de.
Then let not me under heavens Canopie
Sweet ſlumber ſeize, nor on the graſs to lie
Neere murmuring Groves, when he hath caſt his skin,
And rouling ſhines in wanton youth agen;
Leaving in's neſt his egs, or elſe the young,
And dares at *Phœbus* ſhake his triple tongue.

The ſignes and cauſes now of each diſeaſe,
I'le thee informe, ſoule ſcabs thy flock will ſeiſe,
When chilling ſhowres invade lifes ſtrongeſt hold;
And horrid froſts wax grim with bitter cold.
Or when foule ſweat ſticks to them lately ſhorne,
And with rough briers their naked bodies torne.
For wiſer Shepherds the whole flock will take,
And deeply plunge them in ſome cleanſing Lake:
Far in to drench his fleece the Ram is thrown,
Who with the gentle ſtream comes gliding down.
Or when they'r ſhorne, the lees of oyle apply,
Or ſilver ſpume, commix'd with *Mercurie*,
Idean pitch, and ſtore of oylie tar,
Scylla, *Bitumen* and black *Hellebor*.
And no indeavor ſhall finde more ſucceſſe,
Then if the skilfull Swaine an orifice

VVith a ſharp Launce ſhall open on the head;
Corruption lives, and is by covering fed.
VVhil'ſt the idle Swaine neglects to dreſs the ſore,
And from the Gods doth better things implore.
VVhen in the Bleater's marrow aches breed,
And putrid fevors on his ſpirits feed;
It will be good t'avert the raging paine,
By opening in his foot, the beating vein.
So the *Biſaltians* were accuſtomed,
And the moſt fierce *Gelonians*, when they fled
To *Rhodope*, or *Getan* wildes; to quaffe,
Mix'd with thick milk, the blood of horſes off.
If thou ſeeſt any to the coole ſhades draw,
And ſweet graſs nibble, as they had no maw,
Or lag behinde, or grazing to lie down,
And ere they fould, to march away alone,
Straight kill the guilty, ere the dire diſeaſe
Infect the flock, and careleſs vulgar ſeiſe.
Nor oftner is the floods diſturb'd with winde
Then ſheep with rots, nor doth the ſickneſs finde
One to deſtroy; but ſuddainly doth fall
On root and branch, ſtock and originall.
If any th' *Alps* and *Norick* Caſtles knowes,
Plac'd on high hils, and where *Tymavus* flowes;
Deſerted Realms, now he may ſee of Swains,
And every where Groves, and forſaken plaines.
Here, once the aire infected did beget
A plague, which rag'd through the *Autumnall* heat:
All kinde of Cattell, and of wilde beaſts di'de;
The graſs was tainted, rivers putrifi'de;
Nor was one way for death, but when the flame
VVith burning thirſt through feav'rous bodies came,
Cold Rheums again abound; and the diſeaſe
Their feeble limbs conſumed by degrees.

Oft

Oft ſacrifices, at the *Altars* plac'd
With ſnowie wreaths, and flowry Garlands grac'd;
E're Sacrificers could diſpatch, fall dead:
Or if before the Prieſt one ſlaughtered,
The bowels on the Altars will not burne;
Nor the Diviner anſwers can return.
And ſcarce their knives with blood are ſprinkled o're,
And the top-ſand be ſtain'd with watery gore.
Then the fat Calf in richeſt paſture fals;
And his ſweet life gives up at plenteous ſtals.
Hence Dogs run mad, and ſickly *Boars* perplex't
With a ſhort cough; and with ſwolne jawes are vext.
The Conquering ſteed, mindeleſs of war or food,
Unhappie falls, and leaves the cooling flood,
And with his feet the hard ground often beats.
His ears now hang, and faint with troubled ſweats
Which neere their death growes cold; their skins are drie,
And to be handled roughly do comply.
To burning eyes ſhort breathings grant no reſt.
Sometimes they grone; and deeply from their breſt
Fetch a ſad ſigh; blood from their noſtrils flowes,
And in lank jawes their tongue now rougher grows.
To drench them with a horne of wine be ſure:
For to them dying this the only cure.
Sometimes it kils; for thus refreſh.d, they burn.
(God bleſs good men, on bad this errour turn)
With greater rage; and as cold death draws neer,
With cruell teeth they their own members tear.
The ſmoking Oxe is taken at the Plow,
And from his mouth blood mix't with ſome doth flow,
Groning his laſt; whil'ſt the ſad Plowman here
Unyoaks (mourning his brothers death.) The ſteer,
And mid'ſt his work the Plow leaves in the field.
Nor ſhady groves, nor ſoft meads pleaſure yield;

Nor

Nor ſtreams which through the vales from mountains glide,
And are more cleer then cryſtall purifi'de.
His ſides grown lank, darknes his eyes o're ſpread,
And to the ground falls, on his drooping head.
What availes toyle or profit? what to turne
Th' unwilling gleab? Theſe not with rich wine burn,
Nor ſurfets at high banquets taint their blood;
But leaves, and ſimple herbage are their food.
They drink pure fountains, and the running ſtreams,
Nor vexing care diſturbs their healthy dreams;
Then only in thoſe Realms as fame hath taught,
The Carrell were for *Juno's* offering ſought.
And unmatch'd ſteers her Chariot did convey
To the high places, where they honors pay.
The Earth they dig themſelves, and ſet the corne,
Nor from the mountains with their own neck ſcorn
To draw the groning Car. No woolf did plot
By ſtratagem to take ſome wealthy coat:
Nor walks nocturnall rounds about the ſheep,
A cruel ſickneſs him at home did keep.
And now the nimble *Buck* and timerous *Doe*,
Amongſt the Dogs, about the houſes goe.
And then the Oceans numerous race, and all
Thoſe kinds that boaſt from thence originall,
Waſh'd with the floods, as ſhipwrack'd bodies come
To ſhore, and Sea-calves up freſh rivers ſwoom.
No lurking hole the viper now availes,
Nor dreadfull Serpents with erected ſcales.
Nor ſafety from ſweet air could birds receive,
But falling, in the Clouds their ſpirits leave.
All Arts now harme, the wiſe Phyſitions faile.
Chyron, *Melampus*, know not what they aile,
Pale *Tiſiphon* rages, ſent from *Stygian* ſhades,
In open light, and fear and ſickneſs leads;

Her

Her greedie jawes by day rais'd high from ground.
The Rivers, hils, and ſandie banks reſound
With bleating flocks, and loud complaining ſteers.
And carcaſſes in mighty heaps ſhe rears,
Whole flocks ſhe kills; with gore the ſtalls are drown'd:
Till they had learn't to lay them in the ground.
Their skins unuſefull, water could not renſe
Their bowels, nor the fire their entrails cleanſe,
Nor ſhear, for the diſeaſe; their fleeces full
Of filthineſs, Nor touch the tainted wooll:
And thoſe durſt wear the loathſome garments, get
Inflamed Carbuncles, a clamie ſweat
Seiſeth their noyſome limbs, and in few hours
Th' infected bodies ſacred fire devours.

The

THE FOVRTH BOOK OF *Virgil's* GEORGICKS.

The Argument.

How for the Bees *fit ſtations to contrive.*
Of what, and how, to build the ſtately hive.
In ſetling Realms, *they oft divided are;*
And for their Kings *contend in mighty* War.
Their Diet, Cuſtoms, Laws *and* Chaſtity:
Their toyle *and* reſt, *they* winds *and* rain *foreſee.*
Their ſtocks, *their* age, *and* Loyalty *to* Kings
What their invention *to perfection brings.*
What cures againſt Diſeaſes *to afford,*
And how th' whole Nation *loſt, may be reſtor'd.*

I'Le to *Ætheriall* honey next proceed,
Heavens choiceſt gift, this too, (*Mæcenas*) reade.
Wonders admir'd, to thee of lowly things,
In order their whole ſtocks, magnanimous Kings,
Wars, labours, manners, Nations I'le recite,
Slight is the theame, but not the glory ſlight;
If pleas'd powers grant, and cal'd *Apollo* heare.
Firſt, for thy bees ſeek a fit ſtation, where

No

No winds approach, (for them each gale forbids)
To bring home food. Nor ſheep and wanton Kids
Tread down the graſſe, or heifers ſhake the dewes
VVandring the plaines; and tender herbage bruiſe.
Thente ſpeckled *Lizards* with pide ſhoulders drive
Woodpecks, and other birds from the rich hive,
And *Progne* who a bloodie hand did ſmeare.
For all things theſe devaſt, in their mouthes bear
The winged Bee, ſweet food to cruell neſts.
Let Springs be neer, and Lakes green moſſe inveſts;
And a pure river gliding through the mead,
Where *Palme* their gates, and branching *Olive* ſhade.
That when new Kings ſhall forth their Colonies bring,
And youth drawn out ſport in the wanton ſpring;
The neighbouring banks may them from heat invite,
And willing trees with courteous boughes delight,
Amidſt; whether the water ſtand or runs,
Lay twigs a croſſe, and caſt in mighty ſtones,
That they on many bridges ſafe may ſtand,
And to the warming ſun their wings expand.
VVhen ſtormy *Eurus* hath them tardy found,
And ſcatter'd, or indanger'd to have drown'd.
Let *verdant Caſſia* round about them dwell;
And *Betonie* which gives ſo large a ſmell:
And of ſweet-breathing *Succorie* ſtore be ſet,
And let them drink the dewes of *Violet*.
VVhether of hollow bark thou doſt contrive,
Or elſe with limber twigs compoſe the hive:
Make ſtraight the gate: for cold congeales the wax,
And heat by melting doth again relax:
Both which extreams the *Bees* alike do fear.
Nor they in vain thoſe breathing cranies ſmear
Of their low roofs with wax, indevouring ſtill,
Th' edges with balme, and pleaſant flowrs to fill.

And

And for this uſe a glue they gather, which
Excels all bird-lime and *Idean* pitch.
Oft in deep Caves, (if fame a truth report)
Low underneath, they vault their waxen Court;
And oft diſcover'd in a hollow Rock,
Or in the bellie of an aged Oke.
But thou their roomes with clay well-temper'd, ſeel;
And with leaves cover, that no cold they feel.
About their Court let no *Yewes* grow, nor bake
The fiery crab, nor truſt too deep a Lake:
Or where bad ſmels, or hollow Rocks reſound,
And angrie echoes of the voyce rebound.
Next when bright *Sol* makes winter to retreat
Behinde the Earth, and opens Heaven with heat,
Straight they draw out, and wander Groves and woods;
Reap purple flowres, and taſte the cryſtall floods.
By what inſtinct I know not, then they flie
To their own Courts, and their dear progenie.
Next with great *Art*, their waxen *Cels* contrive,
And the elaborated honey ſtive.
But when thou ſeeſt a troup aſpiring, flie;
Drawn from their winter quarters through the skie;
And curious haſt with admiration ſpide
A ſable Cloud through cryſtall *Sphears* to glide;
Then to ſweet ſprings, and pleaſant ſhades they goe,
Here oderous flowres, and beaten *Milfoyle* ſtrow,
With honey-*Suckles* make a brazen ſound,
And beat the *Cymbals* of the *Goddeſs* round:
They on charm'd boughs will ſtay, or elſe retreat,
As is the cuſtome to their parents ſeat.
But if they draw to battell, (oft between
Two Kings great diſcord, and ſad wars have been)
And ſtraight thou mayſt foreſee the vulgar rage:
Wilde for mad war; for thoſe who not ingage,

The martiall note provokes, heard is th' alarme,
Like dreadfull *Trumpets* when they sound to arme.
They list proud troups in haste, their Spears they whet,
Their light shields furnish, and their arms they fit,
Guarding their *King* thick to the Court they goe,
And with loud clamor challenge out the foe.
Then when 'tis fair, the open field they take,
They joyne their battell, and they joyning make
A noise scales heaven, and in close order all
Strongly imbodied charge, then head-long fall.
Not thicker haile doth in a tempest poure,
Nor shaken *Okes* more plenteous akorns showre.
The *Kings* amid'st the bands in armor shine,
And mighty soules in narrow brests confine,
Both resolute not to yield, till these or they
Are to proud Conquerors fore'd to give the day:
These huge commotions, and so mightie war,
Suddain with thrown-up dust appeased are.
But when both Princes you from battell call,
Who seems the worst, lest he a prodigall
Should waste the stock; command him to be slain,
And let the best in th' emptie pallace reign.
One shines with gold, whom glorious colours grace,
Two sorts there are: the best, his noble face
Hath blushing cheeks, with sloth the other pale
His sagging bellie after him doth traile.
As their two Kings, such their two Nations are;
For one s deform'd, as when a traveller
Through clouds of dust, extreamly thirsty gets
And from's drie mouth a sulleid water spits.
The other shines with gold, and glory grac'd;
And equall spots upon their bodies plac'd.
This Progenie is best, from these you may
Sweet honey at the certain time conveigh,

Not

Not only ſweet, but alſo ſhall be fine,
And which ſhall qualifie your ſharpeſt wine.
But when they wander, ſporting through the skies,
Forſake their hives, and cooling roofes deſpiſe,
Let not their ſtragling minds ſeek idle things:
Nor hard's the task; but cut their Princes wings,
They ſtaying at home, none dares to ſcale heavens arch,
Or with ſpread enſignes from their camp to march.
Them, let ſweet gardens with freſh flowres invite,
And old *Priapus*, who the thieves doth fright,
And ſpoyling birds from thence with's awfull look,
All ſafe preſerving with his ſallow hook.
Set thyme about their roofs, and *Pines* remove
From lofty hills, if thou ſuch labours love
Weary thy hand with toyle, and pleaſant bowres
Plant round, and dew the earth with friendly ſhowrs.
And did not I, now to my Port draw neer;
And ſtriking ſaile my prow to ſhore did ſteer;
How to adorne fair gardens I would ſing,
And *Peſtum*, where there is a double ſpring.
Why *Succorie* in pleaſant ſtreams delights,
And *verdant parſeley* ſwelling banks invites;
And *Cucumers* grow plump along the graſs,
Nor would I *Daffadils* long in growth, orepaſſe;
Or ſoft *Acanthus*, winding *Ivie's* ſtore,
And *Myrtle* ſo inamour'd on the ſhore.
I call to minde neere high *Oebalius* towrs,
Where ſlow *Galeſus* waters *Ceres* bowrs,
I ſaw an old *Corycian*, who injoy'd
Few akers, not for paſturage imploy'd,
Nor was it fit for corne or vineyard found.
Yet he, mongſt thornes, choice herbs and lillies round
His garden *Vervaine* did, and *Poppie* finde,
That wealthieſt Kings he equal'd in his minde:

And late at night returning home well ſtor'd,
He with unpurchaſ'd banquets lades his board.
He in the ſpring did firſt ſweet Roſes pull;
And could in *Autumne* apples ſooneſt cull;
VVhen ſtones with cold the cruell winter cleaves,
And bridles up with ice the flowing waves.
His ſoft *Acanthus* now he gently twinde,
Chiding the tardy ſpring, and lingring winde.
Therefore huge ſwarms, his bees firſt pregnant brought,
And his full combes rivers of honey fraught.
His *Pines* and barren *Lindons* fruitfull were;
As many bloſſoms as his tree did bear,
So many apples it in *Autumne* grac'd:
And he the lofty *Elms* in order plac'd.
Wardens, and *Thorne*, which now a damſon made,
And *Planes* which to Carouſers are a ſhade;
But theſe excluded by a narrow ſtraight,
I leave to others after to relate.

Now I'le declare thoſe gifts which were confer'd
On bees by *Jove* himſelf, for what reward
They follow'd tinkling braſs, and *Curets* ſound,
And fed the King of heaven under ground.
In common only they maintain their race,
And like a Citie rang'd their houſes place;
And under ſtricteſt Laws they aged grow,
Their native Countrey, and fix'd manſions know,
Mindfull of winter, labour in the Spring,
And to the publick ſtore their profit bring.
For ſome provide, and by a compact made
Labour abroad; others within are ſtai'd
To lay *Narciſſus* tears, and yielding gum
As the firſt ground-work, of the honey combe:
And after they tenacious honey ſpread.
Others the Nations hope, young Colonies breed.

A ſecond part the pureſt honey ſtives;
Untill the liquid *Nectar* crack the hives.
There are by lot attend the gates, t'informe
Approaching ſhowrs, and to foretell a ſtorme.
To eaſe the loaden, or imbattel'd drive
The Drones, a ſlothfull cattell from the hive.
Work heats; of thyme the fragrant honey ſmels.
As when the *Cyclops* the ſoft maſſe compels,
Haſting for *Jove* huge thunderbolts to make:
Some with the bellows air returne, and take;
Others in water dip the hiſſing o're;
Ætnean Caves with beaten anvils rore:
They with much ſtrength, their arms in order raiſe,
And turne with tongues the maſs a thouſand wayes.
So (if I may great things compare with ſmall)
Bees to their work for love of profit fall,
Each hath his task, the aged Rulers are,
And frame *Dedalian* roofs, and combs repair;
But thoſe that youthfull be, and in their prime,
Late in the night return, loaden with thyme,
On every buſh, and tree about they ſpread;
And are with *Caſſia* and rich *Saffron* fed,
Or purple *Daffadils*, and *Lindors* tall.
All reſt at once; at once they labour all.
Early they take the field, at night again
When *Veſper* them from feeding doth conſtrain;
Homeward they draw; and ſtrength decaid reſtore,
And with ſoft murmurs throng about the dore.
When they repoſe, all night they ſilent are,
And pleaſant ſleep doth wearied limbs repair;
Nor from their hives they ſtir, when rain is nigh,
Nor truſt their perſons to a ſtormy skie.
But ſafe they water nere their Cities wall;
And oft with *Pebles* journeys make, but ſmall,

As a light boat ballanc'd on raging seas,
VVith which through vacant aire themselves they peise.
'Tis strange that *Bees* such customs should maintain,
Venus to scorne: in wanton lust disdain
To waste their strength; and without throws they breed;
But cull from leaves, and various flowres their seed.
Their *Kings* and *pettie Princes* they proclaime,
Then *Pallaces* and waxen *Kingdoms* frame,
But oft their wings are torne on Rocks abroad,
And free they spend their lives beneath their load,
So love they flowrs, and to make honey pride.
Though soon the tearm of their short life doth glide,
(For the seventh summer a full period gives)
Yet their immortall race for ever lives.
Their noble house for many years remains,
And records keep of antient Princes reigns.
Next not rich *Ægypt*, nor great *Lydia*,
Parthians or *Medians*, more their Prince obey,
Whil'st their King lives, they all agree in one,
But dead, the publick faith is overthrown.
They make the Common-wealth a spoyle, and rend
Their waxen Realms, his life did all defend.
They honour him, and with a martiall sound
Circle about, and strongly guard him round.
Bear on their back, twix'd him and death they stood,
And purchas'd noble funerals with their blood.
From these examples some there are maintain,
That *Bees* derive from a celestiall strain,
And heavenly race; they say the Deity
Is mix'd through earth, the Sea, and lofty skie,
Hence men and beasts, both wilde and tame derive;
And what so ere by breathing air survive.
To this they after are dissolv'd, and then
Return'd assume first Principles agen:
Nor is there place for death; their spirits fly
To the great stars, and plant the lofty skie.

But

But if their narrow Courts thou mean'ſt to ſpoyle,
And ſeiz the treaſure of the honey pile,
Water with ſilence in their chambers ſpout,
And with your hand extended ſmoke them out.
Twice they ſwarme yearly, twice a large increaſe
Their harveſt brings; firſt when the *Pleiades*
Her ſacred brow above the earth doth ſhoot,
And ſpurnes the ſcorned Ocean with her foot;
Or when that ſtar from watery ſignes retires,
And ſad in ſtormy waves conceales her fires.
But when incens'd their anger knows no mean,
For if you hurt them; they inſpire a bane;
And in the bodie fix'd their Javelins leave;
And where they give the wound, their death receive.
But fear'ſt thou cruell winter, and would'ſt ſpare
Pittying their broken mindes, and ſad affair;
Who doubts to cut them wax, and to perfume
With thyme? for oft baſe *Lizards* ſpoyle the coomb,
And the blinde *Beetle* waſts the precious hoard,
And *Drones* free-quartered at anothers board.
Or cruell *Wasps* charge with unequall arms,
Or the *Moths* eating generation harmes,
Or elſe *Minerva's* hatefull *Spider* ſets
About their Pallace gates, intangling nets.
How much by fortune they exhauſted are,
So much they ſtrive their ruines to repair
Of their ſalne Nation, and they fill th' *Exchange*
Adorning with the choiceſt flowrs their grange.
But if (ſince *Bees* know our calamities)
Their bodies languiſh in a ſad diſeaſe,
Which thou by ſignes to manifeſt mayſt know,
Their looks are chang'd, and their dejected brow
Paleneſs deforms: when they to ſhades deſcend,
In order wofull funerals they attend.
Or elſe they mourn lingering about the dore,
Or in their chambers privately deplore;

Till they with hunger, and ſtiffe cold grow numb.
Then ſadder notes are heard, a doleſull hum.
As when rough *Auſter* murmurs through the woods,
Or as loud waves rore with incenſed floods,
Or dreadfull flames rage pent in furnaces.
To burn *Galbanian* odour I'le adviſe,
And bring the mourners honey in a cane,
T'intice the wretches to known food again.
Juice of *Oke-apples* mix'd with Roſes dride;
And richeſt wine, with fire well puriſi'de,
To theſe *Cecropian thyme*, and *Centaurie* joyne,
And grapes which dangle on th' *Pſythian* vine.
There is a flower, which grows in meadow ground:
Swaines call *Amello*, eaſie to be found:
Which golden, like a mighty grove doth ſprout:
But the thick leaves, that ſhade it round about
Are clad in purple; which the *Altars* oft
Imbraceth with ſweet wreathes, and garlands ſoft:
Sharp in the taſte; wiſe Shepherds gather them
In flowrie vales, neer *Melus* ſacred ſtream.
The root of theſe they mix with *Bacchus* blood,
And at their gates leave plenty of this food.
But ſhould the whole ſtock faile, not one remain,
From whom they ſhould derive their houſe again;
Th' *Arcadians* rare invention we muſt here
Remember, who with blood of a ſlaine ſteer
Oft *Bees* reſtor'd. I will recount it all
And tell the ſtory from th' originall.
Where happy people plant *Canopus* ſoyl,
And dwell neer ſpreading ſtreams of flowing *Nile*,
And through their Countrey painted veſſels rowes,
And where the ſtream from the tan'd *Indian* flowes,
Which borders nigh the quiver'd *Perſian* land,
And *verdant Egypt* marles with fruitfull ſand;
Then ſpreading doth in ſeven large channels part,
Theſe Nations all are confident in this art.

First take a little place, for that use chose,
Then tile it, and with narrow wals inclose,
And let there be four windows next design'd,
With oblique lights, made from each severall winde.
Then take a steer; grac'd with a branching top,
Of two year old; his breath and nostrils stop;
And whil'st he struggles, him with beating kill,
That the sound hide his dissolv'd bowels fill.
Thus dead they leave it shut and under lay
Green branches, thyme and freshest *Cassia*.
This must be done, when *Zephire* calms the main,
Before the Meads blush with new flowrs again,
Ere her high nest the chattering *Swallow* makes.
Whil'st in young bones the cherish'd humour takes,
Then moving Creatures, (wonderous to behold,)
First without feet, then sounding wings unfold;
Then boldly by degrees to heaven they tower,
And sallie forth, thick as a summer showre;
Or as a cloud of arrows in their flight,
When the bold *Parthians* are ingag'd in fight.

What *God* ô *Muse* ! this strange art did invent,
From whence had man this new experiment.
When *Aristhæus* left sweet *Tempe's* coast,
His *Bees* by famine and diseases lost,
Sad, standing at the sacred fountains head,
Complaining much he to his mother said.
Mother, *Cyrene*, who commands these floods,
Why me, the noble offspring of the *Gods*
(If *Phœbus* is my Sire as you declare)
Borst thou the scorne of *Fate*? where is your care?
Thou gav'st me hope, that I in heaven should reign;
But now those honours mortall life sustain
Of corne, and herds, got by such toyle, and care,
I now must loose, though you my Mother are.
Goe, and my fertile groves thy self annoy,
And burn my stalls; with fire my corne destroy. Hew

Hew down, and ſpoyle my vinyards; if to thee,
So grievous are thoſe honours granted me.
Under the ſtreams ſoft bed his Mother heard,
Whil'ſt round her Nymphs *Mileſian* wool did card,
Staind with rich green. *Drimo* and *Xantho*, faire
Philodoce and *Ligea*, their bright haire
Upon their ſnowie necks diſhevel'd lay,
Spio, *Niſæe*, *Cymodoce* and *Thalia*,
Lycorias, *Cydipe*; a virgine one,
The other had pangs of *Lucina* known:
Clio, and *Beroe*, both to th' Ocean borne,
VVhom gold, and curious mantles did adorne.
Ephyre, and *Ophis*, *Aſian Diope*,
And *Arethuſa* ſwift her arms laid by.
Amongſt theſe *Climene* did vain cares relate
Of *Vulcan*, thoſe ſweet thefts and *Mars* deceit,
Gods many loves, from *Chaos* did rehearſe
VVhil'ſt they their ſoft webs ply, pleas'd with the verſe.
Ariſtæus grief, then pierc'd his mothers ear;
All on their cryſtall ſeats amazed were.
But *Arethuſa* firſt her golden head
Advancing from a ſwelling billow, ſaid,
Dear ſiſter, not in vain we troubled are,
VVith ſuch a ſad complaint; thy chiefeſt care
Poore *Ariſtæus*, at his fathers ſtreams
Stands weeping, and thy cruelty condemns:
Then ſaid his mother, ſtruck with ſuddain fear,
Haſt, haſt, and ſhew him in, he may repair
To the *Gods* Court; then bids the waves divide,
To make her Son a paſſage: on each ſide
Billows like Mountains ſtand; then ſhe receives
Him twixt the flood; and leads beneath the waves.
He wondring goes, through Courts, and cryſtall Realms;
Loud groves, and Caves, which water over-whelms;
And with tumultuous waves aſtoniſh'd found
All the great rivers, gliding under ground Through

Through divers wayes, whence *Phasis*, *Lycus* spread,
And where deep *Inepeus* shews his head,
And where old *Tyber*, and sweet *Anieus* flowes,
VVhere murmuring *Hypanis*, and *Lycus* rose,
Golden *Eridanus*, with a double horne,
Fac'd like a Bull: through fertile fields of corne
Then whom none swifter of the Oceans sons
Down to the purple *Adriatick* runs.
VVhen he to chambers arch'd with *pumice* drew,
And that *Cyrene* his vain sorrow knew,
To wash his hands, his sisters from the spring
Draw crystall water, and fring'd towels bring,
Tables they load with meat, and full Cups plac'd,
Then with *Pancheian* fire the *Altar* grac'd.
Here spake his mother, Let rich wine be payd
Unto the sea; next to the Ocean pray'd,
Founder of things, and to the nymphs, who woods
Preserve a hundred, and as many floods.
Now thrice on fire she casts the flowing wine,
As oft with flame the lofty seelings shine.
Pleas'd with the *Omen* then she thus began.
Green *Proteus* dwels in the *Carpathian* maine,
Prophet to *Neptune*, through broad seas he glides;
And in his Chariot with Sea-horses rides.
Now gone t' *Emathia* and his native shore:
VVe Sea-Nymphs, and old *Nereus* him adore.
For the great Prophet all things doth foresee,
VVhat is, what was, and what shall after be:
This *Neptune* gave him, whose great herd he breeds,
And huge Sea-Calves beneath the water feeds.
But him thou first must binde, ere hee'le declare
Cause of thy losse, and prosper thy affair.
Unless you force him, no advice he grants,
And is inexorable to all complaints.
Handle him roughly then, and binde him fast,
And all his slights shall useless prove at last.

I'le

I'le bring thee (when at noon the Sun invades
The ſcorched graſs, and beaſts retire to ſhades ;)
To th' old mans Cave ; whom ſuddain thou mayſt ſeize,
As he in ſoft repoſe ſhall take his eaſe.
But when th' haſt bound him, and with chains ſubdude,
With various transformations he'le delude ;
A ſavage Boar, fierce Tyger, ſcalie Snake,
And a huge Lion with a ſhaggie neck ;
Or to eſcape ſhall thunder like a flame ;
Or glide from thee in a ſwift cryſtall ſtream :
How much the more he changes to all ſhapes,
So much more carefull (ſon) prevent eſcapes ;
Till his firſt forme returns, which thou did'ſt ſpie,
When he in pleaſant ſlumber clos'd his eye.
This ſaid ſhe with a heavenly odour ſtrews,
Her ſon all over, and *Ambroſian* dews :
Her comely treſſes breathe celeſtiall air,
And did his body with new ſtrength repair.
There is a Cave, worne in a mountains ſide,
Where ſtormy winds oft forc'd the ſwelling tide,
VVhich cuts it ſelf into a land-lockd bay,
VVhere once ſtreſt Mariners in ſafety lay.
Proteus in this lies guarded with a vaſt
Fence-work of Rock; here ſhe the young man plac'd
Shelter'd with darkneſs, from diſcovering light :
But ſhe to thin air vaniſh'd from his ſight.
And now hot *Syrius* through drie *India* hurl'd,
Rag'd from the skie, and all the middle world
The Sun inflam'd ; graſs burns, and to the mud
The ſcortching beams boyle the exhauſted flood,
VVhen *Proteus* came to his accuſtomd place,
About him the vaſt Oceans watery race,
VVho ſporting, off the brackiſh water ſhake,
Then ſtretch't along the ſhore, ſound ſleep they take.
He as a herdman in the mountains, when
Veſper invites Cattell to houſe agen ; And

And bleating Lambs, the cruell wolves provoke,
Sits on a cliffe, and numbers all his flock.
He ſince ſo fair the opportunity ſhews,
Scarce grants th' old man his weary limbs compoſe,
But ruſheth with a ſhout and bound him laid.
VVho not unmindfull of his arts t' evade,
Transforms himſelf into all monſters dire:
Now he's a beaſt, a flood, and ſtraight a fire.
But when no ſlight prevail'd, he vanquiſhed
Himſelf aſſumes, and with a mans voyce ſaid.
O moſt undanted youth, by whoſe commands
Found'ſt thou our Court? what ſeek'ſt thou at our hands?
But he repli'de: *Proteus*, thou knowſt, thou know'ſt;
Nor of beguiling thee may any boaſt.
Deſiſt; I ſeek, commanded here by *Fate*,
How to repair my now decayed ſtate.
The Prophet then rouling his fiery eyes
VVith flaming beams, inraged, thus replies,
And Deſtiny declares: No common *God*
Diſpleas'd, on thee hath laid his heavie rod;
A great plague is begun; this puniſhment,
(And leſs then thou deſerv'ſt) hath *Orpheus* ſent.
For he incenſ'd (if *Fates* not interpoſe)
For his loſt wife, will yet procure more woes.
VVho whil'ſt ſhe ſwiftly by the river ſide
From thee purſuing fled, unhappy Bride
Saw not the mighty Snake, which lurking was
Under the bank and hid in ſpreading graſs.
Alone the *Dryades* on mountains wept,
The *Rhodopeian* towrs her funerals kept,
Lofty *Pangæa*, and bold *Rheſus* coaſt,
Getes, *Hebrus*, and *Actian Orythia* moſt.
He on his well-tun'de inſtrument, alone
His hapleſs love, thee his ſweet wife did moane;
And by himſelf thee on forſaken ſhores,
Early and late, thee in his ſong deplores;

He *Tænarus*, and wofull gates of *Dis*;
And horrid groves where dreadfull darkneſs is,
And *Manes* paſt, to the ſtern King repairs,
And courts not us'd to bend to humane prayers.
He with his ſong, charm'd from the diſmall Coaſts,
Of *Eribus* pale ſoules, and liveleſs Ghoſts,
Men, women, and magnanimous *Heroes*, here
Boyes, virgins, young men laid upon the beer
Before their Parents face: whom helliſh mud
And horrid reeds of th *Acherontick* flood,
With ſlow fens of th' innavigable ſound
Bindes in, and *Styx* nine times incircles round.
Hells court, and gates of death amazed were;
The furies now not twiſt their ſnakie haire,
Then ſilenc'd were loud *Cerberus* triple jaws,
Ixions reſtles wheele ſtood at a pauſe:
All theſe he paſt; then back returns, with faire
Eurydice, to the Ætheriall aire,
She following him (for ſo hells Queen injoyn'd)
When fond thoughts ſeiz'd th' incautelous lovers minde.
The fault was ſmall, if fiends to pardon knew;
He made a ſtand; as to the light he drew,
Forgetfull, love prevailing o're his minde,
On his *Eurydice* to look back, inclin'd;
His labour loſt, hels Tyrant promiſe brake,
And thrice a ſound roſe from th' *Avernian* Lake.
But ſhe Dear *Orpheus* ſaid, what thee could move
To ruine both? why was ſo much thy love?
Behold I am recal'd by deſtinies,
Eternall ſleep cloſeth my failing eyes;
And now farewell; black night ſurroundeth me,
Stretching weak hands, alas, not thine, to thee.
This ſaid; ſhe ſuddain vaniſh'd from his eyes,
And like ſmoke mix'd with winde, diſperſed, flies,
Nor ſaw him catch in vain the yielding aire,
Earneſt his mighty ſorrow to declare. Nor

Nor would hels churliſh Feriman agen
Tranſport him o're the *Acherontick* fen.
What can he do? twice having loſt his love,
Or with what ſute infernall ſpirits move?
She ſayling in the *Stygian* boat growes cold.
Whil'ſt ſeven long moneths delaying periods told
Under a Rock, (as fame reports) he kept;
And at forſaken *Strymons* billows wept.
Mourning in diſmall Caves, *Tygers*, once fierce,
Grow milde, and ſtubborn *Okes* move at his Verſe.
As mongſt the *Poplar* ſhade in dolefull ſtrains
Rob'd of her young, ſad *Philomel* complains;
Whom ſcarce yet fleg'd, ſome ruſtick having found
Took from the neſt: but ſhe doth woes reſound
Perch'd on a tree; and the whole night laments,
Filling all places with her ſad complaints.
No love, nor other bed, could him intice:
Alone he goes, through *Hyperborean* ice,
And *Tanais* ſnow, wandring through bitter coaſts,
For ever wedded to *Rhiphæan* froſts:
Pluto's vain gift *Eurydice* he mourn'd.
The *Thracian* Dames becauſe their beds he ſcorn'd,
Him at their *Bacchanalian* orgies tore,
And ſtrew the young mans limbs about the ſhore.
His head then from his Ivorie ſhoulders torn,
Was down the channell of ſwift *Hebrus* born,
And whil'ſt his dying tongue could move at all;
Eurydice, Eurydice, did call:
And all the banks reſound *Euridice*.
This *Proteus* ſaid, and lept into the Sea,
And where he lept did make the fomie wave
Under his body, with huge ſtrokes to rave.
Then thus *Cyrene* ſpake, to eaſe his care.
My deareſt ſon, now lay aſide all fear,
Since the whole cauſe is known of thy miſchance,
The *Nymphs* with whom in groves ſhe us'd to dance, Have

Have ſent this ſad deſtruction on thy *Bees*,
Then humbly them appeaſe with ſacrifice,
And there the yielding *Dryades* adore;
They will forgive, if thou with vows implore.
But firſt know how thou ſhalt thy offering make.
Foure of thy large, and beſt-fed bullocks take,
Which now on tops of green *Lycæus* uſe;
As many of thy unbroke *heifers* chooſe,
Then with great care for theſe foure *Altars* raiſe
In the high Temples of the Goddeſſes:
And from their throates let forth the ſacred blood,
Then leave their bodies in a ſhadie wood;
And when the ninth *Aurora* brings the day,
To *Orpheus Ghoſt Lethean Poppie* pay,
And a black ſheep: then view the grove again
Pleaſing *Eurydice* with a fat Calf ſlain.
He the Commands of's mother ſtraight obey'd,
Went to the temple, and foure *Altars* made:
And foure of's largeſt bullocks forth he took;
As many comely heifers never broke.
And when the ninth day bright *Aurora* ſhew'd,
He worſhips *Orpheus*, and the wood review'd.
A wonder not to be believ'd! he ſees
From the diſſolved entrails ſwarms of *Bees*
Which from the broken ribs, reſounding flye,
And in a thick cloud ſallie to the skie.
On a tall trees top-branch they cluſter now,
As grapes hang dangling on the gentle bow.
Thus tillage, beaſts, and trees, have been my theame,
Whil'ſt mighty *Cæſar* at *Euphrates* ſtream
Thunders with war, and Conqueror Laws ordains
For willing Realms, and heaven with valour gains.
To mee ſweet *Capna* breeding then imparts,
Pleas'd with the ſtudy of contemned arts:
There a bold youth, I chanted rurall aires,
And *Tityrus* ſung in cool ſhade free from cares.

Virgils

THE FIRST BOOKE OF VIRGILS ÆNEIS.

The Argument.

Juno a storme procures; the Trojans tost,
By Neptune's favour gaine the Lybian coast.
Venus Complaint. The King of Gods relates
To her Romes greatnesse, and insuing fates.
Hermes to Lybia sent. Venus appears,
And in a mortall forme Æneas cheares.
He visits Carthage, and lost ships regaines.
Dido the weary Trojans entertains.
But whilst glad guests, full cups and banquets move,
She takes a fatall draught, and drinks long love.

I, That on small reeds once plaid rurall strains,
And leaving woods, inforc'd the neighbouring plains
To satisfie the greedy Villager,
A gratefull worke for swains; now horrid war,
Arms and the man I sing who first did come,
Driven by fate, from *Troy* to *Latium*.

And *Tyrrhen* shores; Much toss'd by Land and Sea
By wrath of Gods, and lasting enmity
Of cruell *Juno*, suffering much by Wars
While he a Citie builds, and Gods transfers
To *Latium*, whence *Latine* Originalls
The *Alban* fathers, and *Romes* lofty walls.
Say Muse the cause, what God prophan'd, or why
Heaven's Queen incens'd, one fam'd for piety
Did to such toyles, dangers so great compell?
What? can in heavenly minds such passions dwell?
There was an ancient Citie, *Carthage*, South
From *Italie*, opposing *Tybers* mouth,
By *Tyrians* held: rich, fierce in War, vvhich place
Juno vvas said more than all lands to grace,
Samos neglected, here her arms and here
Her Chariot was, that this earths sway should beare
(If Fates permit) she fosters and intends.
But she had heard that from *Troys* stock descends
A Progenie, should Tyrian Towr's deface:
Hence of vast rule, in War a haughty race
Must come from *Lybias* fall: so fates fore-told.
This fearing, *Juno* minding Wars of old
She for deare *Argos* first 'gainst *Troy* did wage;
Her cruell griefe and causes of her rage
Were still awake, deep *Paris* choice rema'n'd
Fix'd in her breast, th' affront of forme disdain'd;
And the loath'd stock: rapt *Ganimed* highly grac'd.
With these more vext, on all shores Trojans cast,
Reliques of Greeks, and sterne *Æacides*
She far from *Latium* drove; round the vast Seas
They wandred long inforc'd by various chance
Such labour 'twas Romes Empire to advance.
Scarce out of *Sicilies* view, their sailes they raise
Glad for the maine, and plough the foming Seas.

When

When *Iuno* thus, who nouriſh'd in her breaſt,
Th' eternall wound; vanquiſh'd ſhall I deſiſt?
Nor yet this *Trojan* Prince from *Latium* turne
Becauſe the fates deny? could *Pallas* burne
The *Argive* Fleet, and ſinke them in the Sea
For one mans crime, *Ajas* impietie?
She caſt *Ioves* winged lightning from a cloud,
D'ſpers'd their Ships, with winds the *Ocean* plowd;
Him breathing flame, his breaſt quite thorow ſtruck
With whirle-winds ſnatch'd, and on a ſharpe rock ſtuck.
But I heavens Queen, ſiſter, and wife to *Iove*,
So many years War with one nation move:
And who will now *Saturnias* power obey,
Or ſuppliant on our altars honours lay?
Such things revolving, fir'd with diſcontent
She to the Land of ſtorms *Æolia* went,
Coaſts big with tempeſts, *Æolus* here confines
In vaſt caves ſtrugling guſts, and thundering winds
In priſon chains: they ſcorning their reſtraint,
Round their darke dungeon roar with loud complaint.
In a high tower, here ſcepter'd *Æolus* ſwayes,
Softens their furie, and their rage allaies,
Elſe in their rapid courſe with them they'd beare,
Sea, Land, high Heaven, and ſweep them through the ayr.
This fearing, them *Iove* in a cave imures,
And under weight of mighty hils ſecures,
Then did a King by firme decree ordaine,
Who knowes to check, or when to give the reine.
To whom thus *Iuno* then was ſuppliant.
Æolus (for Heavens great King to thee did grant,
With wind the floods t' incenſe, or to appeaſe)
A race my foe now ſaile the Tyrrhen Seas,
Bearing to *Latium*, conquer'd Gods and *Troy*.
Raiſe thou a ſtorme, and their crazde Fleet deſtroy,

Or through the waves their ſcatter'd bodies ſend.
Twice ſeven moſt beauteous Nymphs on us attend,
The faireſt *Deiopeia* I will joyne
To thee in wed-lock, dedicate her thine:
Still to remaine for ſuch eſpeciall grace,
And make thee father of a beauteous race.
When *Æolus* thus. 'Tis thy part to injoyne
Commands, O Queen, but to obey is mine.
Thou in this realme and throne didſt me inveſt,
By thy means I with *Iove* and Gods doe feaſt:
Thou madſt the ſtorms and tempeſts me to feare.
This ſaid, the hollow mountaine with his ſpeare
He pierc'd ith ſide, winds as in mutinous bands
Force their owne way, and thunder through the ſtrands.
They take the Sea, *Eurus*, and *Notus* raves,
And ſtormie *Africus* from deepeſt caves
Th' whole Ocean vext, tumbling vaſt waves to ſhore,
Cries of men follow, ſhrowds and tackling rore:
When from the *Trojans* ſight, ſwift clouds refraine
Heaven, and the day black night broods on the maine;
It thunders, aire with frequent lightning ſhone;
And all things menace quick deſtruction.
Straight are *Æneas* limbs diſſolv'd with feare,
He grones, and to the Stars his hands doth reare.
Then ſaid, moſt happy you, whoſe funerals
Your Parents ſaw under the *Trojan* walls.
Why was not I by thee, O *Diomed* ſlaine,
Moſt valiant *Grecian* on the *Dardan* plaine?
Why loſt I not this life by that hand, where
Hector the ſtout, fell by *Achilles* ſpeare?
Where great *Sarpedon*, where ſo many bould
Heroes, ſhields, helmes, in *Symois* ſtreams are rould.
Then from the North a clamoring guſt did riſe
Smote croſſe their ſailes, and waves advanc'd to skies.

Their

Their oars are broke, about then comes the ſhip,
And nigh ore-ſet, her ſailes in water dip,
A Mountaine breaking ore her weather ſide.
Scoures all the deck: theſe a huge billow ride;
Betweene the floods to them a yauning wave
The bottome ſhewes, the ſands with breaches rave.
By South-winds drove on hidden Rocks three came,
Rocks far from ſhore *Italians* altars name,
Whoſe craggie ſhoulders range above the Sea;
Eurus on ſholes (a wofull ſight) forc'd three,
Bilg'd on the bancks, and ſtuck in beds of ſands.
One, true *Orontes* bore, and *Lycian* bands,
In his owne view, a huge Sea from the North
Breaks o're her ſterne, the Maſter tumbled forth,
Pitch'd on his head: but ſhe thrice hurried round
With a ſwift eddie in the Ocean drown'd.
Some few appeare ſwimming on raging floods
With arms of men, oars, plancks, and *Trojan* goods.
Ilioneus ſtout Ship now the tempeſt tore,
Now bold *Achates*, next that *Abas* bore,
Then old *Alethes*, through ript ſides each takes
In hoſtile waves, and founderd are with leaks.
When *Neptune* th Ocean mix'd with horrid ſound
And the rais'd ſtorme perceiv'd, from deeps profound
Whole floods turn'd up: much mov'd from Sea did raiſe
His favouring browes, and from high waves ſurvaies:
Driven through the Sea *Æneas* Fleet he ſpies,
With waves diſtreſt, and furie of the skies:
Nor *Junos* fraud nor ſpleen to him was hid.
Then *Eurus Zephyre*, hailing, thus he chid.
Have you ſuch confidence of your high birth
Without our Licenſe, Winds, thus heaven and earth
To mix, and dare you raiſe ſuch hils as theſe?
Which I----but floods inrag'd 'tis beſt to 'appeaſe:

Nor ſhall I thus ſuch crimes hereafter ſpare.
Haſten your flight, theſe to your King declare.
Not the Seas power, and mighty trident fell
T' his lot, but mine; let him in huge rocks dwell
Eurus thy houſe, in thoſe courts *Æolus* may
Command, and in the winds cloſe priſon ſway.
Sooner then ſaid he calmes the raging ſea,
Scatters thick clouds reſtores againe the day.
The Ships *Symothe* did with *Tryton* raiſe
And *Neptune* from ſharpe rocks with's Trident weighs
Opening vaſt Syrts, he calmes the raging tides,
And with light wheels over the ſurface glides.
As oft when a great people mutinie
Ignoble vulgar rage; ſtones, firebrands flye,
Furie finds arms; but if they chance to ſee
A grave man meriting for pietie,
All ſilent liſtning ſtand; he ſoone alaies
With words the tumult, and their paſſion ſwaies.
Thus ceaſt all fragor of the Sea, which when
The father ſaw, carried through skies ſerene
He his bleſt Chariot drives, and turnes his horſe.
To the next ſhores the *Trojans* bend their courſe,
And weary to the *Lybian* confines glide.
There was a place, far in, an Iſle whoſe ſide
Stretch'd made a port, which broke all ſtormes from Sea,
And cuts it ſelfe into a land-lock'd bay.
On each ſide mighty clifts, and two rocks were
Threatning the skie, under whoſe tops a faire
And quiet Sea; a trembling wood diſplaid
Above, and darke groves gave a horrid ſhade.
A cave was oppoſite with rocks o're growne,
Within ſweet ſprings, and ſeats of living ſtone,
The Nymphs aboads: ſtreit Ship within this ſound
Cable nere held, nor ſharpe flook'd anchor bound.

Hither

Hither *Æneas* with seven vessels bore,
The rest now lost, much longing for the shore
The *Trojans* make no little haste to land,
And rest their Sea-sick bodies on the Sand.
Then first *Achates* sparks strikes out of flint
And feeds the fire with leaves, dry nourishment
He next about the catching flame supplide.
They wearied out, such as they had provide:
Corne with salt water tainted, what they find,
They dry with fire, and with a stone they grind.
Meane while *Æneas* climbs the rock, th' whole coast
To Seaward views, if *Antens* weather tost,
Capys, or any sayle he might discerne,
Or *Caicus* arms upon his lofty sterne:
But none appear'd. When on the shore three Deer,
Feeding he spide, the whole heard following neer,
And the long troop fed in the vales below.
Æneas stands, takes his swift shafts, and bow,
Faithfull *Achates* charge those weapons were,
And first slew those who tallest heads did beare
With branching crests, the vulgar then, and drove
Th' whole heard with shooting to the leavie grove:
Nor left till victor seven fat bucks he laid
Dead on the ground, which his Ships number made.
Returning then, these with his friends he shar'd:
Wine good *Acestes* had in casks prepar'd,
In *Sicily*, and gave his parting guests,
The Prince divides: and chears their troubled breasts.
Deare friends (for we have many sorrows past)
You worse have felt, God these will end at last,
You *Scillas* rage, and cliffes resounding wide
Have past, and the Cyclopian rocks have tride.
Courage recall, banish sad feare; delight
It may hereafter these things to recite,

How through ſtrange chances, through ſuch dangers we
To *Latium* bend, where bleſt ſeats deſtinie
Fore-ſhews, where we *Troys* Realms may readvance:
Live, and preſerve your ſelves for better chance.
This ſaid with vveighty cares oppreſt, he feignes
Hope in his face, within deep griefe reſtraines.
They take the quarrie and prepare the feaſt;
They ſtreight unlace the Deer, and th' humbles dreſt,
Some pieces cut, vvhich trembling ſpitted vvere,
On ſhore ſome boylers place, and fire prepare,
Strength they recruit vvith food, through the graſſe ſpread
They with fat veniſon, and old vvine are fed.
Hunger alaid, and boards remov'd, much they
Of loſt friends talke, 'twixt hope and feare much ſay,
If dead, and quite deſpair'd of, or alive.
Moſt the good Prince doth for *Orontes* grieve,
And *Lycas* and *Amicus* cruell fates,
Cloanthus, Gyas much compaſſionates.

When *Iove* from his ætheriall height ſurvaies
The fixed earth and navigable Seas,
Shores, and ſpread nations, on heavens ſpire he ſtands
And fix'd his eyes upon the Lybian ſtrands.
To him revolving in his breaſt ſuch cares,
Sad, having drown'd her ſparkling eyes in teares
Spak *Venus*. Thou, who by eternall Law
Rul'ſt men and Gods, and doſt vvith thunder avve.
How could my ſonne ſo highly thee diſpleaſe?
Or *Trojans*? vvho, ſuffering ſuch miſeries,
In queſt of *Latium*, looſe the Vniverſe.
Hence Romans ſhould ariſe in after yeares,
Hence Lords ſhould come from *Teucers* blood renevv'd,
Who ſea, and land ſhould hold in ſervitude

Thou

Thou onee didſt grant, what changes thy decree?
In *Troys* deſtruction this did comfort me,
And ſad, I fate with fate did counterpoiſe:
Yet the like chance, the wretches ſtill anoyes.
What end great King grants thou to all their woes?
Safe could *Antenor* ſcape through *Grecian* foes,
Pierce the *Ilyrick*, ſtraights, & inmoſt Realms
Of the *Lyburni*, paſſe *Timavus* ſtreams:
Which like a Sea breaks nine wayes from a hill,
And vvith loud vvaves doth the vaſt champaine fill,
Yet here at length he did *Patavium* frame,
Built *Trojan* ſeats, and gave to them a name,
Then fix'd the *Teucrian* arms, and novv at eaſe
Injoyes the bleſſing of a happy peace.
But vve, thy race, heires to thy ſtarry throne,
Our ſhips being loſt, are by the wrath of one
Strangely oppreſt, and drove from *Latiums* ſhore,
This vertues pay? thus doſt thou Realms reſtore?
The father of the Gods, and King of men,
Smiling on her with ſuch a looke, as when
He clouds diſperceth, and ſerenes the skies,
Kiſſing his daughter, gently thus replies.
Feare not my *Cytherea*, fates decree
For thine ſtand fix'd, thou promis'd vvals ſhalt ſee
Of ſtrong *Lavinium*, and vvith high ſtars range
Great ſould *Æneas*, my decrees not change.
And ſince thou haſt ſo much deſire to knovv
Theſe things, the booke of fate Ile open novv:
He ſhall great Wars in *Latium* vvage, ſubject
Proud nations, Lawes impoſe, and wals erect,
Three vvinters ſpent, and *Rutile* ore-come
Three ſprings ſhall ſee him crown'd in *Latium*.
But young *Aſcanius*, now *Iulus*, late
Call'd *Ilus*, vvhilſt great *Ilium* held her State,

Shall

Shall reigne full thirty yeers, with moneths compleate,
And from *Lavinium* ſhall transfer his ſeate;
Then ſhall with mighty power long *Alba* reare.
Here *Hectors* race muſt rule three hundred year;
Till *Ilia*, Queen and Prieſtes ſhall bring forth
Pregnant by *Mars*, at once a double birth.
Then *Romulus* proud in's woolſe nurſe yellow skin
Shall gather men, and *Martiall* walls begin,
And from his owne name ſtile the *Roman* race.
To them no bounds of things, or times, or place,
Power grant I without end; ſterne *Juno*, here
Who now earth, Seas, and skies, wearies with fear,
Shall better counſels take, with us imbrace
The *Romans* Lords of all, and the gownd race.
Thus pleas'd: times come with ſliding luſters, when
Aſſaracus houſe ſhall make the high *Mycene*
And *Phthia* tame, and ore proud *Argos* reigne,
Then *Trojan Caſar* ſprings of a faire ſtraine,
With Ses to bound his power, with Stars his fame,
Julius, from great *Julus*, comes that name.
Hee heap'd with Eaſtern ſpoyles ſhall be inſtald
In heaven by thee, and ſhall with vows be cald.
Fierce times then milder grow, wars laid aſide:
Old Faith, and *Veſta*, *Romulus* ſhall provide
With *Remus* Lawes, furies dire gates ſhal bar
With ſteele and braſſe, within ſits impious war
On cruell arms, bound with a hundred chains,
And horrid with a bloody mouth complaines.
This ſaid from heaven he *Maias* of-ſpring ſends,
That *Carthage* Lands, and new towers might as friends
Trojans receive, leſt *Dido* ſhould deny
Not knowing fates; he glides through ample sky,
On fanning wings, and ſtreight touch'd *Lybian* ſhores;
His charge perform'd; mild grow the barbarous *Moores*

A God commanding first the Queen expreſt,
Calme thoughts to *Trojans*, and a bounteous breaſt.

But many cares that night the Prince revolves,
And with the dawne to ſearch ſtrange coaſts reſolves,
On what ſhores driven by winds, by whom poſſeſt
(For Lands he ſaw until'd) if man or beaſt.
Which done to tell his friends, the Fleet did lie
Vnder a hollow clift from any eye,
Obſcur'd by trees, which gave a horrid ſhade:
Only *Achates* his companion made.
In his hand ſhaking two broad pointed Spears.
When his faire mother in the grove appears;
A Virgins face, and dreſſe, ſo Virgins be
Of *Sparta* arm'd, or ſuch *Harpalice*
Who horſes tir'd, and *Hebrus* could out-goe.
For th' huntreſſe as the uſe, a handſome bow
Wore at her back her haire expos'd to winds,
Bare kneed, a knot her flowing garment binds.
And firſt ſhe ſaid, young-men declare if yee
Did this way any of my ſiſters ſee,
With quivers guirt, they ſpotted linx-skins weare,
Or chacing of the foaming boare did heare.
Thus *Venus* ſaid, then *Venus* ſonne replide.
None of thy ſiſters we, nor heard or ſpide:
But who art thou, thy looks not mortall be,
Nor humane voice, ſome Goddeſſe certainlie,
Or *Phœbus* ſiſter, or a Nymph you are.
Be bleſt what e're; and ſay, to eaſe our care
In what ſtrange clime, on what coaſt we are throwne,
We wander here, the place and men unknown,
Drove by vaſt floods and winds, by this hand ſhall
Before thy altars many offerings fall.

Then

Then *Venus* ſaid, too great ſuch honours are
For me, a quiver Tyrian Virgins beare,
And to their calves bind purple buskins neat.
Carthage thou ſeeſt, *Tyrians*, *Agenors* ſeate;
But Lybick coaſts, nations by war unbroke.
Dido reigns here, who Tyrian realms forſooke
Flying her brother: long the injuries are,
And circumſtance, but things thus briefly were.
Sychæus was her Lord, his wealth beyond
All *Tyre*, and ſhe of him extreamly fond.
To whom her father did eſpouſe a maid
With ſolemne rites, but *Tyre Pigmalion* ſwaide,
Her brother who in wickedneſſe exceeds
All thoſe whom fury ſtirs to impious deeds.
He blind with love of gold, *Sychæus* too
Secure, in ſecret at the altars ſlew:
Sure of her love, he hides the fact, much feignes
And a ſick Lover with vaine hope detains.
To her in ſleep, her Lord unburied now
Appears, raiſing a wondrous gaſtly brow:
The altars ſhews, and's breaſt run through with ſteele,
Did all cloſe miſchiefe of her houſe reveale;
Perſwades her leave the Land, with ſpeed to fly,
Where hidden treaſure ſhould her want ſupply
In gold and ſilver a huge maſſe, declar'd.
Dido thus mov'd, both flight, and friends prepar'd:
Thoſe who did hate or feare the Tyrant, meet;
And ſuddenly they ſeize a ready Fleet
And lade with gold greedy *Pigmalions* coine
Tranſport: *A woman chiefe of the deſigne*,
Came to theſe parts where now huge vals, and new
Towers of aſpiring *Carthage*, thou mayſt view:
Call'd *Byrſa* from the bargaine, ſo much ground
Bought, as a Buls hide might incompas't round.

But

But who are you? vvhence come? or whether goe?
To her inquiring, he ſurcharg'd with woe
From a full breaſt drew theſe. Should I recall
O Goddeſſe things from their originall,
And would you heare the annals of our woes?
Veſper would firſt day in *Olympus* cloſe.
We from old *Troy* (by chance if to your eare
Troys name hath come) through divers Seas did ſteere,
A ſtorme now drove us on the Lybian ſhore.
I am *Æneas*, who from enemies bore
My Gods with me aboard, my fame above
The ſtars is knowne, and ſprung from mighty *Iove*,
A race I ſeeke, and native *Italie*:
I twice ten ſhips launch'd to the *Phrygian* Sea,
What courſe my goddeſſe mother did ordaine,
And fates, I have obſerv'd; ſcarce ſeven remaine,
By waves and tempeſts craz'd: unknown, and poore
Driven from *Europe*, and the *Aſian* ſhore,
I wander *Lybick* wilds. Here *Venus* brake
Off his ſad tale, and interrupting ſpake.
Who ere thou art, I judge that thou ſurviv'ſt
Deare to the Gods, at *Carthage* who ariv'ſt.
Therefore goe on, to the Queens Court repaire;
For I, thy friends and fleet return'd, declare,
And with chang'd Northerne winds to ſafety brought,
Elſe me in vaine fond Parents augurie taught.
Lo! twice ſix Swans in a glad company
Ioves bird purſued through the Ætherial ſky
In Heavens broad tracks: now earth in a long traine
They ſeeme to take or taken to disdaine;
As they returne with ſounding wings they ſport,
And Heaven ſurrounding, in a ſong conſort.
Juſt ſo, I ſay, thy friends and fleet have gain'd
The Port, or with full ſayls the Bay obtain'd.

There-

Therefore goe on (ſhe ſaid) as leads the way,
And turning did her roſie neck diſplay,
When her Ambroſian haire a heavenly ſweet
Breaths from her head, robes flow beneath her feet,
Her Gate a Godeſſe ſhewes. He when he knew
His Mother, thus, her flying did purſue.
Why cruell too doſt thou ſo oft deceive
Thy ſonne with feigned ſhapes? may we not give
Right hands? heare reall ſtories, and reply?
Thus blaming her, he to the wals drew nigh.
But *Venus* them in obſcure ayre did ſhrowd,
The Goddeſſe vaild them in a mighty cloud;
Leſt any touch, leſt any them diſcerne,
Or move delay, or cauſe of coming learne.
She flies to *Paphos*, viſits her own ſeat:
Where in her fane a hundred altars ſweat
With Eaſterne Gums, and with freſh Garlands ſmoake.
Then they the path, which moſt invited took.
Now they aſcend a hill, which much the town
Ore tops, and looks on adverſe Bulwarks down.
The Prince admires the Pile, once cotages,
Admires the Port, the paved ſtreets and noyſe.
The *Trojans* worke, ſome lay foundations
For wals, and towers, others rowle mighty ſtones,
Theſe draw out grounds, and with a trench incloſe;
Lawes, Magiſtrates, a holy Senate choſe.
Some make a Port, and theſe a great worke drew
For Theaters, from rocks vaſt Pillars hew,
High ornaments the future Sceans t'adorne.
As Bees through flowrie meads i'th'ſunny morn
Worke in the ſpring, when hopefull youth they traine,
Or when they ſtive their ſweet, and liquid gaine,
And with the pureſt Nectar ſtretch the Hive,
Or eaſe the laden, or imbatteld drive

The Drones, a ſloathfull cattell from the Cels.
Worke heats, of thyme the fragrant honey ſmels.
Bleſt men whoſe wals now riſe, *Æneas* ſaid,
And their high towers admiring, then ſurvaid:
Wrapt in a cloud (moſt wondrous) he walks in
With people mix'd, and was of no man ſeene.
Amidſt the towne was a ſweet ſhadie Grove,
Where firſt with winds, and waves, the *Pœnie* drove
An omen dig'd, which royall *Iuno* ſent:
A horſe his head, which ſhew'd they eminent
Should be in war, and ſtill in wealth abound:
Here *Iuno*'s Fane did *Tyrian Dido* found,
Wealthy with preſents, and the Goddeſſe grace:
Braſſe Portals mount, with ſteps, and beams of braſſe,
And the joyn'd hinges rung vvith brazen Gates.
Firſt in this grove nevv objects mitigates
His feare; here ſafety firſt *Æneas* dares
To hope, and better truſt to ſad affairs.
Waighting the Queen, whilſt there he all did ſee,
Whilſt he admires, vvhat the tovvns chance might be,
The artiſts emulous hand, and works ſo rare,
He ſavv in order all the *Trojan* War.
War famous novv through the vvhole Vniverſe:
Atrides, *Priam*, and *Achilles* fierce
To both: he vveeping then *Achates* ſaid,
What Realmes hath not our vvoe repleniſhed?
Lo! *Priam* here, revvard here vertue finds;
Troy teares, and humane ſufferings pittying minds.
Feare not he ſaid this fame may helpe our need,
Then did his fancie on vaine Pictures feed,
Much griev'd his face vvith a large ſtreame he drovvn'd,
When he beheld hovv *Troy* beleaguerd round,
Here *Grecians* fly, and *Hector* preſſes on,
Achilles charges there, and *Trojans* run.

Neer

Neer this he *Rhesus* snowie tents survaid
Weeping, his men in their first sleepe betraid,
Bloody *Tydides* with great slaughter wasts,
And to his campe the fiery horses hasts,
Ere they dranke *Xanthus*, on *Troys* Pastures graz'd.
Poore *Troilus* disarm'd, here flyes amaz'd;
Too weake for thee *Achilles* back-wards flung
Drag'd with his horse, by the empty Chariot hung,
Holding the reines, earth soyles his neck and haire,
Scribling the dust with his inverted speare.
When the Ilian dames with flowing tresses went
To unpleas'd *Pallas* fane, and robes present,
Beating their breasts, sad in the humblest guise:
But the angry Goddesse fix'd on earth her eyes.
Achilles round *Troys* walls drag'd *Hector* thrice,
And gold for his pale corps he made the price.
Then a deep sigh he from his breast did send,
When he the corps, spoyles, chariot of his friend,
And *Priam* saw, when unarm'd hands he rears.
He knowes himselfe mix'd with the Grecian Peers,
Knew Easterne squadrons, and black *Memnons* arms;
Penthiselea raging midst alarms
Her crescent sheelded *Amasons* brought on,
Her naked breast guirt with a golden zone,
Amidst the thickest bands she chargeth then,
And the bould virgin dares encounter men.

Whilst on these things the *Dardan* Prince did looke,
And much admiring with the object tooke;
Then with a guard, Queen *Dido*, the most faire,
To the high Temple did in state repaire.
Such on *Eurotas* banks, or *Cynthus* meades,
Shewes bright *Diana*, when she dances, leads
A thousand mountaine Nymphs on every side,
Her golden quiver at her shoulders tide.
Walking she all the Goddesses excels,
Whilst joy *Latonas* silent bosome swels:

Such

Such *Dido* was, so cheerfully she went
Hastning the works, and future government,
In *Juno's* porch, the temples mid-arch, round
Guarded with arms, on high she sate inthron'd;
A woman gave men Lawes, and tasks assignes
In equall portion, or by lot injoynes.
When streight *Æneas* did with throngs behold
Anteus, *Sergestus*, and *Cloanthus* bold;
And other *Trojans*, which the black storm bore
And waves dispers'd unto a distant shore.
Both were amaz'd, and both at once admire,
'Twixt joy and feare, to joyne right hands desire:
But troubled with the unknown chance they shrowd,
Listning Spectators in a hollow clowd.
What fortune happen'd to his friends, and where
They left their Fleet, what chance had brought them there,
For to beg quarter, from each ship were sent
Choice men; who clamouring to the Temple went.
After admission, and free audience had,
Undiscompos'd bold *Ilioneus* said.
Great Queen whom *Jove* did grant new seats to build,
Pleas'd that proud Nations to thy sway should yeeld.
We tempest-beaten *Trojans*, thee desire
To save our Navie from consuming fire.
And neerer view our cause; the pious spare.
Nor brought we to the *Libick* confines war,
Nor come to drive rich preys: vanquish'd long since
We lost such courage, and such insolence.
There is a place the *Greeks Hesperia* stile,
An antient warlike Land, a fertile soyle,
B'*Ænotrians* till'd; Posteritie they fame
Since call'd it *Italie*, for their Princes name,
Hither we steer'd,

When straight *Oryon* with a ſtorme did riſe,
And us with furious *Auſter* did ſurpriſe,
And on the rocks with conquering billowes bore;
A few of us ſworn hither to your ſhore.
What a ſtrange Nation's this? what barbarous land
Such cuſtomes uſe? the hoſpitable ſtrand
We are denyd, by force prohibited
Upon the margents of your coaſts to tread.
Æneas was our King, for pietie,
Juſtice, and proweſſe, non more great then he,
Which man if fates preſerve, if yet he breath,
If cruell ſhades receive him not in death?
You need not feare, nor ſhall you e're repent
That you did us in courteſie prevent.
We have in *Cicilie*, Cities, Arms, and Lands,
Where great *Aceſtes*, ſprung from *Troy*, commands.
That we draw up our Navie condiſcend,
To rigg them new, tackling, and oars to mend.
That if our King, and friends be found, then we
May ſteere our courſe with joy for *Italie*,
And *Latium* ſeek. But if no help be found,
And thou beſt *Trojan* Prince i'th' tempeſt drown'd;
Nor of *Aſcanius* hope; *Sicanian* roads,
Whence we ſail'd hither, and prepar'd aboads,
Old King *Aceſtes*, we at laſt ſhall finde.
Ileoneus ſaid; the *Trojans* with one minde
Gave full applauſe.
Then *Dido* briefe and modeſtly declares.
O *Trojans* feare not; and ſeclude your cares:
To ſettle our new State we find ſo hard,
That we our confines are inforc'd to guard.
Of Trojans who? of *Troy* who ignorant are?
Thoſe Worthies, Valour, fury of that War?

Tyrians

Tyrians are not ſo dull, nor yet the Suns
Chariot ſo diſtant from our City runs.
Seek you great *Italie*, *Saturnian* lands,
Or *Erix* ſhores, the King *Aceſtes* ſtrands:
I'le ſafe diſmiſſe you, and ſupply your want.
Will you alike with us, this City plant?
This town I build is yours; your ſhips forſake,
'Twixt *Tyrians*, *Trojans*, I'le no difference make.
Would the ſame wind had hither brought your Prince,
But I will iſſue forth Commands from hence,
That he be ſought through all the *Lybian* coaſt,
Should he in Deſarts be, or Cities loſt.
Achates, and the King, with theſe words fir'd
Long ſince, to break the gloomy clowd deſir'd.
Then bold *Achates* to *Æneas* ſaid,
Great Goddeſſe ſon, what doubts may now diſſwade:
Thy friends, and ſhips, all ſafe thou ſeeſt, but one
Which in our ſight, the raging Seas did drowne:
All ſutes thy mothers words. Scarce theſe he ſaid,
When ſuddenly the circumfuſed ſhade
Purg'd to thin aire, and forth *Æneas* ſtood,
His garb, his face, and perſon like a God.
Venus had trim'd his haire, youths beauty dyes
His cheeks, ſhe breath'd glad honours on his eyes.
So Ivory grac'd by art, ſo Silver would,
Or *Parian* marble ſhew, ſet in pure gold.
And ſudden unexpected did appeare;
Then to the Queen. I, whom you ſeeke am here,
Trojan Æneas ſcap't the *Lybick* Seas.
O thou alone, pittying our miſeries!
Who us *Greeke* reliques, ſpent, by various fates
Of land and ſea, thou joyn'ſt aſſociates
To thee, and thine: we, nor all *Dardans* ſtraine
Through great earth ſcatter'd can requite againe,

The Gods (if there be any Providence,
Or Juſtice, will the pious recompence)
Sure muſt reward thee. O! what age of worth,
What ſo great Parents, ſuch as thee brought forth?
Whiles convex'd hills have ſhadows, to the maine
Whilſt rivers run, whilſt poles the ſtars ſuſtaine,
Thy honour, name, and fame, ſhall laſt, what land
So-ever me invites. Then his right hand
Ilioneus takes, his left *Sergeſtus* meets,
Bold *Gyas*, ſtout *Cloanthus*; all he greets.
At the firſt ſight *Dido* was much diſmaid,
And wondring at ſo ſtrange a ſtory, ſaid;
What dangerous fate purſued thee Goddeſſe ſon,
What forc'd thee, on theſe Barbarous ſhores to run?
Art thou *Æneas* whom faire *Venus* bare
Neer *Symois* ſtreams, *Dardan Anchiſes* heire?
Teucer I call to mind expel'd his land
To *Sidon* came, did *Belus* aid demand
New Realms to gain: my father then ſubdu'd
Cyprus, and conquerour held in ſervitude.
Since then I underſtood the *Trojan* fate,
Thy name, and every *Grecian* Potentate.
He though a foe your valour did commend,
And ſaid himſelf, did from your ſtock deſcend.
Therefore bold *Trojans* to our Court advance;
We in ſuch dangers toſt, and various chance
At length our ſelves did in this countrey plant,
I know t'help others, taught by my own want.
Then ſhe *Æneas* to the Court conveys,
And the Gods honours on the altars payes,
Next to the ſhores twenty fat beeves ſhe ſends,
With them a hundred ſwine to feaſt his friends;
And with the ews as many fatned lambs,
With wine, *Lyæus* joy,

But

But all within with royall pomp was grac'd,
And midst the Hall a stately feast they plac'd.
Wrought carpets with proud scarlet did infold
Huge silver tables, where was grav'd in gold
Her Grandsires acts in a long series stood
Drawn from so many Princes of the blood.
The King (for love paternall never sleeps)
Sent down in hast *Achates* to the ships,
To tell this to *Ascanius*, then repaire
With him to Court, who was his fathers care.
To bring gifts sav'd from *Troy*, the long robe, which
Was purl'd with gold, and with imbroiderie rich,
A vail, the edge with bright *Acanthus* wrought;
Fair *Hellens* dresse, which she from *Argos* brought
To *Troy*, and fatall marriages set forth;
Her mother *Ledas* gift of wondrous worth.
The Scepter too which once *Ilion* bore,
Priams first daughter, the Pearl-chain she wore
And Coronet, with gold and jemmes inchac'd.
For these *Achates* to the Fleet did haste.

But *Venus* now new arts, new counsells took,
That *Cupid* should like young *Ascanius* look,
And in the furious Queen he might inspire
The flames of love, and pierce her bones with fire.
Double tongu'd *Tyrians*, doubtfull house she fears:
Fierce *Juno* frights, with night increast her cares,
Therefore to winged love she briefly said,
Deare son, my strength deare son, my chiefest aid,
Who only sleights great *Jove's Typhoan* fire,
I fly to thee, suppliant thy aid require.
Thou knowst thy brother my *Æneas* hath
Felt on all Lands and Seas since *Juno's* wrath,

And of our sorrow hadst as great a sence.
Him *Dido* courts, and stayes with blandishments.
Junonian entertainments I suspect,
Nor she so great occasion will neglect.
Therefore I plot first to deceive, and bind
The Queen with flames, lest some power change her mind,
That she with me *Æneas* love involve.
Which to effect, know this is my resolve.
The Royall boy for *Carthage* do's prepare
By his dear Father call'd: my greatest care
Brings gifts preserv'd from *Troyes* flame and the deep.
In high *Cytherum* him Ile cast asleep,
And in *Idalium's* sacred mansions lay;
Lest he appearing should our plot betray.
Assume his form onely one nights short space;
Use art, a boy put on a boyes known face,
That when glad *Dido* hugs thee at her lap
At royall feasts, crown'd with the cheering grape.
When she imbracing, shall sweet kisses give,
Inspire hid flame, with deadly bane deceive.
His mother love obeys, his wings he leaves
And joyfully *Ascanius* garbe receives,
But *Venus* through *Julus* limbes distills
Sweet sleep, and bears to the *Idalian* hills,
And in soft Marjerom the boy she layd,
Whose flowers imbrac'd him with a pleasant shade.
But *Cupid* then his mothers will obey'd,
Bore gifts to *Carthage*, and *Achates* led.
When he came in, the Queen was plac'd in state
On golden beds, and in the mid'st she sate.
Æneas, and the *Trojan* Captains met,
And raised high, they on spread scarlet set.
The servants water bring and serv'd up bread,
In chargers; some neat fringed towels spread.

And

And fifty Dames to serve the bill of fate,
Had charge within, and Insence to prepare.
A hundred more, with youth of like age, grac'd
Tables, with dishes, and the goblets plac'd.
Through joyfull halls in throngs the *Tyrians* prest,
Commanded on imbrodered couches rest.
Æneas gifts th'admire, *Julus* prais'd,
At th'Gods bright looks, and feigned words amaz'd:
The robe, and curious vaile, they much commend.
But *Dido* destin'd to a wofull end,
Could not be satisfi'd, burning at the sight
The Boy and presents equally delight.
Æneas neck when he imbracing held
And the great love of a wrong Father fil'd,
He Courts the Queen; she strange affection shews,
Fixing her eyes, lays in her lap; nor knows
What God betrai'd a wretch; but *Cupid* is
Mindfull of *Venus*, blotting by degrees
Sychæus out, and tries with lively love
Fix'd thoughts, and resolutions to remove.
After the feast was ended, all tooke downe,
They mighty goblets place, and *Bacchus* crowne.
The ample Pallace rung with noyses mix'd,
And shining lamps to golden roofes were fix'd:
Bright torches vanquish the dark night with fires.
Here, rich with jems, and gold, the Queen requires
A bowle with wine, which *Belus* us'd, and all
From *Belus* sprung, then silence through the hall.
O *Jove* (for thou giv'st lawes to every guest)
To *Tyrian*, *Trojans* let this day be blest,
And still observ'd by our posteritie:
Glad *Bacchus* and good *Juno*, present be,
You favouring *Tyrians* keep this feast, she said.
And flowing honour on the table paid.

Then having gently left the swelling cup
Gav't *Bitias*, he the full gold soon turns up,
And drench'd himselfe in the overflowing draught.
Next other Peers: What greatest *Atlas* taught
On's golden harpe, long hair'd *Iopas* playes,
Sols labours, and the moons inconstant wayes, (sprung,
Whence man and beasts, whence showers, and lightning
Wet kids, *Arcturus*, Northern bears, he sung.
Why winters suns haste so to touch the maine,
And what delaies the tardie night restraine.
Tyrians, and *Trojans*, praise with one consent.
But the slovv night, unhappy *Dido* spent
In various discourse; and long love quaft:
Oft asks of *Priam*, and of *Hector* oft,
Novv in vvhat arms, *Aurora*'s off-spring came,
Of *Diomeds* horse, novv of *Achilles* fame.
My guest from first originall relate
Greeks trecheries (she said) and your own fate,
And wandrings since, for now seaven years hath toft
You on all shores, and drove to every coast.

VIRGIL'S

THE SECOND BOOK OF VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

The Argument.

*A*Pollo's *priest the* Trojan *horse assailes.*
Sinons *false story, with feigned teares, prevailes.*
Laocoon *and his sonnes by serpents slaine.*
The horse drawn in, the Greeks *return againe.*
The City taken by their stratagems.
Æneas *riseth from a troubled dreame,*
And gathers aid; resistance makes in vaine;
The Pallace burnt, Polites, Priam *slaine.*
Through sword, and fire, Venus *her son convaies.*
Glad Omens raise Anchises *from delaies.*
Creusa *lost,* Æneas *from* Troys *sack,*
Ascends mount Ide, *his father on his back.*

ALl silent, and with deep attention sate:
Then thus the Prince spake from his bed of State.
Unheard-of griefs great Queen, you bid renew:
How *Troys* unhappy Realm the *Greeks* o're-threw;

Whose

Whose sad destruction I my self have seen,
And in her losse have no small sharer been.
Which of the *Dolops*, *Myrmidons*, or fierce
Ulysses souldier, such things to rehearse
Could tears refrain? and now the dewie night
Is almost spent, rest setting stars invite:
But if that you desire our chance to know,
And briefe would hear, *Troys* finall overthrow:
Though at the thought such horror I within
My wounded soule conceive, yet, I'le begin.
Broken by war now many sliding years,
And forc'd by fate; at length the *Grecian* Peers
A horse frame like a mountain, by divine
Minerva's art, the sides with wrought firre joyne.
They for return feigne vowes; wide spreads that fame,
Here secretly by lot, in the darke frame,
Choice men th'include, and full the Caverns large,
And the huge bellie, with arm'd Souldiers charge.
In sight lay *Tenedos*, the Ile well knowne
By fame, and rich whilst *Priam* held the Crowne:
Now but a bay, to Ships a faithlesse rode.
Here they arriv'd, in desart shores abode.
We thought them gone, and for *Mycene* steer'd:
Therefore all *Troy* from her long griefe was cleer'd,
Gates opend, to behold *Greeke* Camps they joyd,
To visit coasts forsooke, and places voyd.
Here *Dolops*, fierce *Achilles* there abode,
Here they joyn'd battell, there the Navie rode.
Some wonder at chast *Pallas* gift, accurst,
And the huge horse admire. *Thymetes* first
Bids draw't within the wall, place in the fane,
Either by fraud, or such *Troys* fates ordaine.
But *Capys*, and the graver heads, advise
Those gifts suspected, and *Greeke* treacheries

To

To drown i'th' Sea, and in the flames consume,
Or vast caves pierce, and trie the hollow wombe.
Th' inconstant route, in sides divided be.
Laocoon first, with a great companie
From a high tower ran chafing: then from far.
What madnesse this? thinke you *Greeke* presents are
Without deceit? believe the foe is gone?
O wretched men, is thus *Ulysses* known.
Either in this inclosed *Græcians* hide,
Or 'gainst our walls this Engine they provide
To view our houses, and the towne to force:
Some deceit lurks, *Dardans* trust not this Horse,
What ere it is, *Greeks* bringing gifts I feare.
This said, with huge strength he a mighty speare
At the beasts side, and crooked belly flung:
Trembling it fix'd, the mighty Caverns rung,
The Bulke being struck, and hollow grown within.
Had fate so pleas'd, had we not senslesse been,
He had *Argolick* dens with steele constrain'd:
Now *Troy* had stood, and *Priams* high Towers remain'd.
Behold! mean while the *Dardan* Sheep-heards bring
One bound with mighty clamours to the King.
Who unknowne, freely yeelds, this plot to lay,
That he the towne might to the *Greeks* betray.
Bold, and prepar'd for both, or to procure
His ends, or most assured death indure.
From all parts joyn'd, the youthfull *Trojans* flock,
Glad to behold, by turnes the captive mock.
Receive *Greeks* treacheries now; and from one crime
Learn all.
For as amidst, troubled, disarm'd he stands,
And casts his eyes round on the *Phrygian* bands.
Ah what land now, or what sea entertaines
A wretch (he said) for poore me what remains?

Who

Who have no place in *Greece*, *Trojans* incens'd
Expect with blood, now to be recompenc'd.
With which complaint our minds are chang'd, all rage
Compreſt, we bid him tell his Parentage.
What news; how they might truſt him captive made,
Then caſting off all fear at length he ſaid.

All truths what ere, to thee great King will I
Confeſſe, nor that I am a *Greeke* deny;
This firſt: though cruell fortune *Synon* hath
Made wretched thus, ſhe cannot falſe of faith.
If you have heard of *Palamedes* name,
From *Belus* ſprung, his glory great by fame,
Whom innocent, falſly the *Greeks* accus'd
And by ſtrange law, becauſe he war refus'd
Condemn'd to die, and him now dead lament.
Hither at firſt, me my poore father ſent
In arms with him companion, neere of blood.
Whilſt ſafe he was at home, and his realms ſtood
By counſell; we, bore alſo name, and ſtate.
But afterward by. ſlie *Ulyſſes* hate,
I ſpeak things known, he to the pale ſhades went,
Griev'd, I my life in woe, and darkneſſe ſpent;
And mourn'd alone loſſe of my injur'd friend.
Nor fooliſh held my tongue, what chance attend,
If native *Greece* I ere touch conqueror,
I vow'd revenge; with words, ſharp malice ſtir.
Hence my firſt woes; hence *Ithacus* gave out
New crimes to fright, ſpreads 'mongſt the vulgar rout
Ambiguous words, conſcious plots new deſignes:
Nor reſts till *Chalcas* in his project joynes.—

Why triviall things recount I thus in vain?
Wherefore delay? if all the *Grecian* ſtrain
You in one like eſteem? enough is told?
Now let me ſuffer, this *Ulyſſes* would,

This with much treasure would *Atrides* buy.
Then we grow earnest, to know how or why:
Of such plots ignorant, and *Pelasgian* art.
Who trembling thus proceeds with feigned heart.
To raise their siege the *Grecians* oft desir'd,
And *Troy* forsake by flight, with long war tir'd.
(And would they had:) whom ready, storms at Sea
Did oft shut in, and rough winds terrifie.
But more since we with ample beams did forme
This horse, all heaven did thunder with a storme.
Perplex'd, to th'Oracle, *Eurypilus*
We sent, who these sad answers brought to us.
The winds you first appeas'd with virgin blood,
When first for *Trojan* shores, you *Grecians* stood:
With blood you must, and a *Greeke* sacrifice
Gain your return. When through the Camp this flies,
Amazed through their bones shot trembling feare,
Whom *Phœbus* meant, for whom such fates prepare.
Ulysses here, with great stir, mid'st the bands
From Prophet *Calchas*, asks the Gods Commands.
Th'artists dire plot, many did to me
Foretell, and wisely did the event foresee.
Silent ten dayes, he cunning did refuse
Any to name, and the sad Victime choose:
At last, forc'd by *Ulysses* clamors, he
Breaks silence, and to th'altars destins me.
They all assent, what each himself did feare,
Turn'd to the ruine of one wretch, they beare.
Now came the fatall day, rites are design'd,
Salt fruit they bring, my browes with garlands bind.
I grant, I broke my bonds, scapt death by flight,
And hid with reeds, in a foule lake all night
I lay: till they set saile, if so they would.
No hope is left my Country to behold,

Sweet

Sweet Children, or deare father now, which may
For my escape be cal'd, sad mulcts to pay,
And my crime expiat with their own death.
You by the gods, by sacred truth, by faith
Inviolate, I pray (if any be
'Mongst mortalls yet) pitty my miserie,
Pitty a wretch so great injustice beares.
We grant both life, and pitty, to his teares.
And *Priam* first his mannacles to ease
And chains Commands; and courteously said these.

Who ere thou art, forget the *Grecians* gone:
Thou shalt be ours; but now these truths make known,
Why plac'd they this huge horse? who authours are?
What would they? sacred i'st, or worke of war?
Then skil'd in arts, and *Grecian* treacheries,
His hands unbound he raiseth to the skies.

Eternall fires, you powers from violence free,
Altars, dire swords I scap'd, my witnesse be,
And the Gods wreaths, which me your offering crown'd:
Now from our sacred oath I am unbound,
Now I may hate the *Greeks*, and all things hid
Disclose; nor hath our Countreys lawes forbid.
If thou keep promise, if thou *Troy* prove true,
If truths, if great things I repay to you.

The *Greeks* chiefe hopes, and confidence was laid
Since first this war begun, in *Pallas* aid.
But since that impious *Diomed* conjoyn'd
With *Ithacus*, who all curst plots design'd,
Fatall *Palladium* from the sacred fane
Entring they snatch'd, the high towers warders slaine,
Tooke the blest image, and with bloody hand
Rudely the virgin fillets then prophan'd,
The *Grecian* hopes ran backward, and declind,
Broken their strength, averse the Goddesse mind.

Nor

Nor gave ſhe ſignes by doubtfull prodigies:
Scarce plac'd within our campe, her burning eyes
Shine with bright flames; and from her body flows
Salt ſweat, and wondrous, thrice from ground ſhe roſe,
Bearing her target, and her trembling ſpeare.
Calchas cries ſtreight, to Sea they muſt repaire,
Nor *Gracian* arms, ſhould conquer *Troy*, unleſſe
The *Omens*, and the Power return to *Greece*,
Which they with them to Sea in vaſt keels brought.
Native *Micene* now with faire winds is ſought.
Arms, Gods, and friends, prepar'd; remeaſuring Seas
Soone they returne: thus *Calchas* ordered theſe.
This, being advis'd, they for *Palladium* left,
For th'injur'd Power, to expiate the theft.
This mighty frame, *Calchas* bid reare ſo high,
And ribd with oke commands to touch the skie,
Leſt it within your ports, or walls attaine,
Leſt her old love, it ſhould your Nation gaine.
But if *Minerva's* gift you violate,
Great woes (which may the *Gods* on them tranſlate)
The *Phrygians* ſhall, and *Priams* Realms attend.
But by your hands if this your ſeats aſcend,
Aſia 'gainſt *Greece*, ſhall mighty wars maintaine,
And for our off-ſpring, ſhall thoſe fates remaine.
Thus perjur'd *Sinons* craft, beliefe prepares,
And vanquiſh'd thoſe, with fraud, and feigned tears,
Whom neither *Diomed*, *Achilles*, nor
A thouſand Ships could tame, nor ten years war.

But now a chance fell out of greater dread,
And their diſtracted minds aſtoniſh'd.
In ſtead of *Neptunes* prieſt the annuall due
A bull *Laocoon* at the Altar ſlew.

Behold

Behold from *Tenedos*, two huge Serpents came,
(I shake to mention) through calme Seas they swarm,
And took the deep: to shore at once they bend,
Their breasts erected, bloody necks extend
Above the floods, their sterns divide the maine,
Winding long backs, with a voluminous traine.
The fomie brine resounds, to shore they came,
Their burning eyes speckled with blood, and flame,
And hissing mouths lick with a brandish'd tongue.
Pale at the sight we fly: they march along,
Laocoon seeke; and first the slender waste
Of his two Sons the winding Snakes imbrac'd,
And on the childrens wretched members fed.
Next him, for aide with weapons furnished
They seiz'd; bind with huge spires: and now twice rould
About his waste, twice scaly backs infold
His neck, above his head tall creasts they reare.
With both his hands he strives those knots to teare,
And with foule blood, and gore his garlands dies,
And to the Stars at once rais'd horrid cries.
So roros a hurt Bull, having Altars fled,
And the incertain axe shooke from his head.
But the two Serpents to the high Fane went,
And crawling to sterne *Pallas* temple bent:
Under the Goddesse feet, and target hide.

Then through our trembling breasts strange terrors glide,
The *Trojans* say, *Laocoon* had his due,
Who at the sacred Oke his javlin threw,
And at the side did cast an impious speare.
All cry to sacred seats the image beare,
And on the Goddesse call.
We break our Rampiers, and our Walls divide,
All ply the worke, cords to the neck are tide,

Wheeles

Wheeles to the feet, the tall frame aspires,
Pregnant with arms; boyes, virgins, round in Quires
Chaunt sacred hymns, and touch the ropes with joy.
It goes, and menacing it enters *Troy*.
O Country, *Troy*, where Gods once mansions found;
And, O you *Dardan* walls, in war renound!
Foure times in th'entrance of the gates it hung;
Foure times within the clash of harnesse rung:
Yet we, blind, senseless, draw with all our power
The unhappy monster, to the sacred tower.
Cassandra then, these future fates foretold,
Whom *Trojans* ne're believ'd, so *Phœbus* would.
Poore we to whom that day must be the last,
Each where, with festive bows, the temples grae'd.
But now the heavens were turn'd; night rose from Seas,
Shading earth, skies, and *Grecian* treacheries.
Trojans dispearc'd lay silent on the walls,
And deep sleep on their wearie bodies falls.
And now in Ships prepar'd the *Argive* band
From *Tenedos* saile, and steere the well-known strand,
Following by friendly silence of the *Moone*
The *Admiralls* light: *Synon* forewarnd, as soone
(Sav'd by ill fates) frees, from a dore of Pines
The *Greeks* inclos'd; whom now the horse resignes
To the fresh aire: glad, from the hollow oke,
Tisandrus, *Sthenelus*, fierce *Ulysses* broke,
Athamas, *Thoas*, *Pyrrhus*, *Machaon*,
And *Menelaus*, by long ropes slide downe,
With *Epeus*, who the engine did designe.
Th'invade the town, buried in sleep and wine,
The watch was slain, and they by open gates
Receive their friends, and joyn to their known mates.
It was the time, first sleep the weary soule
Possest, and heavens best gift on mortalls stole.

Behold! most sadly *Hector* then appears
To me in sleep, shedding abundant tears:
Drag'd at a chariot, black with bloody dust
As e'ist, and through his swoln feet reines were thrust.
Ah! how much chang'd, how from that *Hector*, whom
Achilles spoyles once grac'd, returning home.
Or darting *Phrygian* fire, on th' *Argive* Fleet.
Squallid his beard, his haire with blood concrete,
Bearing those wounds, those many, ne're *Troys* wall,
He had receiv'd, weeping I seeme to call
The man, and thus sad speeches did commence.
O *Dardan* light! O *Troys* chiefe confidence!
Why such delayes? O *Hector* from what coast
Com'st thou desir'd? that thee, so many lost,
After such labours, of the town, and men,
Weary we view: what sad chance thy serene
Looks hath defil'd? or why those wounds view I?
But he to vain demands made no reply.
But fetching deep from's breast a heavy grone
Ah flie, he said, from fire scape *Venus* sonne.
Troys high towers sinke, the walls the *Gracians* have.
Enough for her, and *Priam*, could strength save
Ilium, this hand had sav'd her; and now she
Her sacred things, and Gods commends to thee,
Take these companions of thy fates, with these
Build a great City, having past the Seas.
This said, he wreaths, and mighty *Vesta* brought,
And fires eternall from her sacred vault.
Mean while with various cries the walls resound,
And more and more (although in shady ground
My fathers house remote obscurely lay)
Loud noyse drawes neer, and clashing arms dismay.
I shake off sleep, and mount the battlement
With speedy steps, and stood with ears intent.

As

As when with rough winds, fire, in ſtanding corne,
Or mountaine floods, with a rapt torrent borne,
Drounds the ranck corn and meads, toyles of the oxe,
Woods head-long ſweeps: amaz'd, on lofty rocks,
The ſhepheard ignorant, receives the ſound.
Then faith was manifeſt, and *Greeks* treaſon found.
Deiphobus ample frames now overturns
By *Vulcans* rage. and next *Ucaligon's* burns,
With fire now ſhine the broad *Sigean* Baies,
The trumpets ſound, men higher clamors raiſe.
Mad I take arms, arm'd voyd of counſell, then
To aid the tower, with friends to gather men
My boſome burns: rage, fury, judgement charms;
And we conceive it brave to dye in arms.
Panthus, behold! eſcap'd the enemies,
Apollo's prieſt, *Panthus Otriades*,
Bearing things ſacred, vanquiſh'd gods, he led
His Nephew, and toth' ſhore diſtracted fled.
How ſtand things *Panthus*? what fort doe we hold?
Scarce ſaid. with a deep ſigh thus much he told.
The laſt dayes come, *Troys* unavoided date;
Trojans we were, *Troy* was, and the high ſtate
Of *Troy* hath been: *Jove*, cruell, all to *Greece*
Transfers, and *Greeks* the burning town poſſeſſe.
That horſe within the walls, that mighty frame
Powres forth arm'd men, bold *Simon* ſtirs the flame
Inſulting, others open gates poſſeſſe,
So many thouſands never came from *Greece*.
Some on both ſides the narrow paſſes guard,
And drawn ſwords ſhining ſtand, to kill prepar'd.
The watches of the out-workes they invade,
Who in diſorder weake reſiſtance made.
With *Panthus* words, and ayd of Gods I paſſe
Through flames, through arms, where ſad *Erymis* was,

Where ſorrow calls, and clamours heaven aſcend.
Ripheus, old *Iphitus*, companions joynd,
By Moon-light brought, *Dymas*, and *Hypanis*,
Throng to our ſide, and young *Migdonidis*,
Who in thoſe dayes by chance to *Ilium* came,
Whom with fond love, *Caſſandra* did inflame.
The hapleſſe ſon brought *Troy* and *Priam* aid,
But propheſies of the inſpired maid
Did not regard.
Yet when I ſaw a fight they durſt maintain,
Bold youth, I ſaid, your valour is in vain,
To ſave the burning town, if you deſire
To meet your certain death, bravely t'expire;
You ſee the chance; thoſe kept this Realm, our Gods
Their altars have forſook, and bleſt abodes;
Then let's incounter death, fall bravely on,
Vanquiſh'd mens ſafety it to hope for none.
Our youth being thus inrag'd, as in dark night
Wolves ravening hunt, ſpur'd by fierce appetite,
Their whelps being left, wait with dry jawes; ſo we
Through weapons ruſh, ruſh through the enemie
To certain death, and through the City made,
Black night ſurrounding with a hollow ſhade.
Who can the cruell funeralls of that night
Declare? with equall tears thoſe woes recite?
Th'old City falls, potent ſo many years:
In every ſtreet, ſlaughter in heaps appears,
Bodies in houſes, ſacred temples, thrown.
Nor did the *Trojans* ſuffer death alone,
The vanquiſhed their courages recall,
And now the *Græcian* conquerors doe fall:
In all parts cruell grief, in all parts feare,
And various ſhapes of death was every where.

Androgeus

Androgeus first of all, the *Greeks* came up
To us, and follow'd with a mighty troop.
He unadvised for his friends did take,
And first with courteous language freely spake.
Haste sirs, O sloathfull, what delayes you thus
Whilst others ransack, burning *Pergamus*,
March you but now, from the tall fleet? (this said)
And straight (for we but doubtfull answers made)
Perceives himself ingag'd, amidst his foes,
And with the word astonisht backward goes,
As one who on a Serpent 'mongst sharp briers
Treads unawares, and frighted straight retires
From his rais'd wrath, and purple swelling head;
So at the sight *Androgeus* frighted fled.
We fiercely charge, and round about them drew;
Amaz'd, and ignorant of the place orethrew:
And fortune did, this our first service aid.
Here heightned with successe *Chorabus* said,
O friends, where our first fortune way hath shewn
For safety take, as she directs let's on.
Let us change shields, in *Grecian* armour go;
Who fraud or valour questions in a foe?
These shall give arms, thus saying he assumes
Androgeus glittering shield and crested plumes;
And fits an *Argive* sword unto his thigh.
This *Ripheus*, *Dymas*, all the company:
Each arm'd himself in recent spoiles with joy,
Then mix'd with *Greeks*, wanting our Deity,
And through nights gloomy shades, oft on we fell,
And many a *Grecian* soul we sent to hell.
Some fly to th' Ships, and swift to safe shores bend,
Others with base fear struck, again ascend
The mighty horse, and in the known bulk hide.
Ah, who may hope if by the Gods deni'd!

Cassandra lo! the *Priamanian* maid,
From *Pallas* temple drag'd, her hair displaid,
To heaven her bright eyes raising then in vain;
Her eyes, for cords her tender hands restrain.
Inrag'd *Chorœbus* not induring this
Willing to die, leaps midst his enemies,
All after rush, 'mongst thickest squadrons went.
Here first by darts from the high temple sent,
Our own destroy us, and sad slaughters make,
By change of Arms and *Grœcian* helms mistake
The *Grœcians* gather, stir'd with griefe and rage,
And for the rescu'd Virgin all ingage.
Then both th' *Atrides*, and his men drew up
Fierce *Ajax* and the sterne *Dolopian* troupe.
So advers winds, contest with all their force;
West, South, and *Eurus*, on his Eastern horse:
The woods resound, and fomie *Nereus* raves,
And with his trydent stirs up dreadfull waves.
Those we by stratagem had overthrown,
And by nights help, chac'd round about the town,
Appeare, and first they knew our feigned arms,
The difference of our language, and alarms.
We are ore-powr'd; and first at *Pallas* fane
Chorebus was, by *Penelens* slaine.
Next *Ripheus* fell, most faithfull to his trust:
Nor in all *Troy* was known a man more just:
Though by the Gods otherwise look'd upon.
Hypanis, *Dymas*, were by friends orethrowne,
Nor *Phœbus* Myter could deliver thee
Panthus from death, nor thy great pietie.
Troyes ashes witnesse, and last flames of mine,
If in your fall I danger did decline,
Or *Grœcian* force; death, had my fate been full,
This hand did merit. Thence with us we pull

Iphitus,

Iphitus, *Pelias*, *Iphitus* age detain'd,
Pelias a wound he from *Ulysses* gain'd.
Hence clamor calls to *Priams* Pallace, there
A huge fight was, as if no war else-where,
Nor in the whole town other fimeralls.
So untam'd *Mars*, *Greeks* rushing to the walls
We saw, strong gates with testudes they assaile,
High pillars climb, and walls with ladders scale;
Shields their left hands protect, oppose defence
'Gainst darts, their right hands seize the battlements.
Dardans resist; down roofes, and towres they cast
And with such arms, since they behold their last,
Prepare to save themselves in deaths extreams:
High honours of old Princes, golden beams
They tumble down; others with drawn swords stood
To keep the gates, and with strong guards make good.
Courage restor'd, we to the Pallace made,
To joyn our force, and give the vanquish'd aid.
There was a porch with private gates, a way
Well known in Court, behind the pillars lay;
Often by which, whilst *Ilium* did remaine
Hapless *Andromache*, without a traine
Old *Priam* us'd to visit, and did bring
Her son *Astyanax*, to delight the King.
Straight I this way the battlements ascend,
From whence in vain their darts the *Trojans* spend.
There was a towre erected wonderous high,
And with proud Bulworks seem'd to kisse the skie,
From whence all *Troy* accustomed to see
The Campe, and Navie of the enemie.
This with my sword I loos'd, and on that part
Wherre jutting beams did from their mortisse start,
We gave a shove; when sudden from that hight
Thundring it fell, and on the *Greeks* did light:

But fresh men Charge, nor stones, nor any kind
Of weapons ceast mean while.
Pyrrhus just at the entrance in the passe
Triumphs in arms, and shines in glittering brasse.
So in the Spring a serv'ed Snake comes forth,
Whom swoln, cold Winter drove beneath the earth;
Now having cast his skin, he fresh appears
With shining youth, and proud his bosome rears
In towrie windings to the cheering South,
His triple stings, brandishing in his mouth.
With him huge *Periphas*, *Automedon*
Achilles Charioteere, and Squire comes on;
These seconded by all the *Scyrian* bands,
Who on the rooffes cast fire, and flaming brands.
Through strong gates first he with an ax did passe,
And from the hinges tore down beams of brasse,
Then hews huge pillars, cleaving knotty oke,
And a large breach with a wide passage broke.
The house within appears, long halls unfold,
Priams bed-chamber, and the Kings of old;
The entrance they might see, arm'd souldiers guard,
Within mix'd tumults, and loud shreeks are heard,
The arched seelings howl with female cries,
And c'amours to the golden starres arise.
Then fearfull Matrons through vast buildings mix'd
The posts imbracing held, and kisses fix'd.
With's fathers strength, *Pyrrhus* maintains the fight,
Nor guards nor rampires, can resist his might:
Gates with his battering Ram are overthrown,
And from their hinges Jaumes are tumbled down.
They force their way: the first they meet they kill,
And royall Courts the hasest souldiers fill.
A foaming river not so fiercely goes,
When breaking forth, his bancks he overthrowes:

And

And on the plaines with hostile billowes falls,
Bearing with him, both cattell and their stalls.
I saw how slaughtering *Pyrrhus* was inrag'd:
To enter how th' *Atrides* were ingag'd:
The Queen, a hundred Ladies, *Priam* view'd,
And fires he hallow'd, with's own blood imbrew'd.
He fifty Daughters did with marriage grace,
Such hopes there was of his illustrious race.
Beams rich with gold, and spoyles farl by their ire,
And *Greeks* possess what's not possest by fire.

But here you may inquire of *Priams* fates,
When *Troy* he saw was taken, and his gates
Torn down, through all the Court the foe to rage:
Arms long unworn, th'old man, trembling with age
Girds on in vain; a useless sword he takes,
And desperate, where the foe was thickest, makes.
Amidst the court, under heavens canopie
An Altar stood, an ancient Laurell nigh
Imbrac'd the Gods with a declining shade:
Hither in vain, the Queen and Daughters fled.
But when in youthfull arms she *Priam* spide,
Oh! my most wretched husband (straight she cride:)
What counsell thee to put on arms did move?
Into what danger dost thou run dear love?
These times no such defenders will allow,
No, if my *Hector* should be present now.
Draw neer; this altar may protect us all,
Or here in death we will together fall.
Then she her husband by the hand did bring,
And plac'd in sacred seats the aged King.
Behold! *Polytes* one of *Priams* sons
Having escap'd from slaughtering *Pyrrhus* runs

Wounded

Wounded to ſeek ſome ſheltring place, he flyes
Through arms, through foes, courts, and long galleries,
Whom raging *Pyrrhus* did with arms purſue:
Now takes and ſtrikes him with his javeline through.
At laſt as in his parents ſight he ſtood,
He fell, and powres his ſoule out with much blood.
Here *Priam* though beſet with death, abſtain'd
Neither from language, nor his wrath reſtrain'd.
The Gods for this, who ſuch a bold act dar'd,
If any power in heaven ſuch things reguard,
They'l recompence, and due rewards bequeath
To thee, who forc'd me ſee my dear ſons death,
And with his blood the Parents face defild.
Achilles, whom thou father falſe haſt ſtild
Was no ſuch foe to me, he bluſh'd when I
Implor'd the law of arms, nor did denie
Hectors pale corps ſhould have a native tombe,
And me again ſent with a convoy home.
This ſaid, th'old man, a feeble javlin threw,
Which could not pierce his ſounding target through:
But on the boſſe did hang the harmleſſe ſpeare,
Then *Pyrrhus* ſaid: this newes my father beare,
My cruell deeds remember to relate;
And how that I his ſonne degenerate.
For thou ſhalt die; as ſoon as this he ſaid,
Through his ſons blood, he dragging him convai'd
Trembling to th'altars: then his haire he wreathes
In his left hand, his right his ſword unſheathes,
Which to the hilts he buries in his ſide.
So finiſh'd *Priams* fates, and thus he dide,
Seeing *Ilium* burn, whoſe proud Commands did ſway
So many potent Realms in *Aſia*.
Now on the ſtrand his ſacred bodie lies
Headleſſe without a name or obſequies.

amaz'd

Amaz'd, then firſt ſtrange feare ſurrounded me,
I on my father thought, when I did ſee
The equall aged King give up his life
With a ſad wound, and my neglected wife,
My rifled houſe, and poore *Iulus* chance.
Round I behold, what force I could advance;
All weary had forſooke me, and leapt downe,
Or in the flames their wretched bodies throwne.
Now by my ſelfe; in *Veſta's* porch I found
Helen conceal'd, ſilent, on ſacred ground
Cloſe hid ſhe lay: a light thoſe burnings vaſt
Me wandring gave, as round my eyes I caſt.
She for *Troys* fall expects the *Trojans* ſword,
Greeke cenſures, wrath, of her forſaken Lord,
Common *Erynnis* both to *Greece* and *Troy*,
Obſcure, and hated did at Altars lye.
My mind inflames, rage my revenge did call,
To give her puniſhments for my countries fall.
Shall ſafely ſhe behold her native ſoyle?
A Queen in *Sparta* triumph in our ſpoyle?
Her husband, court, children and parents ſee?
Shall *Trojan* Dames, *Phrygians* her ſervants be?
Priam by th'ſword fall? flames deſtroy his ſeat?
So oft with blood the *Dardan* confines ſweat?
Not ſo. Although no memorable name
Have female puniſhments, or ſuch conqueſts fame;
Yet I'le be prais'd to puniſh, nay to kill
So curſt a wretch; I'll ſatisfie my will
Flames to revenge, and my friends aſhes pleaſe.
With rage I was tranſported ſaying theſe.
When my bleſt mother did to me appeare,
Never before in night ſhe ſhind more cleere.
Goddeſſe conſeſt; ſuch, and ſo great, as ſhe
Is ſeen to thoſe above; and wringing me

Faſt

Fast by the hand, from rosie lips she said,
Deare Son, what rage hath such distemper made?
Why rav'st thou thus? and where are our respects?
Nor look'st thou first, where bedrid thou neglects
Anchises now? lives thy *Creusa* yet?
And young *Ascanius*? which the *Greeks* beset
On all sides round: did not I aid afford,
Flames had devour'd them, or the enemies sword.
Nor *Helens* beauty blame, nor *Paris* hate,
The Gods, the Gods incens'd o'rethrow this seat,
And from her deep foundations ruin *Troy*.
Behold (for all these clouds which thus anoy
Thy mortall sight, and thus thick mists display
I shall remove, nor feare thou to obey
Thy mothers will, nor her Commands resist.)
Here where faln heaps, stones torne from stones thou seest
Lie mix'd with ashes thus, and waving smoke,
Neptune the walls with his great trident shooke,
And the whole City turns up from her seats.
Here cruell *Juno* guards the *Scaan* gates;
And raging from the Fleet her favourites calls,
Guirt with a sword,
On high towres plac'd thou mayst *Trytonia* spie,
In a bright cloud, the cruell *Gorgon* by.
With strength, and courage, *Jove* the *Greeks* supplyes,
And 'gainst *Troys* arms excites the Deities.
Fly son, thy Labours finish, I'le be neer,
And safe thee to thy fathers thresholds beare.
Then she her self in nights dark shades conceal'd,
And cruell shapes, great Deities reveal'd
Themselves averse to *Troy*,
And now all *Ilium* seems in flames to burn.
Neptunian Troys foundations over-turn,

As

As an old aſh hath loſtie mountains crown'd,
With frequent axes hew'd, with ſteele cut round
By ſtriving ſwaines: ſhe threatning nods, and now
She ſhakes her treſſes with a trembling brow,
Till vanquiſhed with wounds ſhe gives a grone,
And from the mountaine tome, lyes overthrowne.
Thence led by her, I paſſe through foes, and fire.
Weapons give place, and horrid flames retire.
But when to our paternall ſeats I came,
Our antient houſe, my father, my firſt aime,
Firſt ſought to carry to the mountaines, he
Refus'd to live, and would no exile be
Ilium deſtroy'd: you in whoſe youthfull veines,
He ſaid, freſh blood flows, ſolid ſtrength remaines,
Take you your flight.
If heaven would ſpare my life, theſe ſeats for me
Had been preſerv'd; it is too much, I ſee
One fall, once to out-live this City took:
Thus let, O thus the bedrid be forſook.
I ſhall find death pitied by foes, who ſhall
My ſpoiles ſeeke; *Loſſe of Sepulcher is ſmall.*
Hated by heaven, uſeleſſe I live, ſince when
The Father of the Gods, and King of men
With thunder ſtruck, with lightning blaſted me.
Thus he diſcours'd, and fixt remaind: whilſt we
Are drown'd in tears, my wife, *Aſcanius*,
With all the houſe, left his delayes, might us
With him deſtroy, tempting, to urgent fate.
Yet he denies, fix'd in one poſture ſate.
I arm again, and wretched wiſh to die.
What avails counſell, what can chance ſupply.
Think you dear Sir, I'le ſtir, you left behind;
Can ſuch ſtrange words fall from a fathers mind?

If

If nothing heaven of ſuch a town will leave,
And you and yours you'l to *Troyes* ruines give,
That death is neer, from *Priams* ſlaughter now
Pyrrhus will come, who at the altar ſlew
The father, and the Sonne before the Sire.
For this bleſt mother, me through ſword and fire
Didſt bring? To ſee my foe within my houſe,
My father, wife, and young *Aſcanius*
Behold in one anothers blood ly dead.
Arm, arm, the laſt houre calls the vanquiſhed.
Let me return and ſeek the enemie,
Nor ſhall we now all unrevenged die.
Here I gird on my ſword, my target brace
To my left arm, ready to leave the place.
Loe! then my wife, clings faſt unto my knee,
Juſt in the Porch, and ſhews my ſonne to me.
Go'ſt thou to die, take us through all alarms,
But if expert thou'ſt confidence in arms,
Firſt guard this houſe, *Aſcanius* now contains,
Where father, wife, once called thine, remains.
At this the houſe rung with a wofull cry;
When ſtraight appears a wondrous prodigy.
Betwixt our hands, in the ſad parents ſight,
Lo! from *Julus* crown a flaming light
Was ſeen to riſe, and harmleſſe fire did ſpread
With a ſoft touch, and round his temples fed.
We frighted haſte to ſhake the flagrant hair,
Water to quench the ſacred flame prepare.
But to the ſtars *Anchiſes* lift his eyes,
His voice and hands advancing to the skies.
Almighty *Jove*, if any prayer move thee,
Look down, if we deſerve for piety:
Confirm this ſigne, O father, and grant aid.
Scarce th'old man thus, when ſtraight it thundered

On

On the left hand, gliding through shades, from skies
A starre shoots blazing, and with much light flies,
Which we beheld o'r the high roofs to move,
And our course marking to th'*Idean* grove
Conceal'd it self, then in a furrow broke
And shining made those parts with sulphure, smoke.
My father now perswaded left his bed,
Adores the sacred starre, Gods worshipped;
Haste, now I follow whether you shall please,
O save our house, and race, you Deities,
This is your Omen, *Troy* is yours; O Son,
I yeild, and go now thy companion.
Then from the walls, we hear the crackling flame
Louder to sound, and neer the burnings came.
Dear father on my neck your self sustain,
Lay here your weight, such labour is no pain:
What ever chance, one common danger we
Shall equall share, to both one safety be.
I shall *Ascanius* my companion choose,
Dear wife observe my steps, but distance use,
And you my servants list to my commands.
Neer *Troy* a tomb, an antient temple stands,
Of slighted *Ceres*, an old Cypres nigh,
Which long your grandsires kept religiously,
By severall wayes, to this let us repair.
Our Gods, and sacred things, dear father beare:
For me unfit to touch, return'd from blood
And so great battels, till the living flood
Cleanse me again.
Then o're my shoulder and my neck I ti'd
Above my vest a yellow lions hide.
I take the load, *Ascanius* did embrace
My hand; and follow'd with uneqall pace.

My

My wife behind, we past through parts obscure:
I who before durst showres of darts indure
And adverse ranks of thickest *Greeks*, now feare,
Each breath of wind, the smallest noise I heare;
Alike both for my sonne and burthen dread.
I reach the gates, long wayes are vanquished,
When sound of trampling feet our ears invades,
My father spies them through the gloomy shades,
And cries aloud, O sonne, fly, they draw neer,
Their shining arms, and glittering shields appear.
Nor can I give account what God unkind
Trembling, amaz'd, did here distract my mind,
Whilst uncouth wayes I chooſe, left the known coast,
Ah, by sad fate I my *Creusa* lost,
Whether she dide, did stray, and tir'd gave ore
Her journey, but I saw her face no more;
Nor lookt behind, nor mist her till we come
To sacred seats, and antient *Ceres* tombe:
Here we all met, one onely thus bereav'd,
Who me, her father, and her sonne deceiv'd,
What God or man did not my frenzie call
In question, what worse chance, since *Iliums* fall?
My sonne, my father, and our Gods I did
Leave with my friends, and in a valley hid.
Troy I revisit, gird on shining arms
All dangers to renew, through all alarms
Ilium to search, again past danger trie.
The walls I first, then gloomy gates draw nigh;
Obscur'd with night, back, step by step I went
With wary pace, and eyes as vigilant.
Horror each where, nay silence strikes a feare.
Thence home, hoping by chance to find her there.
Through all the rooſes, the cruell *Greeks* I find,
And eating fire rowl'd to the tops with wind:

Then

Then flames aſcend, fire towreth in th'aire.
To *Priams* ſeats, and pallace I repaire.
There *Phœnix*, dyre *Ulyſſes*, guard the ſpoils
In *Juno's* temple and forſaken iſles.
From all parts hither *Dardan* treaſure came,
Sav'd from Gods tables, temples ſunk in flame:
Goblets of gold, rich robes in heaps are laid;
Youth, fearfull matrons, orderly array'd
Stand round about.
Bold, alſo I the ſtreets with clamour fill,
And call through ſhades, ingemmating ſtill
Agen in vain, agen *Creuſa*. Hear
To me in queſt, thus raging every where
Appears her ſhade, and ſad ſimilitude:
And her known form a larger ſhape indu'd.
Amaz'd, ſtruck dumb, erected was my hair.
When thus ſhe ſpake with words appeaſing care.
Why ſo much pleaſeth thee a task ſo vain?
O my dear Lord, ſince thus the Gods ordain,
Neither muſt thou tranſport me from theſe ſtrands;
The King of high *Olympus* countermands.
Thou ſhalt long exile plow vaſt ſeas, before
Heſperia's found, where through a fertile ſhore
The *Lydian Tybers* gentle waters glide.
Glad things wait there, a Realm, a royall Bride.
Spare for thy lov'd *Creuſa* tears; for I
Dolops proud ſeats, nor *Myrmidons* ſhall ſee,
Or go a ſlave to *Græcian* Dames commands,
Alli'd to *Dardan* and bleſt *Venus*.
The Gods great mother ſtaies me on theſe ſtrands.
Farewell and love our onely ſonne. Me then
Weeping and much prepar'd to ſpeak agen,
She left, in thin aire vaniſh'd; thrice I aſſaid
T'embrace her neck, three times the fleeting ſhade

In vaine I with extended armes aſſaile,
Which like a ſwift dream flies, or nimble gale.
Then I reviſit night thus ſpent my mates,
Where was huge troopes of new aſſociates,
Men, women, youth numbers admiring found,
And wofull vulgar to ſad exile bound,
From all parts met, ready with aide, and mind,
To ſaile what lands ſoever I deſign'd.
When the day ſtarre from high brow'd *Ida* riſe
Uſhering the morn, our gates the enemies
Kept with ſtrong guards: no hope left, I retire
And take the hills, bearing my aged ſire.

THE

THE THIRD BOOKE OF VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

The Argument.

TOrne mirtle bleeds; ſlain Polydor *complains,*
Not from a tree, blood flows, but from his veins.
His rites perform'd they leave the Thracian *ſh*
To Delos *ſoile,* Apollo *they implore.*
Phœbus *miſtook, they plant in* Creet: *from thence*
Admoniſh'd by a dream, and peſtilence
They launch again, a ſtorme at Sea. the ſeats
Of Ravenous Harpies. *dire* Celænos *threats.*
Helenus, Priams *ſonne, in* Epire *reignes*
*T'*Andromache *match'd, and* Trojans *entertaines.*
He ſhews what coaſt of Latium *they muſt ſteere.*
Ætna, *the* Cyclops, Polypheme *appeare.*
To ſad Dyrachium *next* Æneas *bends,*
Thence drove to Lybia, *where his ſtory ends.*

AFter the Gods had pleas'd the *Aſian* State
And *Priams* guiltleſſe line t'exterminate,
Proud *Ilium* falne, *Troy* ſmoking on the ground:
To ſtrange ſhores, divers exiles we are bound

By augtries of the Gods, and Ships provide
Neer to *Antandrous*, under *Phrygian Ide*,
Not knowing where to plant, what course to run;
We gather men: scarce was the Spring begun,
When to set sail to Fates, my sire commands.
Weeping I leave the Port, and native strands,
Fields where *Troy* was, exil'd am born through seas
With friends, my son, Lars and great Deities.
Far off the *Thracians* plow a warlike land
And vast, which once *Lycurgus* did command:
Troys antient friends, joyn'd with associat gods,
Whilst fortune smil'd: here I our first abodes
Brought by crosse fates, on winding shores did build:
Which I *Æneades* by my own name stil'd.
To my blest mother, and Gods favouring
Our enterprise, and to heavens mighty King,
Upon those shores a snowy bull I slew.
By chance a hill was nigh where Cornel grew,
Whose top rough mittle with thick prickles bore:
I went, and from the earth green branches tore,
That I with verdant bowes might th'altars dresse,
A prodigy no language can expresse
I saw: From the first plant which up I tore,
The roots being broke, drops gush'd of purple gore,
And stain'd the earth with blood: cold fear my knees
Did shake, my veins congeal'd with terror freese.
Again I pluck'd another tender bow,
That better I might hidden causes know,
And this rinde also a black blood did sweat.
Amaz'd I humbly rurall nymphs intreat,
And powerfull *Mars*, who rules the *Getick* field,
To blesse the signe, the Omen prosperous yeild.
On a third after my whole strength I tore,
And with my knees on th'earth did strugling lie.

Shall

Shall I be dumb or ſpeak? a grone I heare
Sound from beneath, and theſe words piere'd my eare.
Why tear'ſt thou me *Æneas*? ſpare the dead;
Prophane not pious hands: *Troy* hath not bred
Me ſtrange to thee; from no root flows this gore.
Fly cruell coaſts, ah fly this treacherous ſhore.
I'm *Polydore*, this iron crop of ſpears
Hides me here ſlaine, and cruell javelins bears.
Then was my mind perplex'd with doubtfull fear,
Amaz'd ſtruck dumb, erected was my haire.
This *Polydorus* with vaſt ſummes of gold
Unhappy *Priam* ſecretly of old
Sent to the King of *Thrace*: but when he found
Trojan arms fail, and *Troy* beleaguer'd round,
The *Dardan* fortune, and her power declin'd,
With conquering arms, and *Agamemnon* joyn'd.
Breaks laws, kills him, and wealth with blood did gain.
Dire thirſt of gold, what doſt not thou conſtrain
In mortall breaſts! When leſſened was my fear,
I to my father, and prime men declare
The prodigy, and their adviſes crave.
All vote as one, thoſe impious ſhores to leave,
And with full ſails from tainted friendſhip fly.
We *Polydore* interre, his monument high
With earth erect, to Ghoſts ſad altars plac'd
With mourning garlands and black Cypreſſe grac'd.
Round *Ilium* dames with flowing treſſes ſtood:
Cups flowing with warm milk, and ſacred blood
We as the cuſtome offer, and we lay
The ſoule intomb, then lowd, laſt rites we pay.
Whence, when we firſt might truſt the ſea again,
Soft *Southern* breezes calling to the main,
The waves appeas'd, we launch, and fill the ſtrands,
The Port forſake, Cities retreit and lands.

A ſacred Iſle is plac'd amidſt the ſeas
Pleaſing the mother of *Neriades*
And the *Ægæan Neptune* moſt; this land,
The heavenly Archer wandring to each ſtrand,
With lofty *Mycon* then and *Gyaros* binds,
Made firme to dwell in, and contemne the winds.
Here landing, a ſafe Port, and pleaſant ſhore
W'injoy'd, *Apollo's* Citie we adore.
King *Anias*, *Phœbus* prieſt, and King of men
Crown'd with bleſt wreathes, and Laurell met us then,
And ſtreight his antient friend *Anchiſes* knew.
We joyne right hands, and to the Pallace drew.
In his old temple *Phœbus* I implore.
He would ſafe dwellings to the tirde reſtore;
A ſtock, a laſting City grant unto
The poore remains of *Troy*: all that the foe
And fierce *Achilles* rage hath ſparde: what way,
Now muſt we ſeek? whom follow? or where lay
The next foundations? *Father* now impart
One bleſſed Omen, and revive our heart.
Scarce ſaid, when ſuddenly the temple ſhakes,
Apollo's Laurell, the whole mountain quakes;
Within the Tripos rung: proſtrate to ground
We fall, when to our ears approch'd this ſound.
That land, bold *Dardans*, did your ſires maintaine,
The ſame with joy ſhall cheriſh you again:
Seek your old mother; there the *Trojans* ſhall
For endleſſe generations governe all.
Thus *Phœbus*, then with joy, they all demand,
And noiſe confus'd, where was that happy land,
Apollo to the wanderers had deſign'd.
My father then, calling old things to mind,
O Peeres (he ſaid) your hopes now underſtand;
Crete plac'd amid'ſt the Sea, is great *Jove's* land;

Mount

Mount *Ida* there, from thence we ſprung; this Iſle
A hundred Cities hath, a moſt rich ſoyle;
Hence our great ſire, (hath not my memory faild)
Firſt *Teucrus* to the *Rhetian* Kingdoms ſaild,
And ſought a Realme; *Ilium* as yet unbuilt,
And *Pergam* towers, they in low valleys dwelt.
Hence *Cybele*, the *Choribants*, the hill
Ida; with ſilence at the altars ſtill.
The Goddeſſe Chariot with joyn'd Lyons drawne.
Therefore where heaven Commands, let us goe on,
Appeaſe the winds, for *Gnoſſian* Kingdomes ſteere,
Nor long's the courſe, if ſo pleaſe *Jupiter*,
Our ſhips in three dayes may reach *Creete*. This ſaid
He deſerv'd honours on the altars payd:
A bull to *Neptune*, ſuch was *Phœbus* right
To ſtorms a black ſheep, to faire winds a white.
Fame flyes that driven from his fathers ſeat,
Idomeneus left deſerted *Creet*,
Lands and Courts, vacant of an enemy.
We leave *Ortygian* Ports, through Seas we fly,
And green *Donyſa*, *Naxus* viny head,
Olearus, and white *Parus*, *Cyclads* ſpread
Through ſeas, and floods, thick ſet with Iles we ſteer'd.
The Saylers raiſe their cry, and their Mates cheer'd.
Now let's to *Creet*, our Granſires countrey ſayle;
When at our ſterne attends a riſing gale,
And then to th'ancient *Curets* ſhores we run.
The wiſh'd for Cities, walls I there begun;
Stil'de *Pergamus*; our men pleas'd with the name,
I call to ſerve the gods, and high towres frame.
And now our Fleet was drawn high on the ſands,
While in the chooſing of new wives, and lands
Our young men were employd, to whom I ſoon
Gave lawes, and ſeverall habitation.

When on the ſudden a moſt ſad diſeaſe,
By heavens corrupted influence did ſeize
The trees, and corne, 'twas a deſtructive yeare.
They die, or at the beſt, faint bodies beare;
Hot *Syrius* ſcotcheth then the barren fields;
The graſſe is burnt, nor food the parch'd earth yeilds;
To th'Oracle my father then would have
Us goe, and put to Sea, there pardon crave:
What end our toyles ſhould have, where his command
Bids them, they ſhould addreſſe, for what courſe ſtand.
'Twas night, when ſleep profound did mortalls ſeize,
Gods ſacred formes, and *Phrygian* deities
Which I from *Troy*, and through the burning towne
Had brought, appear'd before me then laid down
To take my reſt, cleer by much light diſplai'd,
Which through the windows the full Moon convaid.
Then thus they ſpake, with theſe did eaſe my care.
What *Phœbus* at *Ortygia* would declare,
Lo! here he ſings, and us to thee did ſend.
We through *Troys* flame, did thee, thy arms attend,
We in ſhips meaſur'd the rough ſeas with thee:
And to the ſtars ſhall raiſe thy Progenie;
And give thy city rule; great walls prepare
For greater things; long flight, nor labour ſpare:
Change ſeats, *Apollo* not advis'd theſe lands,
Nor thee to plant in *Crete* the God commands.
There is a place the *Greeks Heſperia* ſtile,
Ænotrians till, a rich and potent ſoile,
An antient land, poſterity, (they fame,)
Since cal'd it *Italie*, from their Captains name:
Theſe are our proper ſeats, hence *Dardan* firſt,
Old *Jaſius* ſprung this place our grandſires nurſt.
Riſe, let thy aged father underſtand
Theſe truths, *Corytus* ſeek, *Auſonia's* ſtrand:

For

For *Jove Dictean* fields denyes to thee.
Such visions, speaking Gods astonish me,
Nor was it sleep, their visages I knew,
Their vailed haires, and present faces view.
Cold sweat then flows through all my limbs, I rise,
My hands, and voyce, extending to the skies,
And did due offerings pay; which done to old
Anchises every circumstance I told.
He knows the double stock, the doubtfull race,
Sees his new error of the antient place.
Then said, Dear son, busied in *Troys* affaire,
Cassandra only did such fates declare,
Now I recall, these Kingdomes she foretold
Due to our race, and oft *Hesperia* would,
Oft *Italie* name, but who could understand,
Trojans must come to the *Ausonian* strand?
Or whom could then divine *Cassandra* move?
Phœbus obey, best things advis'd, approve.
This said, all glad performe what was injoyn'd.
This seat we leave, a few being left behind,
Set saile, in hollow keeles through vast Seas bore.
After we took the main, nor any more
Countreys appeare; every where sea, and skies;
With night and tempest big a clowd did rise:
The water horrid with the darknesse growes;
Winds rowle huge waves, and mighty seas arose.
We through vast gulphs are tost, stormes hide the day,
And heaven is to the humid night a prey:
Flames breaking often from the gaping clowds.
Drove from our course, we wander through dark floods:
Nor *Palinurus* knows in such a skie
Or day, or night, or what course now to ply;
Three dayes uncertain, with blind mists we erre,
As many nights wander without a star.

The

The fourth day we did rising land behold,
And far-off hills, which wandring clouds infold.
Sailes struck, with ores the lusty Sea-men sweep
The foaming waves, and brush the azure deep.
Escap'd the floods, first me the *Strophades*
Receiv'd, Isles mid'st the great *Ionean* Seas
Greeks call the *Strophades*, which *Celæno* tooke,
And other Harpies, after they forsooke
Phineas bar'd gates, and former boards through feare.
No monsters are like these, nor more severe,
A plague, or wrath of God, ere rose from *Styx*;
The foule are Virgin-fac'd, a loathsome flix
Works on them full, hook'd clawes, and alwaies pale
With hunger vex'd.
This having reach'd, we for the harbor stand,
When we beheld fat heards about the strand,
And shaggie goats, no heardsman, on we fall
Streight with our swords, the Gods, and *Jove* we call
To share the prey: then tables we prepare
On winding shores, and highly feasted were.
When from the hills, did dreadfull Harpies rise,
And swift they shake their wings, with hideous cries;
Our meat they seize, and with foule tallons rend,
And with a putrid breath dire skreeches send.
Far more with-drawne, under Arch'd rocks shut in,
With trees, and with a horrid shade, agen
Tables we spread, Altars with fire supplide.
Agen from lurking holes, on th'other side,
Loud troops with pounc'd feet, round our dishes swarm,
And spoyle our meat. then, that my friends should arme
I gave command, and fight with that dire race.
They did as I requir'd, and in the grasse
They leave their swords, and hide their glittering shields,
That when they sounding flew through ample fields;

Misenus

Miſenus with his trumpet might a ſigne
Give from a hill: they charge, ſtrange battels joyn,
And horrid ſea-fowle with their ſteele attempt,
But no ſtroke hurts their plumes, their backs exempt
From wounds, they with ſwift flight to heaven are born
And with fowle prints forſake their prey halfe torne.
Celæno pearch'd alone on a high rock,
Unhappy Propheteſſe, thus ſilence broke.
For ſlaughter'd cattell, and ſlaine bullocks, are
Theſe fights, O *Trojans?* or prepare ye war
Us innocent Harpies from our realms t'expell?
If ſo, hear this, theſe words remember well;
What *Jove* *Apollo*, *Phœbus* me forctold,
I greateſt of the furies now unfold.
Your queſt is *Italy*, *Italy* you ſhall ſayle,
Enter her Ports, with the implored gale.
But ere you ſhall ſurround your town with walls
Dire famine for our unjuſt funeralls
Shall make you eat your trenchers: theſe ſhe ſaid,
And to the woods ſhe flyes on wings diſplaid.
Then ſudden feare doth my companions ſeize,
Cold blood benumbs, their courage falls, not peace
Seek they with arms now, but with vows and praier,
Whether they Goddeſſes or fowle birds are.
But from the ſhore my ſire extends his hands,
Great powers implores, and ſacred rites commands.
You gods forbid theſe threats, you Deities
Avert ſuch chance; to ſave the pious pleaſe.
And order gave to looſe our cables then,
And cleare our trembling anchorage agen.
Pregnant our ſayles, we fly through ſomie ſeas,
What courſe the South winds, and our maſter pleaſe.
Woody *Zacynthus* now from ſea aroſe,
Dulichium, *Same*, high clift *Neritos*,

Ithacus

Ithacus rocks, *Laertian* realms we fled,
And curse the shore cruell *Ulysses* bred.
Leucates cloud-crown'd mountaines next arise,
And *Phœbus* which the Sayler terrifies.
Here tir'd we came, to the small Citie hast,
Our ships possesse the shores, and anchors cast,
Then we unhop'd-for land at length injoy,
We purge to *Jove*, Altars with vowes employ,
And *Troys* games celebrate on th' *Actian* soyle.
Naked my friends wrestle in flowing oyle.
To scape so many *Grecian* Cities we
Rejoyce, and thus to have steer'd through th'enemy.
Mean while the Sun had his great circle run,
And North winds vext the Seas, Winter begun.
A brazen shield which *Abas* wore I fix
Upon a pillar, and this verse annex.
These armes from conquering Greeks Æneas *bore.*
I bid them quit the Port, fit to their ore,
Striving they cuffe the billowes, brush the tide.
Pheacus airie turrets soon we hide.
By *Epire*, to *Chaonian* Harbours bend,
Buthrotus lofty Citie we ascend.
Here fame incredible did my eares invade,
That *Helenus Priamus* sonne in *Epire* swaide,
By *Pyrrhus* wife those realmes he did obtain:
Andromache match'd in her own stock again.
Amaz'd, my bosome burns, with strong desire
To see the man, and the strange chance inquire.
I doe forsake the Navy, shores, and bay.
Andromache, then solemne rites did pay
To *Hectors* dust; with gifts his ghost implores
Within a Grove nigh to false *Simois* shores;
Before the citie, made of sods she reares
Two altars at his tombe; her cause of tears.

Seeing

Seeing me advance; when *Trojan* arms she spide,
Distracted, and with wonder terrifide;
Her limbs grew stiffe; heat flyes, she sounding falls;
And scarce at last thus she her speech recalls.
This a true face? com'st thou thy selfe to me?
O Goddesse sonne, liv'st thou? if dead thou be,
Where's *Hector*? at these words she wept; her cry
Fills all the place; to her distempers, I
In briefe with saluring voyce short answers give.
Through all extreames escap'd behold; I live;
Doubt not, for truth you see.
What chance attends thee left of such a Lord,
Can any worthy fate one smile afford?
Is *Hectors* wife turn'd into *Pyrrhus* bride?
With lookes dejected softly she replide.
O happiest virgin of King *Priam's* race,
Who on the enemies tombe, and in the face
Of *Troy*, didst suffer death, by no chance led
Captive to touch a conquering masters bed.
We from our countries flames through all Seas borne,
Felt the proud youth *Achilles* off-springs scorne,
Both slaves: who after with *Hermione* falls
In love, and *Lacedemon* nuptialls.
And me his slave to his slave *Helenus* joyn'd.
But him *Orestes*, raging in his mind,
Inflam'd with love of 's lost bride did pursue,
Surpris'd, and at his fathers altars slue.
Thus *Pyrrhus* dead, part of his Kingdome yields
To *Helenus*, who stil'd these *Chaon* fields,
From *Trojan Chaon*, all *Chaonia* nam'd,
And *Ilian* towers hath on these risings fram'd.
What wind? what fate transports thee to this land?
What God thee ignorant brought to touch our strand?

Lives

Lives young *Aſcanius*? draws he vitall aire?
Whom *Troy* to thee.
Of his loſt Country hath he any care?
How doth his fathers, or his uncles name
Hector, his ſoule to manly acts inflame?
This ſhe ſaid weeping, and ſpent flouds in vaine.
When from the City with a ſtately traine
The Hero *Helenus*, *Priams* ſon appears.
He knows his own, and to his Pallace ſteers
Our courſe with joy; while his wet eyes afford
A liberall teare to wait upon each word.
Now I acknowledge little *Troy*, and ſmall
Pergamus like the great one; and did call
The river by the name of *Xanthus* wave,
And to the *Scean* gate imbraces gave.
In their aſſociate City *Trojans* reſt.
The King receives at ample ports his gueſt:
Amidſt large halls *Bacchus* in bowles they taſte,
Cups they preſent, in gold our banquets plac'd.
One day ſucceeds another, gentle gales
Invite to ſea, ſoft *Auſter* ſwells our ſails.
When I the Prophet move, this ſute prefer.
O *Trojan* born, the Gods interpreter,
Thou *Phœbus*, tripods, laurell, thou the ſtars,
Birds language knowſt, ſwift wings thy augurers:
Declare (our courſe all Oracles have ſaid
Shall proſperous be, this heavenly powers perſwade
Latium to ſeek, attempt prepared ſeats:
Onely *Seleno* ſings, now dreadfull threats,
Dire rage, ſad hunger) how we ſhall eſchew
Dangers ſo neer, and toyles ſo great ſubdue.
Here with ſlain ſteeres, *Helenus* as the guiſe
Implores the Gods, from ſacred browes unties

His

His wreath, and by the hand, O *Phœbus*, me
Leads to thy floores, ſtruck with thy Deitie:
From lips inſpir'd the prieſt then propheſies.
O Goddeſſe ſon (for thou muſt ſail through ſeas,
This doe the greater auguries deſigne,
And King of Gods, that doth all fates injoyne
By a fix'd law) from much take briefly, theſe;
Safer to ſearch more hoſpitable ſeas.
From *Helenus* knowledge fate the reſt hath hid,
Saturnian Juno hath my tongue forbid.
Firſt, *Italy* which thou conceiv'ſt is neer,
And fond prepar'ſt thoſe neighbouring coaſts to ſteer,
Long wayes unknown divide, far diſtant ſhores;
In the *Cicilian* waves firſt try thy oars,
Auſonia's briny flood; thy Fleet muſt goe
By *Circes* Iſle, and cut thoſe Seas below,
Before ſafe lands to plant in thou ſhalt find;
And this the Omen, fix it in thy mind.
When at an obſcure ſtream ſolicitous thou
Under wilde okes, ſhalt find a mighty ſow,
Pregnant, her farrow thirty, laid to reſt:
A white ſow, a white iſſue at her breaſt:
There ends thy toyle, thy City there erect.
Nor let thy eating trenchers thee deject:
Fate ſhall find means, *Phœbus* implor'd will aid.
But theſe coaſts, theſe adjacent ſhores evade,
This *Italy* fly-waſh'd with our ſwelling tide,
For in thoſe Cities wicked *Greeks* reſide,
Naritius here hath *Locrian* walls prepar'd,
Idomeneus his arm'd ſquadrons guard
Salentine fields: there *Melibæus*, ſmall
Petilia joyn'd to *Philoctetes* wall.
But when they ſhips tranſported reach the bay,
And there arriv'd, vowes you on Altars pay,

With

With purple vailes, your cover'd haire attire:
Least in heavens honours, midst the sacred fire,
Some hostile face, seen, should disturbe the signe.
This pious use impose, on thee, and thine;
In this thy chaste posterity instruct.
But when to *Cicilies* shores faire winds conduct,
Opening *Pelorus* narrow straights, then fly
The star-board seas, and strands: long courses ply
Through lar-board deeps, shave thou the left hand shore.
Those coasts (they say) by a vast ruine tore,
(*Such change workes length of time*) asunder start,
And countries which before conjoyn'd now part:
With violent waves *Pontus Hesperia* forc'd
From *Cicilie*; Cities, and Towns divorc'd
Shores, interwash since with a narrow tide.
Scylla the right, *Charybdis* the left side
Inexorable guards: Thrice she doth drink
Vast floods, which down to hels darke bottom sinke,
Then belch'd again, lasheth the skie with waves.
But *Scylla* keeps her den, and lurking caves;
Ingaging ships in rockie mouthes that gape,
A female with faire breasts, a virgins shape
She is above the waste; beneath a Whale,
And to her wolvish wombe, a *Dolphins* taile.
Better for thee to seek *Pachynas* strand,
And with long fleerage to *Cicilia* stand,
Then once fierce *Scylla* in vast caves descry,
Or Rocks resounding with her blew dogs cry.
Besides, if *Helenus* any prudence hath,
Phœbus with truth inspire, if any faith,
One speciall charge I presse. O Goddesse sonne
Again, again, repeat, it must be done.
Great *Juno* move with prayers, and her adore:
The powerfull Goddesse with free vowes implore,

With

With humble gifts ſubdue: victor at laſt
Then ſteere *Italian* ſhores, *Sicilia* paſt.
When thou haſt reach'd to *Cuma*, and haſt found
Lakes ſacred, heard in woods *Avernus* ſound;
In a deep rock the Propheteſſe doth ſit
Foretelling Fates, and doth to leaves commit
The characters, and names; what verſe ſhe puts
In thoſe ſhe counts, and in her cavern ſhuts:
Firme they remaine, and keep their place deſign'd;
Which, the dore opening, then a whisking wind
Diſorders, and the thin leaves doth diſpierce.
She not collects againe the ſcatter'd verſe,
Or cares to joyn, or place; not hearing fate
They vext depart, and *Sybils* manſions hate.
But let not ſuch delayes diſturbe thy mind,
Though thy friends call to Sea, and a faire wind
Invites with ſwelling ſailes, yet firſt repaire
To her, and Oracles beſeech with prayer.
Oh let her as ſhe pleaſe our fate declare,
She ſhall to thee, *Italy*, future war,
Thoſe labours how to beare, or wave, diſplay:
And honour'd ſhe ſhall grant a proſperous way.
Theſe are the things, nor more may I adviſe;
Goe, raiſe great *Troy* by valour of the skies.
After theſe hopefull words the Prophet ſaid,
By his commands they to the Fleet convei'd
Ivorie, and gold, and with a mighty maſſe
Of ſilver load our keels, and *Dodon* braſſe.
A coat of maile with gold moſt richly wrought,
A ſtately helme with flowing plumes they brought,
And *Pyrrhus* arms, my fathers gifts, who then
Recrutes the oars, and armeth all our men
And horſe and riders adds.

In the mean time *Anchiſes* bad prepare
Our Fleet for Sea againſt the wind blew faire.
Whom *Phœbus* Prophet with much honour calls,
Anchiſes grac'd with *Venus* nuptialls,
Twice ſav'd from ruin'd *Troy*; th'art heavens care now,
See thy own *Italie*, and poſſeſſe it too,
But thou muſt ſteer much wide of this; behold!
Where thoſe parts are, *Apollo* did unfold,
Bleſt with a pious ſon, farewell, I ſtay
Too long, and comming winds with talke delay.
No leſſe *Andromache* ſad, departing brought
Veſts hid in gold, with rich imbroyderie wrought.
T' *Aſcanius* (worthy him) a *Phrygian* cloake,
And loading him with wealthy gifts thus ſpoke.
Take theſe remembrances my own hand wove,
The witneſſe of *Andromache's* long love.
Keep theſe laſt laſt gifts of thine: to me, O thou
Sole Image left, of my *Aſtyanax* now:
Such eyes, ſuch hands, thy face the ſame appears,
Who now had been with thee of equall years.
Then with abortive tears, I thus at laſt;
Live happy you, your miſeries are paſt.
Us fate from fate commands, you reſt obtaine,
Nor muſt you plow vaſt billowes of the maine,
Or ſeek ſtill flying ſhores of *Italy*.
Xanthus effiges, *Pergamus* you ſee,
Which your ſelves built, a better fate have theſe
I wiſh and not ſo obvious unto *Greece*.
If ere I enter *Tyber*, fields adjoyn'd
To *Tyber* view and wals to us deſign'd:
Then ſeats allide, nations one blood with us,
Having one fate, one father *Dardanus*,
Latium and *Epire* both one *Troy* ſhall be,
And to our ſonnes we ſhall theſe lawes decree.

From

From thence by neighbouring *Ceraunia* we
By sea short courses steere to *Italy*.
Mean while Sun set, dark mountains shades invest:
Wee neere the Sea on earths lov'd bosome rest,
Our oars being ship'd, dispierc'd along the shores
Repos'd, deep sleep our wearied limbs restores.
Night drove by th'houres scarce reach'd the middle skies,
When carefull *Palinurus* did arise,
Explores all gales, the winds tries with his eares:
And notes each starre which glide in silent sphears,
He the wet Kids, *Arcturus* did behold
The *Triones* and *Orion* arm'd with gold.
After he saw serene, and setled skies,
He from his sterne the signall gave; we rise,
Our course we stand, and our furld cnuvasse spread.
Blushing *Aurora* rose, the stars now fled.
When obscure hills from farre, low *Italy* we
Descry: *Achates* first cryes *Italy*,
With a glad shout, *Italy* haile out men.
A Goblet crown'd, my sire *Anchises* then
Fills with rich wine, and calls the Deities,
Plac'd on the lofty sterne.
Lords of the tempests, Gods of earth and seas,
Propitious breath, blesse with faire winds the way.
The wish'd gale rose: then opens straight the bay,
The Temple, and *Minerva's* towers appeare,
My mates strike sayle, their prowes to shore they steer.
Bow-bent the Port lay to the Easterne flood,
Dash'd with the brine, high cliffes opposing stood
'Mongst towring Rocks, this douhle guarded lyes
In bayes obscure, from shore the temple flies.
Here our first signe, foure horses I beheld
Grasing about, whose whitenesse snow exceld.

My ſire, then ſaid, faire ſoyle, thou war doſt beare,
Theſe are for battell, horſes threaten war,
But yet in Chariots they accuſtom'd joyne,
With curbing reins of peace a hopefull ſigne.
And here we armed *Pallas* did implore,
Who firſt receiv'd us joyfull on this ſhore.
In *Phrygian* vailes we at the Altars ſtand
Of *Argive Juno*; *Helenus* command
With care performe, and her due honours pay.
Our vowes in order finiſh'd, no delay
But to hal'd bowlings, yards and canvaſſe yeelds.
Greeke ſeats we fly, and leave ſuſpected fields.
Herculian Tarents bay, if fame be true,
We ſaw, oppos'd divine *Isacida* view.
Cauloni towres, wrack *Scylacæum* roſe,
Then farre from ſea, *Sicilian Ætna* ſhews:
Huge groning of the wave, beat rocks from farre
We heare: and broken thunderings at the bar.
Sholes rage, the ſands with billows mix: at this
Anchiſes ſaid, here ſure *Charybdis* is,
Thoſe Rocks ſung *Helenus*, and horrid ſhores.
Haſte, helme alee, and ſtoutly ply your oars.
They doe as bid, firſt *Palinurus* ſtood
Steering his prow unto the lar-board flood.
With winds and ores that courſe the whole Fleet lay,
Heaven we advance to in the crooked bay,
Then ſinke to hell with a deſcending wave.
Three groans the cliffes, and rocky caverns gave,
Thrice breaking ſome, we ſaw the Planets wet.
We weary, whilſt the winds with *Phœbus* ſet,
By unknown ſhores of the *Cyclopium* glide.
The Port within was ſafe from ſtorms, and wide.
But *Ætna* with ſtorme ruins thunders neere,
Black clouds he throws oft through the Hemiſphere.

Smoke

Smoke, blazing ſparks, in pitchy whirle-winds riſe,
And globes of flame exalted kiſſe the skies.
Oft rocks, torne bowels of the mountaine vent,
And liquid ſtones beleht to the firmament
Break thick with groues, heats from the deep aſpire.
Fame is *Enceladus* halfe burnt with fire
This hill depreſt, above huge *Ætna* laid,
Theſe flames he breaths, through tunnells broke conveid,
And when he weary turns, all *Sicille*
With murmure ſhakes, and ſmoke involves the sky.

That night woods ſhelter'd us; huge monſters there
We heard, nor cauſes of thoſe ſounds appeare.
For no ſtar ſhone, nor were the Poles alowd
Ætheriall light, all heaven was in a clowd,
The Moon in nights tempeſtious vapors hid.
Auroa from the Eaſt now riſing, did
Remove moiſt ſhadowes, and the day began.
When from the woods a ſtrange and unknown man
Sudden appear'd; pinde, ſpent, wretchedly poor,
Raiſing his hands came ſuppliant to the ſhore.
We view him direly fowle, o're-grown his beard:
His coat thornes pin'd, the reſt a *Greeke* appear'd,
Who native armes againſt *Troy* had borne. When he
The *Trojan* habits, and our armes did ſee
Something affrighted at the firſt he ſtaid,
And fix'd remaind, then to the ſhore he made
With teares and prayers. Now by the ſtars I pray,
And by the Gods, by heavens life-breathing day,
O *Trojans* take, beare me to any ſtrand,
I know my ſelfe one of the *Grecian* band,
Let this ſuffice, and fought *Troys* Gods by warre.
For which, if ſo great our offences are,
Strew me amongſt the waves, drown'd in vaſt ſeas,
If by mens hands I fall, my death ſhall pleaſe.

Upon his knees he then imbracing hung
On mine: to tell his name, from what race sprung,
And to declare his fortunes we demand,
As a firme pledge to save his life, his hand
Me fire *Anchises* freely gave the man;
Who shaking feare of thus at length began.
From *Ithaca*, *Achemenides* my name;
Hapleſſe *Ulisses* friend, to *Troy* I came
With my poore sire: Ah had my fate fix'd there.
But my companions struck with horrid feare
In the black *Cyclops* den, forsooke their mate,
And fled the dire abode; the monsters seat
A vast, and mighty Cave, within all o're
Was darkned with corrupted food and gore,
And he so tall his head might knock the skies,
From earth you Gods avert such plagues as these.
His visage stern, a churlish voyee; his food
Bowels of wretched men, and putrid blood.
I saw his huge hand seize two of our men,
He lying on his back stretch'd midst his den,
And broke on rocks; filth drown'd the sprinkled flore;
I saw him eat limbs flowing with black gore,
The warme flesh trembling in his teeth. But thus
Ulysses takes it not, of *Ithacus*
Forgetfull, did, dangers so great decline.
But when full gorg'd he lay buried in wine,
His neck awry, stretch'd in his spacious den,
Gobets with bloody wine, mix'd gore agen
Belching in sleep; we the great Gods implore,
And took our chance, surrounding him, we bore
With a sharp lance his eye, which mighty did
Lie single, in his frowning forehead hid.
Like *Phœbus* lampe; or an *Argolick* shield:
So glad revenge to our friends shade we yeeld.

But

But fly, O wretches fly these dangerous coasts,
Your cables cut.
Like *Polypheme*, who in his Cave doth keep
The woollie flocks, and milks th'imprisond sheep,
A hundred cruell *Cyclops* wander more
These lofty hills, and haunt this winding shore.
Thrice *Phœbe's* horns their light repleni shed,
Whilst I my life in wild beasts desarts led
In dens and caves, vast *Cyclops* view'd from high
Trembling to heare their sounding feet, and cry:
Shrubs, berries was my wretched food, the fruit
Of stony cornell. and the herbs torne root.
Surveying round, I saw you first arrive
Resolv'd who e're you were, my selfe to give
Your prisoner; 'tis enough their rage to fly,
And if by men no matter how I die.
Scarce said, when we discover from above
Amongst his flocks, where *Polypheme* did move
Like to a walking hill, known shores to find,
A horrid monster, huge, deform'd, and blind.
To ease his steps a mighty Pine he bore
In his right hand: his fleecy sheep before,
His pipe, his comfort, and the only check
To rising sorrow, hung about his neck.
After he touch'd the deeps, and reach'd the flood,
From his lost eyes, he wash'd the flowing blood;
Groning he grindes his teeth, stalkes through the tides,
Whilst the deep waves scarce touch his lofty sides.
We trembling fly; aboard the suppliant put,
So meriting, and silent, cables cut,
And brush with striving o're the deeps profound.
He hears and turns unto our voices sound.

But when no power was given to use his force,
Nor could *Ionian* billowes match in course;
He rais'd a huge cry, *Pontus*, all the sea
Trembles, it shakes far frighted *Italy*.
Ætna aloud from winding cavernes rores:
But the *Cyclopian* race rush to the shores,
And call'd from woods and mountains, fill the strand.
We saw in vaine the *Ætnean* brothers stand
With a sowre look, high heads to heaven they beare,
A horrid councell, ayrie oaks so rear
Their lofty tops, or spiry Cypresse stood,
Such as *Diana's* grove, or *Joves* high wood.
Drove with sharp feare cables in hast we clear,
And with hoist sailes and prosperous winds did steer,
But nigh deaths jawes *Helenus* shew'd a way
Which betwixt *Scylla* and *Charybdis* lay,
That course we stood, with turn'd sailes this pursue.
When from *Pelorus* straits the North wind blew;
Pantagias mouth's of living stone I cleer
Megaras bayes I passe, by *Tapsus* steere.
Hapless *Ulysses* friend *Ach'menides*,
Nam'd all these coasts remeasuring back those seas.
In the *Sicanian* bay stretch'd, lyes an Ile
'Gainst rough *Plemmyrium*, which our grandsires stile
Ortygia: *Alpheus* here they fame
Under the sea by obscure channels came:
Now, *Arethusa* mingling with thy wave.
To th'Isles great gods we rites commanded gave,
Fennie *Elorus* fertile fields we left,
And shave *Pachinus* high cliff rocky coast:
Camerina ever fix'd by fates commands
Farre-off appears, and the *Geloian* strands,
And mighty *Gela* stild so from the flood.
Far off high *Agragas* strong bulworks shew'd,

Which

Which once bred generous horſe; with proſperous wind
Palmie *Selinis* thee I left behind:
By *Lilybeis* rocks, and ſholes I bore;
To *Drepanum* thence, on that unhappy ſhore
I landed, where with many tempeſts toſt,
Anchiſes th'eaſe of all my cares I loſt.
There my dear father wearie, me forſooke,
Alas in vain from ſo great dangers tooke.
Not *Helenus*, who ſuch horrors did unfold
This laſſe declar'd, nor dire *Celæno* told;
Here was his travells bounds, this his laſt toyle.
From whence, the Gods did guide me to your ſoyl.
Æneas having to their liſtning eare
Told theſe ſad fortunes, clos'd his ſtorie here.

THE

THE FOURTH BOOK OF VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

The Argument.

Dido complaines; her ſiſter gives adviſe
To cheriſh love, and offer ſacrifice
To favouring Gods. Juno *craves peace; her ends*
Venus *perceives, and ſmiling condeſcends.*
Æneas, *and the Queen to hunt prepare.*
A tempeſt. Juno *thunders through the ayre.*
To one cave Dido *and the* Trojan *came.*
Stolne love through Lybia *ſpread by impious fame.*
Jarbas *vext his father* Jove *implores.*
Hermes *commands* Æneas *from thoſe ſhores.*
Eliza *on the* Trojan *ſword expires,*
Quenching loues flame in her own ſwer all fires.

But long ſince *Dido* ſtruck with great deſire,
Feeds a ſad wound, and waſtes in hidden fire.
His valour, his high birth run in her mind:
His face, and language, deep impreſſion find,

Nor

Nor doth her care grant rest. Soon as the morn
Did with *Phebean* flames the world adorne;
And from high heaven dismiss'd the gloomie shade,
To her lov'd sister thus, she troubled, said.
Dear *Anne*, what dreams disturb'd my troubled mind?
What stranger's this our Court hath entertain'd?
What noble looks? how valiant? arm'd? sure he
(Nor vain's the faith) sprung from some Deitie.
Feare shews degenerate minds. Ah by what fates
Hath he been tost, what fierce wars he relates?
Were I not full resolv'd, fix'd in my mind,
No more in wedlock bonds to be conjoyn'd,
Since my first love by death deceived me:
Could I with maeriage, and those rites agree;
I might perchance give place to this one crime.
For (I confesse) since poore *Sychæus* time,
By fratricide our Gods dispierc'd; I find
This only bends my thoughts, and wavering mind,
I feele some Kindlings now of former love.
But first earth swallow me, or mighty *Jove*
Shall to the shades with dreadfull thunder smite,
Pale shades of *Erebus* and deepest night,
Ere shame I violate thee, or wrong thy rites,
Who was my first love took all loves delights
With him to's grave, there let him keep it still.
This said, a flood of tears her bosome fill.

More dear to me then day, shall grief thy flowre
Of youth (said *Anne*) and solitude devoure?
Children unknown, and *Venus* sweet reward?
Hath dust a sense, or soules entomb'd regard?
Grant, though no *Lybian* could your love obtain,
Though you at *Tyre Jarbas* did disdain,
Though glorious men of *Africk* could not move,
Will you declare hostilitie to love.

Hast

Haſt thou forgot whoſe fields thou plantſt? here are
Getulian ſeats, Nations untam'd by war;
Numidians fierce, inhoſpitable ſands,
Wild *Barceans*: there, vaſt drowth deſerted ſtrands.
What ſhall I ſay of warre from *Tyre* may riſe
Thy brother threats?
Sure proſperous *Juno*, favouring Deities,
Here with a ſtorme the *Trojan* Navy caſt;
What City mayſt thou ſee, what Kingdoms vaſt
By ſuch a Marriage, by the power of *Troy*
What glories may the *Punick* realms injoy.
Firſt to the Gods with ſacrifices pray,
And then thy gueſt with courteſie delay,
Whilſt Winter and *Orion* vex the ſea;
His Navie craz'd, and skies tempeſtuous be.
Thus ſhe with love did her pierc'd ſoule inflame,
Gave hopes to wavering thoughts, and baniſh'd ſhame.
Firſt in the temples, at the Altars, they
Implore; and choice ſheep as the cuſtome ſlay.
To *Ceres*, *Phœbus*, *Bacchus*; before all
To *Juno*, miſtris of rites conjugall.
Holding a cup, moſt beauteous *Dido* now
Betwix the hornes powres of a ſnowie cow:
Or walkes before the Gods, and th'altars plyes
Whole dayes with gifts, inſpects the ſacrifice,
Beaſts panting bowels hot conſulted are.
Ah ignorant Prieſts, what availes temples, pray'r,
To eaſe th'intrag'd! whilſt ſoft fire waſts her veins,
And in her breaſt, a ſilent wound remaines.
Unhappy *Dido* burnes, and furious roves
Through the whole towne, as in the *Cretan* groves
Th'incautelous hinde, by an arm'd ſhepheard ſhot:
He leaves the winged ſteele, and knowes it not.

She through *Dictean* woods, and forreſt flyes,
Whilſt in her ſide the deadly arrow lies.
Now with *Æneas* to the walls ſhe walkes,
Boaſts *Tyrian* wealth, of her new kingdome talkes,
Begins to ſpeake, and ſtops words halfe expreſt:
And day declining ſhe prepares to feaſt.
The *Trojan* war ſhe longs to heare once more:
And on the tellers lips, hangs as before.
And when departed *Phœbus* paler light
Hath day ſubdu'd, reſt ſetting ſtars invite,
Alone ſhe mourns, then on his couch ſhe lies,
And him though abſent, thinkes ſhe hears and ſees;
Or for the father doth his ſonne imbrace,
If ſo ſhe might her raging love diſplace.
Now towers not riſe, nor *Tyrians* uſe their armes,
The harbour ſtops, ſtrong piles 'gainſt all alarms
Are at a ſtand, works interrupted lye,
Huge Walls and Rampiers equalling the skie.
When *Joves* dear wife perceiv'd how great a bane
Had ſeiz'd the Queen, nor fame could her reſtrain,
In theſe words *Juno* did to *Venus* ſay.
You, and your ſon, bote gallant ſpoyles away,
A mighty conqueſt got, and laſting fame,
When two Gods fraud, one woman over-came.
I find thou fearſt thoſe walls we now erect:
And ſeats of lofty *Carthage* doſt ſuſpect.
But to what end, why ſuch debates? firme peace
Rather conclude, and laſting marriages
Let us prepare; thou haſt obtain'd thy aims,
Fond *Dido* burnes, her bones are pierc'd with flames.
Let us in common with like auſpice ſway
Theſe men, let her a *Trojan* Lord obey,
And *Tyrian* dowries Ile permit to thee.
Venus (for ſhe perceiv'd the fallacie,

To

To keep the *Roman* sway from *Lybia's* strand)
Replide; who fondly would such things with-stand?
Or rather would with thee in strife contend?
If to thy promise fortune condiscend.
Of fates I doubtfull am: if *Jove* will grant
Trojans and *Tyrians* in one town should plant,
Nations commix'd in firme leagues be conjoyn'd:
Thou art his wife, try to perswade his mind.
Goe, I'le assist. Great *Juno* then begun,
Leave that to us; but how it shall be done,
And by what meanes I briefly shall declare.
Æneas and the hapless Queen prepare
To hunt in Groves, when *Titan* next displayes
The morn, the world discovering with his raies:
On them commix'd with haile a storme Ile powre
(whilst nets surround the woods, horse thickets scoure)
And I all heaven to thunder shall excite;
Their troops shall fly, hid in opacious night;
The *Trojan*, and the Queen shall take one cave,
I will be present, if thy aid I have
In wedlock firme Ile dedicate her thine,
There, *Hymen* them in private shall combine.
Thele faire proposalls *Venus* not denide,
Smiling when she her cunning drift espide.
Mean-while the morning from the Sea arose:
When through the gate, a troup of prime youth goes
With nets, toyles, spears, and full-mouth'd hounds supplie
And forth *Massilians* bravely mounted ride,
At the Court gates the *Trojan* nobles staid,
Whilst in her chamber the faire Queen delaid:
In trapping rich with gold and purple, fit,
Her proud horse stands, and champs the foming bit.
With a great troop, she guarded comes at last;
Her *Tyrian* habit a rich border grac'd,

Her quiver gold, gold did her haire infold,
The button of her purple veſt was gold.
Then all the *Phrygian* Lords in order went,
Sprightly *Aſcanius*: but moſt eminent
For perſon, and for honour, laſt march'd up,
Æneas, and to them conjoyns his troop.
So *Phœbus* ſhewes, when *Lycia* he forſakes,
And progreſſe to his native *Delos* makes;
Revells begins; when dancing in a round,
'Bout th'Altars *Crets*, and *Driopes* reſound.
He walks on *Cynthus* tops, ſoft bowes infold
His flowing haire, and binde with pureſt gold;
His quiver rung; ſuch was *Æneas* grace,
Such honour ſhines, in his majeſtick face.
After they come to the high mountains ſide,
And unfrrquented woods, behold! they ſpide
Wild goats affrighted, running ore the clifts;
On th'other hand, ſwift Dear put to their ſhifts,
In a thick heard the open champaigne take,
And loſt in duſty flight the hills forſake.
But young *Aſcanius* in the vallies prides
In his fierce horſe, now theſe, now them out-rides:
Wiſhing a Boare with thoſe dull heards would blend,
Or a fierce Lyon from the hils deſcend.
Mean-while high heaven with murmurs loud contends,
And ſtraight a ſhowre, commixt with haile deſcends.
The *Trojan* Nobles, and the *Phrygian* traine,
With young *Aſcanius*, ſcatter'd through the plaine,
Seek ſeverall ſhelters, floods from mountains rave.
The *Trojan* Prince and *Dido* take one cave.
Firſt earth and marrying *Juno* gave the ſigne:
Fire ayre both conſcious of the Contract ſhine,
And Nymphs ſit howling on the high-browd hils.
This the firſt day of death, and firſt of ils

The

The cause; for neither forme, nor fame did move,
Nor *Dido* judgeth this unlawfull love;
She stiles it wedlock, gives her crime that name.
Through *Lybia's* ample Cities, straight flies *Fame*.
Fame is an evill, none more swift, which gaines
By motion strength, in flying force obtaines,
Small first by feare, to heaven advanc'd now shrowds,
Stalking on earth her head amongst the clouds.
To *Cœus*, and *Enceladus*, the earth
Vext by the wrath of Gods (they tell) brought forth
This sister last: swift footed, quick she flyes,
A huge fowle Monster, in each feather lies
A watching eye conceal'd, (and strange) she bears
As many tongues, loud mouths, and listning ears.
A watch by day, on battlements she lights,
Or lofty towers, and mighty towns affrights.
Falshoods, and lyes, of as the truth she tells,
And Nations then with various rumours swells.
Things feign'd and reall, glad alike she sung.
Æneas from the blood of *Trojans* sprung,
To marry him faire *Dido* condescends,
And the long Winter in vast ryot spends
Careless of rule, tooke with fowle lust: such things
From every mouth the cruell Goddesse flings,
And swift to King *Iarbas* Courts she came
And with these tydings did his soule inflame.
This *Joves*, and ravish'd *Garamantis* son
Had built within his vast dominion
A hundred temples to his fathers name,
As many altars, and the *Vigil* flame,
The Gods eternall watch he hallowed,
The soyle with blood of cattell daily fed,
And with fresh Garlands flowrie porches dreft,
With the harsh rumour next, his soule oppreft,

He

He at the Altars mongſt the Gods (they ſay)
Suppliant to *Jove* with rear'd-up hands did pray.
Great *Jupiter*, to whom the *Moors* being plac'd
On wrought beds feaſting now rich *Bacchus* taſte.
Seeſt this oh father? or in vain our hearts
Quake at thy thunder, and when lightning darts
From broken clouds with noiſe, is fond our fear?
Wandring our coaſts a woman purchas'd here
A little ſeat, to whom we gave rich lands;
To whom our lawes; and This our match withſtands,
And in her Kingdome Lord *Æneas* ſtates.
That *Paris* now, with his effeminate mates,
In his *Mæonian* hat, and perfum'd haire,
Injoyes the priſe: we to thy Temple bear
Offerings, and have in vain thy name extold.
Thus praying he the *Altar* faſt did hold.
Th' all-potent heard: then views the royall frame,
And lovers mindleſs now of better fame.
And ſuch things then to *Mercurie* injoyn'd;
Fly ſon with ſpeed, and call the weſtern winde,
And to the *Troian* Prince on ſwift wings glide,
Who now reſolves at *Carthage* to abide,
And promis'd ſeats neglects: this meſſage bear
With ſpeed to him, and cut the yielding air.
For him fair *Venus* no ſuch promiſe gave,
And therefore twice from *Grecian* arms did ſave;
But one that ſhould command *Italian* Realms
Groning with war, pregnant with Diadems,
A race muſt ſpring from *Teucers* noble line,
That ſhall their Laws to the whole world injoyne.
If him no glory of ſuch acts inflame,
Neither will ſtrive to raiſe his own great fame,
Will he his ſon the *Roman* towers envie?
What ſtrange hope ſtays him with the enemy?

Forgets he *Latium* and thoſe promis'd Lands ?
Let him ſet ſaile ; in brief bear theſe commands.
This ſaid, he his great fathers will obeys.
And firſt on's feet his golden ſhoos he tyes,
Which winged bore him over Sea and Land,
Swift as the fleeting clouds ; then takes his wand
With which from hell he calls up diſmals Ghoſts,
And others ſends to ſad infernall coaſts ;
Gives, and takes ſleep, and ſeals up dying eyes :
With this drives winds, and through loud tempeſts flies.
At laſt rough *Atlas* clifts, and rockie ſide,
Who on his ſhoulders heaven ſupports, he ſpide.
Atlas pine-bearing head, black clouds ſtill binde,
Snow hides his ſhoulders beat with ſhowrs and wind,
His horrid beard with cruſted ice is froze,
And from the old mans chin a river flows.
Here firſt with wings diſplaid, *Cyllenius* ſtood ;
From thence then ſwiftly glides unto the flood,
Like to a bird which haunts the deeps, and nigh
The fiſhie Rocks, does with low pinions flie.
So the *Cyllenian* race twixt earth and skies
Cutting the aire, to ſandy *Lybia* flies ;
And from his mothers father took his flight.
As his wing'd feet did on a Cotage light ;
He ſaw *Æneas* towrs and roofs prepard,
A ſword he wore with ſhining Jaſper ſtard,
Looſe on his ſhoulders a rich mantle plaid
Of ſcarlet die, which wealthy *Dido* made,
The thread with fine gold mix'd. Who thus did ſay,
Thou now uxorious doſt foundations lay
Of lofty *Carthage*, doſt fair ſeats prepare,
Of Realms unmindfull, and thy own affair :
The King of Gods who rules both earth and skie,
To thee from high Heaven ſends this embaſſie,

And

And gave command with ſpeed I ſhould convey:
VVhat Plot? what hope makes thee in *Lybia* ſtay?
If thee no glory of ſuch great acts move,
And thy own fame thou ſtriv'ſt not to improve,
Hopefull *Aſcanius*, fair *Julus* view.
T'whom *Italy* and *Roman* lands are due.
From ſight, this ſaid, abruptly *Hermes* fled,
And to thin ayre a farr off vaniſhed.
At this *Æneas* is ſtruck dumb with fear,
Amaz'd he ſtood, erected was his haire
Earneſt to fly, and leave thoſe pleaſant lands,
Admoniſh't ſtrictly by the Gods commands.
Alas what ſhall he do? or which way move?
Or how begin to *Dido* mad with love?
His ſwift thoughts he divides; this courſe he tries,
Then that, and rapt, through all invention flies.
At laſt as beſt on this opinion fals.
Sergeſtus he, *Meneſtheus*, *Cloanthus* cals:
Bids private rig the fleet, tackling prepare,
Gather their men, and a feign'd cauſe declare.
Himſelf mean while would beauteous *Dido* move,
Since ſhe ſuſpected not in mighty love
So great a breach, and times of beſt acceſs
VVould chooſe to ſpeak, and make his beſt addreſs.
VVith joy they execute what he propounds.
But ſhe (who can deceive a Lover!) ſounds
The guile: at firſt perceives their future ayme,
All things ſuſpecting: the ſame impious *Fame*
The furious told, to fayle they had deſign'd.
Through the whole town ſhe rages, vext in minde,
Like *Thyas*, when the ſacred things are ſtir'd,
And dire *trienials* rais'd, *Bacchus* being heard,
VVhen with loud ſhouts nightly *Cytheron* cals:
Then in ſuch words ſhe on *Æneas* fals.

Couldst thou perfidious use such subtile art?
Such wickedness? and secretly depart?
Could not our love, nor our conjoyn'd right hands,
Nor perishing *Dido* stay thee in our lands?
But thou wilt sayle under the winter star?
Prepare to sea, when *North* winds frequent are?
Faithless, if no strange country thou should'st gain,
Unknown seats finde, did ancient *Troy* remaine
Through swelling seas wouldst thou to *Troy* now stand?
Or fly'st thou me? by these tears, this right hand,
(Since nothing else remains to wofull me)
Our marriage, our prepar'd solemnity.
If I have well deserv'd, or ought was mine,
Pity a falling house, change this designe
If prayers have power: for thee I gaine the hate
Of all my *Tyrians*, and the *Lybick* state;
For thee alone extinguish'd is my shame,
And what I climb'd the stars by, former fame.
For whose sake leav'st thou dying me O guest?
That name doth after husband only rest.
Why live I? till my brother raze my wall?
Or captive I to wrong'd *Iarbas* fall?
If I had prov'd before thy flight, by thee
Had off-spring, could a young *Æneas* see
Sport in thy Palace, with thy face, and look,
I should not seeme so captive, or forsook.
She said; but he fix'd by commands of *Jove*
His eyes, and in his heart conceals his love.
Then briefly said, those many favours I
From you receiv'd, great Queen, I'le not deny,
Nor shall I *Dido's* memory disdaine,
Whil'st I draw breath, or life these limbs sustaine;
But for my cause I'le plead; that I did plot
From hence to steal in secret, feign it not:

I thee to be my wife did never take,
Nor did I ever any promiſe make.
If *Fates* gave leave to order my affairs
At my own will; and to compoſe my cares;
The *Trojan* towers I would again erect,
And the poor remnant of my friends protect:
Then *Priams* courts ſhould ſtand, another *Troy*
By this hand rear'd, the vanquiſh'd ſhould injoy.
But *Phœbus* now bids us for *Latium* ſtand,
And *Lycean* lots for *Italy* command.
This is my love, and this my Country is.
If *Carthage* towrs thee a *Phæniſſian* pleaſe,
And the fair proſpect of thy City like;
Why ſhould it trouble you that *Trojans* ſeek
New ſeats in *Latium*, and *Auſonia* gain?
And why not we in forreign Kingdoms raign?
Oft as the nights moiſt ſhadow canopies
The earth; as oft as radiant ſtars ariſe;
My fathers Ghoſt, me warning, frights in dreams,
Aſcanius loſs of the *Heſperian* Realms,
And deſtin'd fields, my dear ſons injury.
Jove ſent the Gods Embaſſadour to me,
Both our heads witneſs, through the ætherial sky
He brought commands; I ſaw the Deity
Enter theſe wals; diſtinct his voice did hear.
With plaints to grieve thee and my ſelf forbear.
Againſt my will I *Latium* ſeek.
She turning, views him, having theſe things ſaid,
Rouling her eye each where, and round ſurvaid
With ſilent look: incens'd, then thus begun.
Thou art not *Dardans* race, or *Venus* ſonne,
But thee perfideous *Caucaſus* hath bred
On cruell rocks, and *Hyrcan* tygers fed.

Why feign I? or why ſtay for greater woes?
Turns he his eyes? ſighs at our grief? or ſhews
Vanquiſh'd a tear, a lover pitying?
VVhat ſhall I ſay? great *Juno*, nor heaven's King
View theſe with equall eyes: *true faith is loſt.*
In want him I receiv'd, drove on our coaſt,
And fond, with him part of my Kingdome ſhar'd,
His friends preſerv'd from death, his fleet repair'd.
Ah how am I tranſported with fond love!
Now *Phœbus*, *Lycian* lots, and now from *Jove*
A ſtrict command the Gods interpreter bears:
Yes, heavenly powrs regards theſe things, ſuch cares
Diſturb their quiet: well, I make no ſute
To ſtay thee here, nor ſhall with words refute:
Goe, ſayle for *Latium*, Realms ſeek through the Seas:
I hope (if there be any Deities)
That thou mongſt rocks cruell like thee ſhalt fall,
Where oft thou *Dido* by her name ſhalt call;
And abſent I will follow thee with fire:
And when my ſoul ſhall in cold death expire,
I'le haunt thee, and thy tortures I ſhall know,
By fame, conveid me to the ſhades below.
Then midſt her ſpeech breaks off, and ſick, the light
Avoids away ſhe flings, with draws from ſight,
Forſaking him perplex'd in mighty fear;
As many things to ſpeak he did prepare.
Her maids ſupport her ſounding then, and led
T'her marble chamber, laid upon her bed.

But good *Æneas* though he ſtrove to ſwage
VVith comfort, grief, with words t'avert her rage,
Oft ſighing ſhook with mighty love, yet he
Reviews his fleet, obeys the Deity.

Then

Then *Trojans* labour, from all ſhores they come,
Tall ſhips are launch'd, and well calk'd bottoms ſwoom,
And from the woods branch'd oke and oars unhew'd,
Studious of flight they bring.
Each where thou might'ſt have ruſhing *Trojans* view'd,
As when large heaps of corne pillag'd by ants
They lay in hoards, remembring winters wants,
The black band march, the prey through graſs is borne
In narrow tracts; others the fuller corne
VVith ſhoulders joyn'd ſuſtaine, others the ſlow
Compell, chaſtize, all parts with labour glow.
VVhat couldſt thou think, O *Dido*, at this ſight?
Or what ſighs ſend, when from a turrets height
Thou ſaw'ſt the ſhores wax hot, the ſea to move,
Commix'd with mighty murmurs? *Impious love,*
What canſt not thou compell in mortall breſts?
Again to tears, again to try requeſts
She is inforc'd, and ſuppliant love obey'd,
Leſt dying ſhe ſhould leave ought unaſſaid.
Anne, ſeeſt not how they haſten to the Port
On all ſides? how their ſayls the winds do court?
And the glad Sea-men crown their ſterns? if I
Had ſuch woes fear'd, (ſiſter) the miſery
I might have borne: thou muſt for wofull me
This one thing do, the falſe man ſtill lov'd thee:
To thee he made his greateſt counſels known,
And thou the times of beſt acceſſion
To move his pity knowſt. Dear ſiſter goe,
And ſuppliant, thus petition the proud foe.
I did not ſwear at *Aulis* to deſtroy
The *Dardan* race, or ſent one ſhip to *Troy*,
Nor yet defac'd his fathers ſepulcher.
VVhy gainſt my ſute ſtops he his cruell ear?

To a ſad lover let him be thus kinde;
Then he may ſayle before a proſperous winde,
Nor I th' old contract he hath broken crave,
Nor that he kingdoms in fair *Latium* wave.
Some reſt I ask for love, a ſhort reprieve,
Whil'ſt my own fortune teach me how to grieve.
This laſt requeſt to thy dear ſiſter grant,
And at my death thou ſhalt no riches want.
This ſaid, to and agen ſad *Anna* bears
Her deep complaints: but he's not mov'd with tears,
Nor can be wrought upon by all her woes,
A God hath ſtop'd his ear, and Fates oppoſe.
As Northern winds ſtriving to overthrow
Some ancient Oke, now here, now there they blow:
Huge guſts reſound: her bowes and curled locks
Strew thick the earth; whil'ſt ſhe ſtands fix'd mongſt Rocks:
How much to heaven her head advancing ſhoots,
So much to hell deſcend her fixed roots.
So daily ſhe the *Trojan* Prince invades
Now with theſe reaſons, now with thoſe perſwades,
And ſtorms his valiant breſt with mighty cares:
Yet his reſolves are fix'd, in vain her tears.
Unhappy *Dido* terrifi'de by Fates,
Then wiſh'd to die: to look on heaven ſhe hates.
But this provok'd her more to leave the day:
As gifts on incenſe-burning Alears lay,
The ſacred milk grew black (to mention ſtrange)
And wine infus'd, to putrid gore did change.
This ſhe to none, not to her ſiſter told,
Beſides there was a temple to her old
Husband of ſtone, which much ſhe did reſpect,
And had with boughs and ſnowie fleeces deckt.
Here, ſhe ſuppos'd ſhe heard *Sychæus* call
When gloomie night upon the earth did fall:

And

And oft from thence the *Owle* extends her throate
With death-preſaging, and a direfull note.
Many predictions her before did fright:
Cruell *Æneas* troubles her each night,
And raving alwayes ſeems to walk alone,
Still wandring far, without companion,
And ſeeking *Tyrians* in a wilderneſs.
So *Pentheus* ſaw troops of *Eumenides*,
Two ſons beheld, as many *Thebes* eſpies,
Or like *Oreſtes* acted, when he flies
His mother, who black ſnakes and torches bore,
Whil'ſt the revenging furies guard the dore.
Struck with the rage, vanquiſh'd with ſorrow, now
Reſolv'd to die; the time, and manner how
Contriv'd; to her ſad ſiſter thus ſhe went,
She clears her brow, and coversher intent.
Siſter, I have the means, rejoyce with me,
Which may gain him, or me from paſſion free.
There is a place in utmoſt *Ethyop*, nere
The ſetting ſun, the Oceans confines, where
Great *Atlas* ſhoulders bears heavens ſtarry frame.
From hence a Prieſteſſe, a *Maſſilian* came,
Who kept th' *Heſperian* temple, did allow
The Dragon food, and ſav'd the ſacred bough
By ſprinkling honey, drouſie *Poppy*: ſhe
Can keep all mindes ſhe pleaſe from ſorrow free,
Or ſend to paines, ſwift ſtreams ſtop in their wayes,
Call back the ſtars, and nightly ſpirits raiſe;
Under her feet earth ſeems with grones to rend,
And from the mountain ſtubborn Okes deſcend.
Witneſs the *Gods* (ſiſter) and thy dear head,
Unwilling I to magick arts am lead.
In the back court, a pile in ſecret rear,
The arms, and garments from my chamber bear

The impious left; above thoſe, place the bed
Where I was loſt, All be aboliſhed
Of the falſe man, the Prieſteſs bids: This ſaid,
She ſilent was, paleneſs her lips invade.
Nor *Anne* did think her funerals deſign'd
By this, or that ſuch rage poſſeſt her minde:
Or fear'd worſe things then when *Sychæus* dy'd,
Therefore did her commands.
But *Dido* in the inward court did raiſe
A mighty pile, where ſhe in order layes
whole loads of cloven *Aſh*, ſet torches round,
Which ſhe with wreaths, and funerall branches crown'd;
His picture, cloaths, and ſword which he forgot,
Laid on the bed, too mindfull of her plot.
Altars ſtand round; the Prieſteſs with long hair
Unto three hundred *Gods* thunders her prayer;
Hell, *Chaos*, and the triple *Hecate*,
Virgin *Diana*, who hath aſpects three:
Then ſprinkling dews fain'd from *Avernus* brought,
Drugs cut with brazen ſythes by moon-light ſought,
And did with juice of deadly poyſon brew
Th' *Hippomanes*, on a colts foreheae grew,
The love ſnatch'd from the Damme.
She with a cake erecting pious hands,
Before the *Altars*, on foot naked ſtands:
with garments tuck'd ſhe dying invocates
The *Gods*, and *Planets*, conſcious of her Fates,
If any power regardeth lovers cares,
Thoſe juſt and mindfull, ſhe implores with prayers.
'Twas night when weary limbs ſweet ſleep poſſeſt
Through all the world; woods, raging ſeas, at reſt:
The ſtars had mid-night told, and ſilence deep
Commands the fields; beaſts, gaudie birds aſleep

Which

VVhich haunt the cryſtall fountains, or delight
In wood land Countries, under quiet night
Forget their labour, and their cares appeaſe:
But ſlumber could not hapleſs *Dido* ſeiſe.
Her eyes ne're clos'd, or night her woes aſſwag'd:
Cares double, and again love riſing rag'd
With a great flood of wrath: when ſhe revolves
Thus with her ſelf. Lo! what are my reſolves?
Shall I old ſuters court I did diſdain?
Suppliant implore *Numidian* loves again?
Thoſe I ſo oft deſpiſ'd? ſhall I ſubmit
To *Trojan* Laws, and follow now their fleet?
Becauſe that for my help they prove ſo kinde,
And my great favours bear ſo well in minde.
But grant I willing were, who'de give me leave,
And me now ſcorn'd in their proud ſhips receive?
Ah wretched woman, haſt thou yet not known,
That perjur'd off spring of *Laomedon*?
Shall I alone with haughty Seamen goe?
Or raiſe the *Tyrians* to purſue the foe?
And thoſe who ſcarce I could perſwade from *Tyre*,
Shall I again to try the Sea deſire?
Nay, rather as thou haſt deſerved, die;
And with a ſword conclude thy miſerie.
Won by my tears, thou ſiſter, firſt with woe
Did'ſt load the furious, and let in the foe.
And why like wilde beaſts, faultleſs might not we
Live without marriage from ſuch troubles free?
My promiſe to *Sychæus* I not kept.
VVith grief oppreſt, thus ſhe complaining, wept.
But now *Æneas* ſhip'd, reſolv'd to weigh,
All things prepar'd, in quiet ſlumber lay.
To whom the God in the ſame forme preſents
Himſelf again, with theſe admoniſhments.

In

In all like *Hermes*, both in voyce, and face,
His yellow haire, and comely youthfull grace.
Oh *Goddeſs* ſon, can'ſt thou now ſleep ſo ſound?
Perceiv'ſt thou not what dangers thee ſurround?
Do'ſt thou not hear how the fair gales invite?
But ſhe's contriving now ſome ſtrange deceit,
Reſolv'd to die, rage doth her blood incenſe:
Fly'ſt thou not then whil'ſt thou haſt power from hence?
Thou ſhalt behold the ſea to fome with oars,
And fires and torches flaming on the ſhores,
If thee *Aurora* here delaying finde:
Fly; ſtill inconſtant is a womans minde.
Then mix'd with gloomie night, thus having ſaid.
Æneas at the viſion much diſmaid
Starts from his ſleep, and ſtraight gives this command:
Riſe quickly, ſirs, and to your tackling ſtand:
VVith ſpeed unfurl your ſayles, yours oars now ply:
To haſten flight, a *God* ſent from the skie
Bids Cables cut, and ſuddainly depart.
Bleſt power, we follow thee, who e're thou art;
And joyfully obey thy will again;
Be pleas'd to aid, and proſperous ſtars ordain.
This ſaid, he drew his ſword, with ſhining ſteel
The hauſers cut, all the like ſpirit feel.
The ſhores forſook, the Navie hides the deep,
They roule the fome, and azure billows ſweep.
And now *Aurora* with freſh beams had ſpread
The earth, leaving *Tythonius* ſaffron bed.
The Queen from a high tower, as dawn appear'd,
Saw how with ſayles a-trip to ſea they ſteer'd,
The Strands, and vacant Coaſts without an oar.
Then beating oft her beauteous breſt, ſhe tore
Her golden haire, and ſaid, *Jove*, ſhall he goe?
And ſhall this ſtranger mock our Kingdome ſo?

Shall

Shall not the City arme and follow them?
VVhat, will none launch our Fleet into the ſtream?
Goe, haſte, bring fire, ſayle, row; what ſhall I ſay?
Or where am I? What folly I betray!
Doe impious deeds now touch thee hapleſs queen?
E're thou gav'ſt up thy Crown, this ſhould have been:
Behold his faith, and promiſe, who (they ſay)
Did from the foe his native *Gods* convey:
And hath on's back his aged father borne.
VVhat, could not I him limb from limb have torne?
And ſcatter'd in the ſea? his friends and boy
At once with my revenging ſword deſtroy?
Then ſerv'd the ſon up for the fathers diſh?
But chance of war is doubtfull; 'tis my wiſh.
VVhom ſhould I dying fear? I ſhould have thrown
Fire on their feet, and burnt their floating town,
And the whole race, father and ſon deſtroy,
And laſt above them fall my ſelf with joy.
O Sun, whoſe eye views all the worlds affairs;
And thou great *Juno* conſcious of theſe cares:
Nocturnall *Hecate*, who oft doſt raiſe
Loud cries through Cities, in croſs meeting wayes,
Revenging Furies, and you *Gods* that are
Dying *Eliza's*, hearken to my prayer:
Shew your deſerved wrath: if he muſt gaine
His port, that impious man thoſe coaſts attain;
If Fate decree, and fix'd the periods are;
Let him be vex't with a bold peoples war.
Exilde, forc'd from his ſons embrace; may he
Seek aid, and his own friends ſad funerals ſee.
Nor when diſhonour'd peace he makes with them,
Let him lov'd life enjoy, or Diadem:
But die before his day, the ſand his grave:
And with my blood this laſt requeſt I crave.

O *Tyrians*, ſtrive this Nation to ſupplant
VVith reſtleſs wars this to my aſhes grant:
Never joyn leagues, contract no amities,
And from our bones let ſome revenger riſe,
VVho *Trojans* may purſue with fire, and ſword,
Ah, may when ever time ſhall ſtrength afford,
Shores ſhores oppoſe, ſeas ſeas, our ſtocks debate
VVith arms gainſt arms maintaine, I imprecate.
This ſaid, her fancie each where did revolve,
How beſt ſhe might her loathed life diſſolve.
To *Barce* then *Sycheus* nurſe, ſhe ſaid,
In native duſt her own long ſince was laid.
Dear nurſe, my ſiſter call, and bid her bring
The cattell, the appointed offering,
Let her with river-water ſprinkle now,
And binde thy temples with a ſacred bough.
Thoſe rites which I to *Stygian Jove* prepare,
I mean to finiſh, and conclude my care.
Fire muſt conſume the *Dardan* monument.
This ſaid, with an old womans pace ſhe went.

But the fierce Queen ſhook with an Enterpriſe
So horrible, rouling her bloody eyes,
Her cheeks were ſpotted, pale with thought of death,
The inner court by violence entereth,
And furious mounts the lofty pile: then draws
The *Dardan* ſword, not left for ſuch a cauſe.
After the *Ilian* garments ſhe ſurvaide,
And the known bed with tears, and thoughts delaid
A while ſhe ſtops; then ſpake her laſt. To me
Sweet ſpoyles, whil'ſt God was pleas'd, and deſtiny;
Receive this ſoul, and free from cares: I have
Liv'd, and perform'd that courſe my fortune gave,

And

And now the earth must my great shade seclude.
I a fair City built, my own wals view'd;
Punish'd my brother, pleas'd my husbands Ghost:
Blest, too much blest, if never on our coast
Troys keels had touch'd. This said, she kist the bed,
Shall we die unreveng'd? but die she said:
Thus, thus it pleaseth to the shades to goe.
These flames at Sea may to the *Dardan* shew,
And let our death sad *Omens* him afford.
This said, they saw her falne upon the sword;
Sprinkled her hands with blood, the weapon fomes.
Then from the lofty Palace clamour comes:
Fame wanders the distracted Citie round:
The roofs with lamentations, groans, resound,
And female shreeks: loud sorrows pierce the skie.
No otherwise then if the enemy,
All *Carthage* seis'd, or ancient *Tyre*; the frames
Of men, and Gods, involv'd in raging flames.
Her sister pale, dismaid, with trembling pace
Beating her brest, disfiguring her face,
Rush'd in, and cal'd the dying by her name;
For this, O sister? was this fraud your aime?
For this the pile, fire, *Altars*? ah! lost me,
What shall I do? scorn'st thou my company?
Dying, thou should'st have call'd me to these Fates,
One sword, grief, hour, had finish'd both our dates.
Built I this pile, and to our Gods did make
My pray'r that cruell, thee I should forsake?
Me, and thy self, dear sister, and thy town,
Both Peers, and people, thou hast overthrown.
Some water bring, that I may bathe the wound;
And if that any breath be wandring found
My lips shall gather it. Thus having said,
She mounts the pile, her dying sister laid

With

With ſweet imbraces cloſely to her breſt,
And groaning dries the black blood with her veſt.
To raiſe her heavie eyes again ſhe tride,
And fails, the deep wound bubbling in her ſide.
Thrice leaning on her arms aſſaid to riſe,
Thrice turning on her bed, with wandring eyes
Heavens light ſhe ſought, and finding groans again;
Then royall *Iuno* pitying her long pain
And tedious death, *Iris* from heaven commands
To free her ſoul, and eaſe life's ſtrugling bands.
Since ſhe di'de not by death deſerv'd, nor Fates,
But ſuddain rage her day anticipates,
Nor *Proſerpine* did yet her bright hair take,
Nor doomb'd her head unto the *Stygian* Lake.
From heaven then dewie roſe-wing'd *Iris* flew;
She 'gainſt the ſun a thouſand colours drew,
Plac'd on her head, Sacred to *Dis*, from thee
This charg'd I bear; Be from thy body free.
This ſaid, ſhe cuts her hair, all heat expires,
And with it life into the air retires.

VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS

THE FIFTH BOOK.

The Argument.

Dido's *aſcending flames ſad* Trojans *ſee.*
Storms drive Æneas *back to* Sicilie.
Anchiſes *rites renew'd. The annuall games.*
Iris *from* Iuno *ſtirs the* Trojan *dames*
To burn the fleet. Æneas *prayes; a ſhowre*
Prevents the miſchief, quenching all but foure.
Trojans *ſet ſayle.* Venus *of* Neptune *craves*
Safe paſſage for their Navie through his waves.
The God aſſents · Somnus *with* Stygian *boughes*
Beſprinkles watchfull Palinurus *browes.*
Orc board he fals, the loſſe Æneas *ſpies,*
And weeping at the helm his place ſupplies.

MEane while his courſe reſolv'd *Æneas* ſailes,
And the dark waves divides with northern gales,

Viewing unhappy *Dido's* wals, which ſhone
With flames, the cauſe ſuch fire had rais'd, unknown;
But what a woman might in ſorrow drown'd,
Struck deep with grief and burning love was found;
And by ſad auguries *Trojans* underſtand.
As they poſſeſt the deep; nor any land
Now more in ken: ſeas every where, and skies;
Freighted with night and tempeſt did ariſe
A black cloud, waves grew horrid with the ſhade;
Then from the high ſterne *Palinurus* ſaid,
Ah! what huge ſtorms ſurround the hemiſphere?
Or, father *Neptune*, what doſt thou prepare?
Here bids them ply tough oars, ſtand to their tack,
Then turnes her ſide to wind-ward, and thus ſpake.
Great Prince, if *Jove* ſhould promiſe, with this wind
I ſhould deſpair *Italian* coaſts to finde;
Guſts riſing ſhift, the black weſt grows more loud:
And the whole heaven condens'd into one cloud:
In vaine we ſtrive, nor make we any way;
Therefore ſince fortune conquers, let's obey,
Where ſhe cals, fayle: kinde ſhores of *Erix* are
And the *Sycanian* ports from hence not far,
If rightly ſtars obſerv'd I bear in minde.
Then ſaid the Prince: I ſaw long ſince the winde
Grew ſcarce, and you in vain ſtrove: Roomer ſtand:
To eaſe our weary fleet not any land
More gratefull is, or I could wiſh for more
Then the *Dardanian Aceſtes* ſhore,
Whoſe lap infolds my fathers bones. This ſaid,
Faire *Zephyre* ſwels their fayles, the port they made,
With a ſwift current in the Navie ſtands,
And joyfull ſailes at laſt to well-known ſands.
Aceſtes wondred from a mountains height
To ſee them come, then haſts to th' friendly fleet.

A *Libyan* Bears skin rough with darts he wore;
Whom th' *Ilian* Dame to flood *Crinisus* bore;
He mindfull of's old ſtock, congratulates
Them now return'd, and cheers with rurall cates,
The tir'de inviting to a friendly feaſt.
When the next morne had chas'd ſtars from the *Eaſt*
Æneas having warn'd from all parts round
His friends to meet; ſpake from a riſing ground.
Ye *Trojans* ſprung from the high blood of Gods;
A year hath finiſh'd monethly periods.
Since we inter'd the duſt of my divine
Father, and made the funerall altars ſhine:
The day draws nigh (I gueſſe) which I muſt ſtill
Lament and honour (*Gods*, ſuch is your will)
An exile in *Getulian Syrts* were I,
Or in *Mycene* took i'th *Grecian* ſea;
Yet annuall vows and ſolemn rites I'de pay,
And heap'd up offerings on his *Altars* lay.
Now we are preſent at my fathers duſt,
Nor without heavenly providence, I truſt,
Arriv'd all ſafe within a friendly ſhore,
Glad honours celebrate, and winds implore:
Theſe rites he bid ſhould annually be paid
In temples dedicate, our City laid.
Trojan Aceſtes will two beeves beſtow
On every ſhip; your Countrey *Gods* allow,
And thoſe *Aceſtes* honours at the feaſt.
And if the ninth *Aurora* from the Eaſt
Brings a clear day, does earth with beams diſcloſe,
I'le for the ſwifteſt ſhip a prize propoſe,
For him runs beſt, who bold ſtrong nerves excite,
Good at the dart, or ſhoots the nimble Flight,
Or dare in fight a cruell *Ceſtus* truſt;
Come all, due Palmes receive, and honours juſt;

Give your applauſe, your temples crown'd with boughes.
This ſaid, his mothers myrtle ſhades his brows.
This *Helymus*, this old *Aceſtes* did,
Aſcanius this, the youth all followed.
Midſt a great troop from thence, *Æneas* went
With many thouſands, to the monument,
And pour'd two bowles of rich wine on the flore,
Two of new milk, and two of ſacred gore,
Strewing the place with purple flowrs, then ſaid:
Haile my bleſt father, haile paternall ſhade,
And duſt preſerv'd in vain; heaven would not grant
Latium with thee, and promis'd fields to plant,
Nor (what ere) *Lydian Tyber* to be ſought.
This ſaid, a huge ſnake from the ſecret vault
With ſeven vaſt gyres, ſeven mighty fouldings glides,
And gently wreath'd the tomb, by the *Altar* ſlides,
His back with green was freckled, and a bright
Purple, with gold, caſt from his ſcales a light.
As in the clouds the mighty bow diſplayes
A thouſand various hues, gainſt *Phœbus* raies.
Æneas wonders, his long traine he roules
Amongſt the Goblets, and the ſtanding bowles;
Then feeds, and having taſted, harmeleſs went,
Leaving the Altars to the monument.
This made him more his fathers rites renew,
And ſolemne ſacrifice, ſuſpecting now
That either this one of his ſervants was,
Or elſe the ſacred *Genius* of the place:
Five ſheep he then did kill, as many ſwine,
With black-back'd ſteers, and as the uſe, pours wine
From bowls, and great *Anchiſes* ſoul implores,
And Ghoſts remitted from the *Stygian* ſhores.
Then all his friends of their own plenty paid
Glad offerings, and ſlain Steers the *Altars* lade;

Some

Some ſpits prepare, and boylers plant of braſs,
They entrails roſt, diſperſ'd upon the graſſe.
Th' expected day was preſent, with the dawn,
Phaetons bright Steeds the ninth morn fair had drawn;
Glad troops from all parts fill the ſhore, by fame
Brought thither, and renown'd *Aceſtes* name.
Some *Trojans* come to ſee, others to play.
Amidſt the Cirque, in view the priſes lay,
Wreaths, ſacred tripods, palme the victors prize,
With arms, a garment of rich ſcarlet lies.
Gold, ſilver talents, and appointed games,
A trumpet from amidſt the heap proclaims.

Firſt from the Fleet four choſen gallies try
Their ponderous oars, ſtriving for victory.
In the ſwift *Priſtis* ſtout-oar'd *Mneſteus* came,
Mneſteus who gave the *Mnemnian* houſe a name,
Gyas in huge *Chymera*, a vaſt Hull,
The Cities work, which luſty *Trojans* pull
With triple oars, on three-fold banks. Next came
Sergeſtus who gave *Sergius* ſtock a name
I'th *Centaur*: *Scylla* bold *Cloanthus* drives,
VVhence *Romes Cluentian* family derives.
Againſt the foming ſhores a high Rock ſtood,
VVhich oft was drownd, beat with the ſwelling flood,
VVhen ſtorms involve the ſtars, and ſeen again
VVhen a ſoft calme doth overſpread the maine,
To ſea-fowle a moſt gratefull ſtation now.
The Prince here fix'd the goal, an oken bough,
The Saylors mark, by which they underſtood
To turne, and bend long courſes to the flood.
They draw for place, in the high ſterns behold
The Captains ſhine, in ſcarlet clad and gold.

The reſt with *Poplæ* crown'd, their ſhoulders bare
Glitter with oyle, fix'd on their banks they were:
Their arms ſtretch't forth with oars, the ſign th'expect,
VVhil'ſt their inſulting hearts are countercheckt.
With trembling fear, and rais'd with love of prayſe,
Thence as the trumpet ſounds without delayes
All ſtart, the ſea-mens ſhouts the heavens aſcend,
And with long ſtroaks they fomie billows rend.
All plow the waves, the gaping Ocean feels
Their wounding oars, and force of thundring keels.
In Chariot games more ſwift not Chariots are
Borne through the Champaign, when they leave the bar,
Nor Charioteers bending their bodies ſtrain
More at a looſe, ſhaking the flowing maine.
With loud applauſes, ſhouts from parties then
Favouring their friends, the woods reſound agen,
Including ſhores tumble the voyce about,
And the ſtruck hils echo at every ſhout.
Firſt *Gyas* ſwiftly through the billows glides
With clamours great. *Cloanthus* next divides
The waves with better oars, his pine a ſlug
Loſt way: next *Priſtis* and the *Centaure* tug
Who ſhall get formoſt, with an equall oar.
Now *Priſtis*, now great *Centaure* is before,
And now together, they their fore-decks joyne,
Whil'ſt their long keels plow up the ſhallow brine.
At laſt the Rock drew neer, the goal they make,
When *Gyas* firſt a Conqueror beſpake
Menetes at the helme. Why doſt thou ſteer
The Starboard thus: love thou the ſhore: lie here:
Binde Larboard cliffs; let them ſtand off (he ſaid.)
But ſtill *Menetes* of hid Rocks afraid
Bore to the ſea. VVhere goeſt thou? *Gyas* here
Again cals loud; theſe clifts, *Menetes* ſteer.

And

And close behinde him, lo! *Cloanthus* spies
Shaving the Larboard rocks, and inward plies
Betwixt the sounding tops, and *Gyas* ship,
And suddainly the formost did out-strip,
The goal being left behind, to safe seas came.
But then great grief the young mans bones inflame:
Nor tears are wanting; slow *Menætes*, then
Honour forgot, and safety of his men,
From the high stern he tumbles in the flood;
And at the helm, pilate and master stood
Cheering his mates; to shore the rudder bends.
At length the old man from the deep ascends,
Menætes clog'd with garments, dropping wet
Seeks a high cliffe, and on the dry Rock set.
The *Trojans* shout to see him fall and swim,
And vomiting salt water, laugh at him.
Sergestus, *Mnestheus*, now the two last, were
Hopefull to beat retarded *Gyas* here,
Sergestus first drew nigh the Rock, nor more
Then his ships length a-head, part was before,
Part emulous *Pristis* prest with fore-decks neer.
When *Mnesteus* midst his ship his men did cheer,
Now now rise to your oars *Hectorian* mates,
Whom at *Troys* fall I chose associates;
That force shew'd in *Getulian* syrts again
Make good, and as before in th' *Ionian* maine,
Or *Malea's* following streams; *Mnesteus* desires
Not to be first, nor victory requires.
Though O Let them thou please great *Neptune* gain,
But to be last, this vanquish, such a staine,
Such shame forbid. Then their whole strength they use,
And with vast stroaks they shake the brazen prowes,
The seas are past, and short breath shakes their sides,
Drowth clams their mouths, sweat down in rivers glides.

Fortune her ſelf the man wiſh'd honour brought:
For whil'ſt too neer the rocks *Sergeſtus* ſought
An inner courſe, a fatall ſpace betwixt,
Unhappy on the cliffes he running fix't;
The crags being ſtruck, and oars contending rung
In the ſharp Rock, and the ſtruck foreſhip hung;
The ſaylers riſe, ſtaid with a mighty cry;
Iron-headed ſtaves, ſharp pointed poles apply,
And gather in the ſea their broken oars.
But *Meneſteus* glad, proud with ſucceſſe, implores
The winds, and with a band of rowers ſtood
Through the ſafe ſeas, and glides to th' open flood.
O'th ſuddain ſo a frighted Dove doth riſe,
Whoſe loved neſt, in ſome dark pumice lies:
And ſtriking the houſe top with timerous wings,
Amaz'd into the field at randome ſprings;
Till with a ſlide, to calmer aire ſhe comes,
And cuts it without motion of her plumes.
So *Meneſteus* through the frowning billows glides,
So *Priſtis* laſt the flying waves divides:
And with a violent courſe her way ſhe makes.
Sergeſtus firſt on the ſteep rock forſakes,
VVho ſtrugling in the ſhallows, aſd implores
In vain: learning to row with broken oars.
Gyas in vaſt *Chymera* next ore-tooke,
And paſt, ſince ſhe her Maſter had forſook.
Cloanthus only left to be ſubdu'd,
To him he bears, with his whole ſtrength purſu'd.
Theſe their new glory, honours got deſpiſe,
Unleſs they keep it, and to gaine the prize
VVould ſell their lives; ſucceſs feeds them; they may
Becauſe they think they can obtain the day.
And for the Goal with equall prows they'd ſtood;
But that *Cloanthus* pray'd unto the flood,

With

With rear'd-up hands, and Gods call'd with a vow.
You powers who rule the sea, whose waves I plow,
Joyfull I'le place a white bull on this coast
Before your *Altars*, and fat offerings cast
In your salt waves, and purest wine I'le pay;
This said, all heard him from the deepest sea:
Neriades, *Panopæa*, *Forcus* band,
Him old *Portunus* shoves with his great hand:
Swifter then tempest, or wing'd shaft, he glides
To shore, and in the harbours bosome hides.
Æneas (as the use) all summond; there
Cloanthus with a herauld did declare
Victor, and with fresh laurell vails his brows:
And to the ships three steers with wine allows,
And a great silver talent; then presents
The Captains with especiall ornaments.
A vest of gold he to *Cloanthus* gave,
Edg'd with rich purple in a double wave;
The royall boy in leafy *Ida* wove,
Fierce, panting seems, as with his dart he drove
Fleet deer in chase, whom *Joves* swift Eagle bears
From thence aloft, trust in his hooked fears.
In vain th' old Guardians hands to heaven did rear,
And dogs their mouths spend, raging in the aire.
But who by vertue second place did hold,
He gave a curious male, wrought thick with gold,
(Which he a Conquerour from *Demolius* bore
Under high *Ilium*, on swift *Simois* shore)
Both for defence and grace in arms; scarce this
With shoulders joyn'd, *Phegeus*, and *Saguris*
His servants bore: *Demolius* in times past
In these arms swiftly stragling *Trojans* chas'd.
Two brazen Caldrons to the third was brought,
And two fair Cups with silver richly wrought.

And

And now all proud with honours thus assign'd ;
Their temples they with rosie Garlands binde.
When from the dire rock scarce with much art clear'd,
Sergestus his scorn'd ship, unhonour'd steer'd :
His oars being broke, weak with one single rank.
Such in the way a Serpent on a bank,
Ore whom oblique, swift brazen wheels have gon :
Or passenger left half-dead, hurt with a stone :
Flying in vain, he long contortions wrests,
Part fierce, with burning eyes, and hissing crests,
Rising aloft, part main'd a wound with-holds,
Tangling in knots his own coile him infolds.
With such a rowing his slow ship made way,
Yet sayl'd, she with full sailes possest the bay.
The Prince the promis'd gift *Sergestus* gave,
Glad he his ship and friends so well did save,
Pholoe a *Cretan* borne, who skill profest
In *Pallas* art, two twins hung at her brest.
Pious *Æneas*, this sport finish'd, led
To a green plain, which woods incompassed
With trending hils, the vale a Theater crown'd.
The *Heroe* here, with many thousands round
About him plac'd, did his high Chair ascend :
Here those who would in the swift race contend
He with rewards invites, and prises fix't,
Trojans, *Sicanians* come, from all parts mixt.
Nisus, *Euryalus* first.
Euryalus most fair and youthfull was,
Whom *Nisus* dearly lov'd ; next him took place
Royall *Diores*, *Priam's* famous stem,
Salius and *Patron* next, conjoyn'd with them :
From *Epire* this, *Arcadia* that descends,
Helymus, *Panopes*, old *Acestes* friends,

Sicilian

Sicilian youths in woods accuſtom'd, came:
And many more buried in obſcure fame.
To them thus ſpake the Prince; Hear, and regard
None ſhall depart from hence without reward;
Two polliſh'd *Gnoſſian* ſpears I ſhall afford,
And with a ſilver hilt a two edg'd ſword:
This honour each ſhall have, and I allow
The firſt three ſhall with olives binde their brow.
I to the firſt a brave horſe furniſh'd yield:
The next an *Amaſonian* quiver, fill'd
With *Thracian* ſhafts, the belt a golden one
Faſt with a button of a poliſh'd ſtone.
This *Grecian* helmet ſhall the third content,
Thus having ſaid they to their ſtation went.
The ſignall heard, the bar forſook; they came,
Like a ſwift ſhowre, and at the goal they aime.
Firſt *Niſus* gains the ſtart of all by far,
Not ſwifter winds, nor wings of lightning are;
Next him, but at great diſtance followed next,
Salius, and after him a ſpace betwixt,
Euryalus was third.
Helymus Euryalus purſues, next whom
Diores haſts, now ſide by ſide did come;
Strikes foot by foot, and had there been more ſpace,
Had got before, or doubtfull left the race:
Now to the end they came, and tir'd drew neer,
When *Niſus* in the blood of a ſlain ſteer
Which wet the verdant graſs, unluckie ſlides.
Here as the young man, now a victor prides,
Tripping, his ſteps could not recall agen;
But fell in ſacred gore, and mud unclean.
Yet not unmindfull of *Euryalus* love,
Riſing, he gave to *Salius* a ſhove,

And tumbling with him, on the hard ſand laid,
Euryalus got firſt by *Niſus* aid,
Out-ſtripping all with ſhouts and joyfull cries.
Helymus next, *Diores* the third priſe.
Here *Salius* makes the Theater to ring
Moving the Fathers with loud clamouring
To grant thoſe honours he's bereav'd on thus.
Beauty, ſweat tears defend *Euryalus*:
Vertue with beauty joyn'd more gratefull is;
Diores helps aloud, who the laſt priſe,
If *Salius* got the firſt, had won in vain.
Then ſpake *Æneas*, Firme your gifts remaine;
None ſhall remove the palme, but I may yet
My hapleſs friends miſchance compaſſionate.
Then a huge lions hide he *Salius* gave
Rich-fur'd, with golden claws. If vanquiſh't have
Theſe things, ſaid *Niſus*, and ſuch pity be
On them that fall, what gift's reſer v'd for me,
VVho with applauſe had the prime honour got,
Had I not met with *Salius* ſpightfull lot?
This ſaying, he his limbs and face defil'd
VVith foul mud ſhew'd; The beſt of Princes ſmil'd,
Bids the ſhield give him *Didymaon* wrought,
VVhich he from *Neptun's* ſacred pillar brought.
The brave youth this fair preſent ſatisfies.

After the courſe was done, diſpos'd each priſe,
Now come the ſtout whoſe boſomes courage fill,
And for the prize now ſhew their ſtrength and skill,
This ſaid, two honours for the fight are plac'd,
A Bull the victors, gold, and garlands grac'd,
A ſword and helme to cheer him got the worſt.
Straight from the throng then mighty *Dares* burſt:

And his vaſt limbs with great applauſe were ſhown.
He oft with *Paris* did contend alone.
He huge ſiz'd *Butes* at great *Hectors* tombe,
VVho from *Amycus* of *Bebricia* come
Did overthrow, and with his conquering hands,
Meaſur'd his length upon the yellow ſands.
Such *Dares* for the fight, his head rais'd high
Shews his broad ſhoulders, and alternatly
Swings his extended arms, and beats the winds.
His match is ſought, none that great concourſe findes
Dares take the *Ceſtus*, or himſelf preſent.
To bear the palm from all he confident
Before *Æneas* ſtood; nor more delay'd,
His left hand holding the bulls horne, then ſaid.
Great Goddeſs ſon, if no man dare reſiſt,
VVhy ſtand I here, command I be diſmiſt,
And grant the priſe. *Trojans* with one conſent
Cry'd he the man ſhould promis'd gifts preſent.

Here old *Aceſtes* chides *Entellus*, as
Near plac'd they ſate, on beds of verdant graſs;
Entellus, valiant'ſt *Hero* once in vain,
If thou let him untride, ſuch honour gain:
VVher's now thy God and Maſter *Erix* name
In ſlight regard? and where is now thy fame
Through *Sicilie* ſpread? and ſpoyls hung on thy walls?
Then he: Not love of praiſe and glory failes
VVeaken'd by fear; but me cold blood reſtrains,
Benumb'd with age, and weakeneſs in my veins.
Had I that youth which he with inſolence
Doth triumph in, from me long parted ſince,
Gifts ſhould not draw me, nor would I regard
A goodly ſteer, nor ſtand upon reward.

Two mighty bats he casts in, this being said,
With which the cruell *Erix* oft had plaid,
And tride th' hard skins. All were astonished,
Seven huge bull hides, sow'de stiffe, with iron and lead.
Dares was most dismaid, and long denies,
The mighty weight great *Anchisiades*,
And immense foulding, here, and there did roule:
While in such words the old man spake his soule.
Had any seen those clubs *Alcides* bore!
And cruell battell fought upon this shore!
These arms thou seest, which blood and brains yet smear,
Thy cosen *Erix* in times past did bear;
With these cop'd *Hercules*; I with these did fight
Whil'st blood gave better strength; before the spight
Of envious age had silver'd thus my brows.
If *Trojan Dares* shall my arms refuse,
If so *Æneas* and the King shall please,
We'le match our arms, for thee I'le these release;
Fear not, lay by thy *Trojan* arms. This said,
His thick lin'd vest he from his shoulders laid,
His huge limbs, bones, and brawnie muscles shew'd:
Then midst the place a mighty man he stood.
When Prince *Æneas* equall clubs commands,
And weapons match'd he puts into their hands.
Each stood prepar'd, themselves then raising high,
Boldly they lift their arms unto the skie:
Far back they draw their tall heads from the stroak,
They joyne in fight, and blows with blows provoke.
One trusting youth, best traversed his ground,
Th' other in strength and sise advantage found:
But with stiffe knees *Entellus* earnest slides,
Whil'st short thick breathings shake his ample sides.
Many blows past, yet neither had the best,
Redoubled stroaks ring on their spacious brest,

And

And hollow ſides, about their ears and brows
A ſwift hand flies, and cheeks reſound with blows.
Unmov'd yet old *Entellus* ſtood, his skill
And watchfull eye, warding his body ſtill.
As at a fenced City *Dares* lies,
Or a high towre by leagure to ſurpriſe:
This entrance, that, ſtrives by his art to gaine,
And with oft ſtorming ſeeks to get in vain.
Entellus rai'sd his arme, and high did riſe
To make a ſtroke; the coming blow he ſpies,
And with his nimble body did prevent;
Upon the aire the old mans ſtrength is ſpent,
And heavie, he with a huge weight comes down.
In *Erymanthus* ſo, or *Idæs* Crown,
Torne from the roots, tumbles a hollow *Pine*.
Trojans applauding riſe, *Sicilians* joyne,
Clamour ſcales heaven; *Aceſtes* firſt runs forth
To raiſe his equall aged friend from earth.
But th' *Heroe* this retards not, nor affrights,
He fiercer now comes on, rage ſtrength excites,
And ſhame with conſcious vertue force revives.
Then *Dares* headlong every where he drives
With both his hands redoubling blows, nor ſtops
Nor ſtayes. As in a ſtorme the houſes tops
Rattle with haile, ſo thick he ſtrokes beſtows,
And falls on *Dares*, with a ſhowre of blows.
Æneas here forbids then to engage
Further, unwilling that *Entellus* rage
Proceed, ſo ends the fight, and thence conveyd
Spent *Dares*, and with words appeaſing, ſaid.
Hapleſs, what folly did thy minde bereave?
Doſt thou not more then humane ſtrength perceive?

Yield

Yield to the God; then brought him off, this said.
But *Dares* with weak knees to sling his head,
His teeth all bloody, and gore vomiting,
His faithfull equalls to the navie bring:
The helme and sword appointed they receive,
The bull, the prize unto *Entellus* leave.
Proud of the palme, the Conquerour rais'd with joy,
Then said, know Goddess Son, and you of *Troy*,
By this, what strength I in my youth might have,
And from what death you reseu'd *Dares* save.
This said, as he against the bull did stand,
Now his by fight, his bat pois'd in his hand,
Rising, betwixt the horns he takes him full,
And beats into his batter'd braine his skull.
Dead he falls down, trembling on th' earth he lay;
And thus much adds, *Eryx* to thee I pay
This better gift then *Dares* life, and part
A victor here, both with my arms, and art.

Forthwith *Eryx* those would exercise
The nimble shaft invites, and plac'd the prize.
Brought from *Serestus* ship with a great throng
A mast he fixed, to it a pidgeon hung,
This as a mark to aime at he made fast,
And in a brazen helme the lots were cast.
All being met; first place with great applause
The bold *Hyrtacides Hippocoon* draws.
Then *Mnestens* conquerour in the navall game,
Crown'd with fresh olives up glad *Mnestens* came.
Eurytion third; thy brother most renown'd
Pandarus, who did once the peace confound,
And first his arrow mongst the *Grecians* shot.
Acestes last drew from the helme his lot,

And

And bold in youthful games will yet contend.
Then with great ſtrength their hooked bowes they bend;
Each for himſelf, and forth their arrow drew;
Firſt through the skie from his loud bowſtring flew
Hyrtacides ſhaft, and cutting ſwift aire paſt;
Then fix'd it ſelf upon the adverſe maſt.
It ſhook; the frighted bird flutters her wings;
And every part with loud applauſes rings.
After bold *Mneſtheus* ſtands, his bowe he bent,
Taking his aim, his eye with th' arrow went;
Though he was not ſo happy with the ſhot
To hit the pigeon, yet he broke the knot,
By which her feet to the high maſt were tide;
She down the wind in a dark cloud did glide.
Then ſwift *Eurytion* did his ſhaft prepare,
And ready, calls his brother in his prayer;
As with ſpread wings thence the glad pigeon flew
Through vacant aire, in gloomy clouds he ſlew.
Breathleſſe ſhe fell, life in ætherial ſphears
Forſook, and falling the fix'd arrow bears.
Aceſtes yet remain'd, the palm being got;
Yet through the ample skie his arrow ſhot,
Boaſting his art, and ſounding bowe; ſtreight, here
A future prodigie, and great ſigns appear,
Such after-chance declar'd, and omens late
Which dreadful prophets did prognoſticate.
For flying through moyſt clouds, the arrow fires,
And chalks the way with flames, then ſpent expires
Amongſt the winds; as often through the aire
A meteor ſhoots, and ſtars with blazing haire.
All are amaz'd: *Trojans*, *Sicilians* joyne
In prayers; but great *Æneas* lik'd the ſigne,
And did *Aceſtes* joyfully imbrace,
Then loading him with mighty gifts, thus ſayes;

Best father take (for so would heavens great King
By these strange signs we, thee prime honours bring)
This cup inchas'd with figures thou must have,
Which *Thracian Cisseus* old *Anchises* gave:
The mighty gift my Sire he did present,
Both of his love the pledge and monument,
And with fresh laurel binds his brows. This said,
Then over all *Aceses* conqueror made;
Nor good *Eurytion* did such grace envy,
Though he the Dove brought from the lofty sky.
Next he rewards him, broke the coad, and last
Who fix'd his winged arrow in the mast.

But Prince *Aeneas*, scarce this sport being done,
Epytides, tutor, and companion
T'*Ascanius*, cals, and speak in's trusty care,
If *Julus*, and the young troops ready were,
The horses train'd, he with the band should come,
And shew himself, arm'd at his grandsires tombe;
Then streight commands the throng'd in People, here
To make an open field, the Place to cleer.

The boys march up, before their Parents shew
On gallant steeds, whom *Trojans* as they go
And the *Trinacrian* youth, with shouts admir'd.
All as the use, bright helm'd, and brave attir'd,
And with steel points two cornel javelins bore,
Light quivers, some, and chains of gold they wore
About their necks, that rich and curious be.
Three troops march'd on, led up by captains three:
Twice six youth march in a divided band,
Bravely drawn up, whom equal chiefs command.
Young *Priam* nam'd from's grandsire first in Place
Lead up his youth, *Polites* thy fair race,

Latium

Latium t'augment a *Thracian* courser bore
With white spots dapled, and white feet before;
Who lofty in his forehead shew'd a star.
Next *Atys*, whence the *Latine Atii* are,
Young *Atys* whom *Ascanius* lov'd; and last
Ascanius who in beauty all surpast,
Rid a brave horse, which *Dido* did present
Of her dear love the pledge and monument:
Each other youth was mounted on a Steed
Of old *Acestes*, pure *Trinacrian* breed:
The *Trojans* full of joy, did entertain
With acclamation this ambitious train,
Who by their faces their old Parents knew.
When these they had seen, delighted with the shew;
Epytides gave the signe, to them prepar'd,
And makes his loud switch ring; no sooner heard,
They ran together, in three squadrons, then
Divide, and open at the word agen,
Their courses change, and cruell javelins bear,
They countermarch, the front becomes the rear;
Alternate orbs with wheeling they include,
Now arm'd they seem to fight, and now subdu'de
They make retreat, then cheer'd they turn the lance,
And peace concluding equally advance.
As once the Labyrinth in high *Crete* (fame says)
A thousand turnings had, with doubtful ways,
Which did no signe unto the followers leave;
But with perpetual errors did deceive.
So youthful *Trojans* wheel, and in that sort,
They flight and battell interweave with sport:
As *Dolphins* who the swelling waves divide
In *Lybick* seas, and wanton in the tide.
Ascanius when long *Alba* he did frame
Did first appoint this custome, and this game,

And th'ancient *Latins* taught to celebrate:
What he and *Trojan* youth did, th'*Alban* ſtate
Their off-ſpring ſhew'd. this greateſt *Rome* from hence
Receiv'd, and kept thoſe honours ever ſince,
The game, *Troys* youthful troops the *Trojan* names,
Thus finiſhed he his bleſſed fathers games.

Here firſt inconſtant fortune chang'd her brow,
Whilſt they with various rites perform'd their vow,
From heaven *Saturnian Iuno Iris* ſent
To th'*Ilian* Fleet: winds breathing as ſhe went:
Revolving much, nor was her ancient ſpleen
Yet ſatisfi'd; the Virgin ſwift unſeen,
Streight through the bowe of thouſand colours flies,
The ſhores ſhe views, and mighty concourſe ſpies,
The port forſook, all from the Navy gone:
But far off *Trojan* dames ſhe ſaw alone,
Who mourn'd *Anchiſes*, and the deeps ſurvaid,
And weeping ah ſo many floods (they ſaid)
And ſhoals muſt yet the weary paſſe, all pray
For ſeats, toyld with the troubles of the ſea.
Skilful in miſchief, in 'mongſt theſe ſhe preſt,
And lays aſide her goddeſſe forme and veſt,
And ſtreight old *Beroe*, *Doricles* wife became,
Who once had children, honour and great fame,
And thus ſhe did midſt *Ilian* dames declare.
O wretches! whom no *Grecian* in this war
Vouchſaf'd to kill at home, unfortunate,
For what ſad end are you preſerv'd by fate?
Since *Troys* deſtruction now ſeven years are paſt,
Whilſt we by ſeas, dire rocks, and countreys vaſt,
Raiſing new Stars, are born through floods: whilſt we
Involv'd with waves, ſeek flying *Italy*.

Frater-

Fraternal *Erix*, kind *Aceſtes* ſtrands
To plant in, build a city, who withſtands?
O country, and our Gods preſerv'd in vain,
Shall no place *Troy* be ſtil'd? ſhall we again
Hectorian ſtreams, nor *Xanthus*, *Symois* ſee?
Come, this unhappy Navy burn with me.
In ſleep to me *Caſſandra* did appear,
She brought me fire, and ſaid, Your *Troy* ſeek here,
This is your ſeat; now is the time to act,
Neptunes four altars ſee; let's not protract:
The God himſelf courage, and brands, affords.
Then cruel fire ſhe ſnatch'd (uſing theſe words)
And far off brandiſhing ſhe caſts the flames,
Rais'd and aſtoniſh'd are the *Ilian* dames.
Here one, call'd *Pyrgo*, who by age took place,
Nurſe to ſo many of great *Priams* race;
Said, This not *Beroe*, *Dorycles* wife, nor this
A *Rhetian* dame; here divine beauty is:
Mark her bright eyes, and breath; behold her face,
Her voyces accent, and her ſtately grace.
I now left *Beroe* ſick, much griev'd that ſhe
Should only from ſuch offering abſent be,
Nor could t'*Anchiſes* bring due ſacrifice.
Such things ſhe ſaid.
But they the Fleet behold with cruel eyes,
Doubtful 'twixt woful love of preſent ſeats
They ſtood, or lands to them deſign'd by fates:
When with ſpread wings to heaven the Goddeſſe glides,
And the great bow under the clouds divides.
Inrag'd and wondering then the *Ilian* dames
With great noiſe ſnatch from private harths the flames;
Some altars ſpoile, and boughs, leaves, fire-brands threw;
'Mongſt painted ſterns, banks, oars, with looſe reins flew,

Vulcan inrag'd. When to *Anchiſes* tombe
And to the theater *Eumelus* did come
From the fire'd navy, and ſuch tidings told,
Then they in clouds black riſing ſmoke behold.
And firſt *Aſcanius*, ſprightly as he did
His troop lead, to the camp diſturbed rid;
Nor by his fearful tutors could be ſtaid;
What new rage? whither now? what mean ye? ſaid.
Ah wretched women, you your own hopes burn,
Not th'enemies camp; to your *Aſcanius* turn:
And at their feet his empty helm he caſt,
Which perſonating war, his forehead grac'd.
Æneas haſtes; with him the *Trojan* bands;
But they amaz'd, fled, ſcatter'd through the ſtrands,
To woods, and hollow rocks: their minds reſtor'd
They know their own; their enterpriſe abhorr'd,
And *Juno* now is ſhaken from their breaſt;
But not thoſe untam'd fires could be ſuppreſt,
Tow, ſmothering lives under the ſappy oke;
The veſſels catching, vomit gloomy ſmoke;
The cruel plague ſeiz'd the whole fleet at length,
'Gainſt rivers pow'r, and all the Hero's ſtrength.
Pious *Æneas* then his garments rends,
And to the Gods for aid his hands extends.

All-potent *Jove*, if all the *Trojans* be
Not in thy hate, if antient Pietie
Humane affairs regards; theſe flames deſtroy;
O father, ſave the poor remains of *Troy*;
Or if deſerv'd, with thunder ſtrike me dead,
And now orewhelm with thy right hand. Scarce ſaid,
When a black tempeſt rag'd; a mighty rain
Fell without mean: the mountains, all the plain
With thunder ſhook; condenſing *Auſter* ſent
A moſt black ſtorm through the whole firmament.

The

The decks are fill'd; Oke once half burnt, growes moist
Untill the flame was quenchd; four only lost,
Sav'd from that plague. But Prince *Æneas* here
Shook with the bitter chance, now here, now there,
Great cares revolving in his breast, if he
Mindlesse of fates, should plant in *Sicilie*,
Or take *Italian* shore. Old *Nautes* said,
Whom *Pallas* with much art had famous made,
Then to the Prince: What ere the mighty ire
Of gods portend, or what the fates require,
We must endure. Comforting, he begun
Thus to *Æneas*: O thou Goddesse son,
Let us obey the fates; *whatever chance,*
All fortunes vanquish'd are by sufferance.
Trojan Acestes of a race divine,
Unto thy counsels an associate joyn.
Let him receive thy lost ships companies:
And those now vs'd with thy great enterprise.
The weary matrons, and old men select,
The weak, and those whom dangers now deject;
Here let them plant, and here a city frame,
And from *Acestes* give the walls a name.
He with these words of his old friend was cheerd,
Yet in his breast still many cares appear'd.
When nights black chariot had possest the pole,
From thence he saw descend *Anchises* soule,
And pouring forth such voyces, did appeare;
O son, then life, whilst life remain'd, more dear!
O son, b.sied in *Trojan* fates! I am
By *Joves* command sent hither, who from flame
Preserv'd thy ships, and pitied from the sky.
Old *Nautes* counsel take, for *Italy*;
And bold youth choose; a race thou must orecome
Cruel by use of war in *Latium*.

But first to *Pluto's* dismall courts repair,
And deep *Avernus*, where my dwellings are.
I am not with sad shades, in implous hell,
But with the blest in glad *Elizium* dwell.
Chast *Sybil* shall conduct thee to the place,
With much blood of black sheep: there all thy race,
And new seats thou shalt know; and now farwell,
Moyst night hath reach'd her vertick parallell;
The cruell East blows me with panting steeds,
He through thin aire like smoke thus saying, speeds.
Æneas then: Where hastes thou? to what place?
Whom dost thou fly? why driven from our embrace?
This said, he ashes stirs, and cover'd fire,
The *Trojan* lar; and in old *Vestas* quire,
Suppliant with holy bread, and full cups bends.
Aceste raising first, and next his friends.
Both his dear fathers will, and *Joves* command
Declares: and what shall now resolved stand.
Nor more advice; these did *Aceste* grant.
They place the matrons; willing People plant:
A city gave souls ignorant of great fame;
Ships half-consum'd repair, new bancks they frame:
Oars, cables fit, but few their numbers are,
But of most lively courages in war.
Mean while *Æneas* plows their city wals,
Houses allots, this *Troy*, that *Ilium* calls:
Aceste joys in his new realms; and draws
A Forum out, gives Conscript fathers laws.
On *Erix* top, a fane nigh heaven was rear'd
To *Venus*, and a sacred grove prepar'd,
And a Priest added to *Anchises* tombe;
And now the ninth day of their feast was come;
Altars they grace: when soft gales calm the main,
And breathing *Auster* cals to Sea again.

Through

Through trending shores complainings loud ascend;
Both day and night they with embraces spend;
Those Women now, To whom before the Sea
Seem'd rough, nor could endure the Deitie,
Would fly, and every danger now contemn;
With kind words good *Æneas* comforts them,
And weeping recommmends t' *Aceſtes* care:
To storms a lamb, three calvs to *Erix* are
Offer'd, and then looſe cables he commands,
And on the prow, crown'd with cut Olive stands,
Holding a bowl, and in the swelling brine
He entrals casts, and powrs forth liquid Wine;
Fair gales attend his sterne; the sailers sweep
The curled waves, and brush the azure deep.

But *Venus* mean while exercis'd in cares,
To *Neptune* spake, and such complaints declares.
Juno's sad wrath, and unappeased breast.
Makes me descend to thee with this request:
Whom neither time nor Piety can move,
Nor fates can quiet, nor commands of *Jove*.
Was't not enough with fierce spleen to destroy
The *Phrygian* city? poor remains of *Troy*;
To force through miseries, but bones and dust
She persecutes; can such a rage be just?
Thou know'st what storms on *Lybian* seas did rise
By her commands, commixing waves and skies,
And with *Æolian* gusts what hils she rais'd,
Thus daring in thy realms.
Ah shame! behold, the *Trojan* Dames she drove
To fire their Fleet; and their ships loſt, did move
Their friends to leave them on strange shores. I crave
Those yet, remain may through their billows have

Safe

Safe passe; *Laurentian Tyber* touch: if I
Those wals require, granted by destiny.
The deep seas Tamer then, O *Erycine*
Trust to our Realms, from whence thou draw'st thy line.
I also have desery'd; who did withstand
Heaven and seas rage so oft: nor lesse by land
My care of thy *Aeneas*, witnessed
Symois, *Xanthus*, when the *Trojans* fled
Trembling before *Achilles* to their wals,
Who many thousands sent to funerals.
Full rivers groan'd, nor *Xanthus* to the Seas
Could find his course; from strong *Aeacides*
I in a hollow cloud brought off thy son
Weaker in strength and Gods; destruction
Wishing that perjur'd *Troy* these hands did rear.
My mind is still the same; then banish fear;
He shall in safety touch th' *Avernian* coasts;
One only shall he misse in th' *Ocean* lost;
One life for many must be paid.
At this the goddesse sad care intermits;
The God his steeds conjoyns, and foamy bits
Adds to the fierce, and with ejected rein,
His azure chariot hurries o're the main.
Billows give place, under his loud axe lie
Waves level'd now, and stormes forsake the sky;
Then varied shapes, and mighty whales appear,
Old *Glaucus* troops, *Inous*, *Palaemon*, there
The active *Tritons*, *Forcus* finny train,
Upon the left hand of th'appeased main,
Thetis, *Thalia*, *Spio*, *Panope*,
Melite, *Nise* and *Cymodoce*.
Here Prince *Aeneas* flattering joys did find
At last to raise his long dejected mind.

Then

Then cheerfull to the ſailors gave command,
To rear the top-maſts, to their tackling ſtand;
All pull at once; larboard and ſtarboard hale:
Unfurl the ſheetes, and hoyſt the lofty ſail.
The with'd gale drives them: *Palinure* preceds,
And being admirall, the ſquadron leads.
All ſteer as he commands. And now moyſt night
Had almoſt touch'd mid heavens vertick height.
The ſailor on hard benches 'mongſt his oars,
His weary limbs with quiet reſt reſtores.
When from ætheriall ſtars, ſoft *Somnus* glides,
Removes the airy darkneſſe, ſhades divides,
With a ſad dream (poor *Palinure*) to thee,
Upon the high ſterne ſate the deitie,
Like *Phorbas*, and with theſe words did appear;
Palinure, the ſea it ſelf thy ſhip will ſteere;
A ſoft gale breaths, there is a time to reſt:
Lie down, ſteal ſleep for eyes with toyl oppreſt,
And ~~I thy charge ſhall for a while ſupply.~~
Palinure then ſaid, ſcarce lifting up his eye;
Wouldſt thou I ſhould a quiet ſea beleeve,
To this inconſtant monſter credit give?
Should I *Æneas* to falſe *Auſter* leave,
And ~~ſerene~~ skies, that me ſo oft deceive?
This ſaid, he fix'd unto the rudder lies,
Holds faſt, and on the ſtars he held his eyes.
The God, behold, in *Lethe* ſteep'd, a bough
Sleepy with *Stygian* ſtrength, ſhakes o're his brow,
And wandring eyes of him reſiſting cloſ'd.
Scarce were his nerves in quiet ſlumber looſ'd,
Leaning, that part being looſe on which he ſtood,
He with the helm, fals in the briny flood,
And oft in vain to his companions cries.
With wings the God mounts the ætherial skies.

Fear-

Fearleſſe, the ſhip not ſlower, a ſafe courſe failes,
Nor in in his promiſe father *Neptune* failes.
Neer *Syrens* rocks, once dangerous, now they ſtood,
White with the bones of men, beat with the flood
Hoarſe waves reſound; but when the Prince perceiv'd
The ſhip to wander, of her guide bereav'd,
Through nightly waves he did the helm attend,
Much ſighing the misfortune of his friend:
O *Palinure*, truſting fair ſeas and skie,
Thou naked on ſome coaſt unknown muſt lie.

THE SIXTH BOOK OF VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

The Argument.

At Sybils *cave* Æneas *asks his fates;*
Inspir'd, she answers through a hundred gates.
Misenus *rites; the golden bough is found.*
Hells dismal passage, and the Stygian sound.
Rude Charon *pleas'd; a sop loud* Cerberus *takes.*
Sad souls hem'd in with nine infernal lakes.
Dido *is seen;* Deiphobus *appears.*
Hell *and* Elizium. *Every thousand years*
Souls Lethe *drink, and bodies reassume.*
Anchises *shews his son those Lords of* Rome
Must spring from him; their character relates;
And after lets him forth at ivory gates.

THus he said weeping, and with full saile stands,
Gliding at last to the *Euboick* strands.
They turn from Sea their prows, their ships they moare,
And the tall Navy guards the winding shore.
The glad youth leap'd on land, streight some desire
To force from flint the hidden seeds of fire.

Some

Some teare the fleeces of wild beasts, the woods;
Whilst others looke about for fresher floods.
But good *Æneas* sought high towrs which haye
Phœbus their Lord, dread *Sibills* woundrous cave,
Secrets remote; on whom the God bestows
An ample mind, and future things foreshews,
To *Dians* growes and golden roofs they came,
Dedalus flying *Minos* realms, (they fame)
To swift wings trusting boldly through the skies
A way untracted to the cold North flies,
At last on *Chalcis* towre he stands, where he
Firft lighting, *Phœbus*, gave his wings to thee;
And a large Temple built; whose porch presents
Androgeus death, *Athenian* punishments,
(A wofull thing) seven children, the demands
Annually paid, with lots the sad urne stands.
Crete that survayes the Sea was opposite;
A bulls dire love, *Pasiphaes* stolne delight,
The mix'd race *Minotaure*, his Monstrous son,
The monument of her foule lust, was done.
The structure, and the Labyrinth here was seen;
But *Dedalus* pitying th' inamor'd Queen,
The art and windings of that house betraies,
Shewing the clew; thou *Icarus* in these
Shouldst a great part (had grief permitted) shar'd;
To draw thy chance in gold he twice prepar'd,
Twice fell the fathers hands, Soon the whole frame,
They had survaid; but that *Achates* came
And did the priestesse of great *Phœbus* bring
Deiphobe, who thus bespake the King;
This is no time such sights to entertain;
Then bida seaven steers from untouch'd heards be staine,
And as the custome equall sheep be paid.
Having said these, the rites were not delaid,

And

And bids the *Trojans* to the Temple come.
A cave was cut from a rocks vaster wombe,
Whence through a hundred gates, a hundred ways,
Sybil as many propheſies convayes.
As he drew neer, the Virgin cries; Be bold
To ask thy fate; The god the god behold!
This ſaid, her colour chang'd; nor had her face
And comely treſſes, the ſame form or grace;
But her ſwoln boſome pants, a mighty rage
Doth all the faculties of her ſoul engage;
Nor humane voice, greater ſhe ſeems to be
Inſpired with th'approaching *Deitie*.
Trojan Æneas, then aloud ſhe ſaid,
Haſt thou not made thy vowes? haſt thou not praid?
Nor vaſt gates of the fatal houſe till then
Shall open. Here ſhe ſilent was agen;
And through the *Trojans* bones ſhot trembling feare;
Whilſt from his ſoul the King powrs forth his prayer.
O *Phœbus*, thou that ſtrov'ſt ſtill to protect
Unhappy *Troy*, and didſt the ſhafe direct,
And *Paris* hand to wound *Æacides*:
I, led by thee, ſtrange lands and many ſeas
To the remote *Maſſylian* ſhores have paſt,
And realms extended unto deſerts vaſt.
We *Italies* flying coaſts at length have took,
But by our own ſad fortune not forſook.
And all you *Gods* and *Goddeſſes* that were
Foes to *Troy's* glory, now that nation ſpare,
And you bleſt Propheteſſe humbly I intreat,
(I ſeek but realms are due to me by fate)
That we in *Latium* may find new abodes,
And habitations for our wandring gods;
I then to *Phœbus* and *Diana* ſhall
A temple build of marble; where Ile call

On

On solemn dayes, on great *Apollo's* name,
And in our realm Chappels for thee Ile frame,
In which the fates and fortunes of our race
Which pleas'd you now foretell, shall have their place;
And there, blest maid, Ile consecrate choise men.
Commit not unto leaves thy verses then,
Lest they to wanton winds a sport be made:
But sing thy self, I pray. He ends, this said.

But in the cave she furious takes no rest,
Striving to shake the great God from her brest;
Who tires her more, her raging mouth he frames,
And by constraining her fierce bosome tames.
The hundred gates themselves now open fling,
And through the aire *Sibylla's* answer bring.

Thou scap'd from dangers of the sea, far more
Remain at land; the *Trojans* shall the shore
Of *Latium* find; thy breast from such cares free,
And soon repent: Wars, horrid wars I see,
And *Tyber* swell'd with blood, nor shalt thou misse
Greek camps, a *Xanthus* and a *Symois*,
A new *Achilles* of a Goddesse come,
And you shall *Juno* find in *Latium*.
What people, what *Italian* seats in want,
Shalt thou not sue to as a suppliant?
A wife shall cause again the *Trojan* woe,
And forrain marriage.
Yet dangers fear not, but on bolder goe,
What course thy fortune grants, thy first supplies
Which thou least thinks, from a *Greek* seat shall rise.

These horrid circumstances from her cell,
Cumean Sibyl bellowing did foretell,
With dark phrase clouding truth: then *Phœbus* shakes
His reins, and her chaf'd heart more fury takes.

When she grew calme and her wild rage alaid;
Æneas spake; Not any toyle, O Maid,
To me an new unlook'd for shape presents,
I foresee all, and cast their worst events.
One boone I crave (since to infernall realms
This way conducts and *Acherons* dismal streames)
That I my deerest father may behold.
Open the way, inchaunted gates unfold;
Him I from thousand weapons through the flame
Brought on my shoulders, through an hoast I came;
He me accompanied through all the maine
And weake did threatning seas and skyes sustaine
Above the strength, and temper of his age.
Us at thy gates t'attend, he did ingage.
O pitie then the father and the sonne
Blest Maid, for all things can by thee be done.
Nor *Hecate* plac'd thee ore those groves in vaine.
If *Orpheus* could *Eurydice* regaine,
Help'd by his *Thracian* lyres sweet harmony;
Could *Pollux* by alternate dying free
His brother and returne? why should I name
Theseus, *Alcides*? that from *Jove* I came?
Such things he pray'd, and by the altars hung.
Then she replyde; *Trojan Æneas*, sprung
From blood of Gods: *to hel's an easie way*,
Black Pluto's *gates stand open night*: *And day*
But to return, and the bright aire to view,
This is the worke, the labour of a few,
Whom *Jove* esteems, or vertue hath rais'd high,
And sprung from Gods Woods in the middle lie,
And round, *Cocytus* motes with a black lake.
If so great love, if such desires thee take,
Twice to swim *Styx*, black hell twice to survay,
And to strange toyles th'art pleas'd to give such way,

Hear thy first task. A golden bough doth lie,
With shining leaves hid in a shady tree;
Sacred t'infernall *Juno* this is said;
This the whole woods, and obscure valleys shade:
To visit parts below all are restrain'd
Untill the bough with golden leaves is gain'd,
Which to fair *Proserpine* must presented be.
This pluck'd, another golden from the tree
Sprouts with like metal; with your eye search round,
And breake it gently off, when it is found.
If fates call thee, it will with ease be gain'd,
Else not by any violence constrain'd:
Nor shall by thee with hardest steele be got,
But now thy dead friend, ah thou knowst it not,
The whole fleet with his corps contaminates,
Whilst thou consulting at our threshold waits;
Him first in quiet shade intombe; then bring.
Black sheep, an expiating offering;
Darke realms denyde the living thou mayst then
Behold. This said, she silent was agen.
Æneas with fix'd eyes, and sad lookes went,
And leaves the cave musing the sad event;
Faithfull *Achates* his companion goes
With equall steps, dividing equall woes;
Betwixt themselves many conjectures, whom
She meant was dead, what corps they should intombe.
When as they go, they saw *Misenus* left
On the dry shore, by a sad death bereft.
Misenus, none more excellent was found,
T'inflame to battell by his trumpets sound;
Great *Hectors* friend, who with him fights atchiev'd,
Whom, when *Achilles* had of life depriv'd,
This valiant *Heroe* to *Æneas* joyn'd,
Who nothing was in feats of War behind,

But

But ſounding his ſhrill trumpet towards the ſeas
And fondly challenging the deities;
Him, emulous *Triton* (if it credit have)
Among the rocks, drown'd in a foamy wave.
Groaning with great complaints, about they ſtand;
Pious *Æneas* chief: *Sybils* command
Weeping they haſte, and with heap'd wood the while
Up to high heaven they rear his funerall pile.
He viſits an old wood, where wild beaſts dwel,
Elms ring with axes, and tall Cedars fell,
They trunks of aſh, and oke with wedges rive,
And down the hils, woods of wild aſhes drive.
Amidſt the works, *Æneas* formoſt cheer'd
His friends, and girded with like arms appear'd.
When with a ſad heart to himſelf he ſaid,
Viewing the mighty wood, and thus he praid;
O that the golden bough it ſelf would ſhew,
In this huge grove, ſince all hath proved too true
Of thee *Miſenus*, which the Prieſteſſe ſaid.
Scarce ſpoke: when from the skies two pigeons made
Their flight to him, and to the green earth drew.
His mothers doves ſoon the great *Heroe* knew:
And joyfull praid; If through thoſe tracts above
Lies any way, direct me to the grove,
Where the rich bough the fertile ſoyle doth ſhade:
Bleſt mother help, ſtill reay to my aid.
Theſe having ſpake, on cheerfully he went,
Their flight obſerving, and what courſe they bent.
But feeding they, no farther diſtance flew,
Then they which follow with clear ſight may view.
Thence to *Avernus* noiſome gulph they fly
A nimble courſe, and cut the liquid sky:
On ſeats deſcride, two boughs they pearch'd, whence raies
Through branches of diſcolour'd gold diſplays.

As in the woods oft times a tree will shew,
Fresh in cold winter, green with mistletoe;
And a new leafe not from her own sap shoots,
Embracing the smooth bole with blushing fruits.
So from the shady elme the branches shinde,
The spangles crackling with the gentle wind,
Th'unwilling branch straight down *Æneas* tore,
And to the Propheteſſe *Sybilla* bore.
Nor leſſe mean while *Trojans Miſenus* mourn,
And his sad dust with funerall rites adorn.
First a huge pile with sappy pine erect,
And cloven oke, with sable branches deckt:
About the sides they mournful cypresse place,
And with his shining arms the structure grace.
Some water warme, the flowing Caldron swims
Ore flames; they bathe, and 'noint, his frigid limbs.
Then with a groan him on the biere they lay:
Above his purple vest, known weeds display.
Part, a sad work, take up the ponderous hearse,
And as the ancient use, faces reverse
Held to the torch; full bowls of oyl they turn,
And gifts of frankincense congested burn.
After the ashes fell, and flames decline,
The reliques, and dry sparks they quench in wine,
In brasse the bones then *Chorineus* urns,
About his mates twice with pure water turns,
And he from boughs of happy olive spread
Light dews: and they being purg'd, the last words said.
But good *Æneas* a huge tombe did raise,
On which his arms, his oare, and trumpet lays,
Under a mighty hill which now they call
From him *Miſenus*, and for ever shall.
This, done he did *Sybils* commands dispatch.
There was a deep cave with a mighty breach,

With

With black lakes moted, and a horrid grove,
Ore which not safely swifteſt wings could move,
Such were the vapours from thoſe fowl jaws came;
This place the *Græcians* did *Avernus* name.
Here firſt he foure black bullocks did deſigne
The Prieſt upon the forehead powring wine,
Haire pluck'd betwixt the horns, on ſacred flame
Lays the prime gift, calling on *Hecats* name,
Powerfull in heaven, and hell: with knives ſome ſtood
Prepar'd, and ſav'd in bouls the reeking blood,
A black fleec'd lambe pious *Æneas* ſlew,
The furies mother, and great ſiſters dew,
A barren Cow, thee *Proſerpine* they bring,
Then rear night altars to the *Stygian* King:
And buls firme entrals on the flames did pile,
And poure on ſcorching bowels pureſt oyl.
When with the dawn behold! and riſing ſun,
Beneath their feet earth groans, the cliffs begun
Of the high woods to move, dogs in the ſhade
Howle as the Goddeſſe her approaches made.
Far, O far off from hence, be all prophane,
(The Prieſteſſe cries) and from the Grove abſtain;
And thou *Æneas* draw thy ſword, and go,
Now courage needs, now thy great valour ſhew.
This ſaid, in th'open cave the Furious leaps,
As faſt he follows with undaunted ſteps.
You Gods who ſouls command, and ſilent ghoſts,
Phlegeton, *Chaos*, nights vaſt diſmall coaſts.
Grant I declare things heard, by your aid ſhew
What earth and darkneſſe long hath hid below.
Obſcur'd through ſhades, and wofull night they paſt
Through *Pluto's* empty courts, and kingdoms waſte.
As through dark woods, when a new moon diſplaid
Pale beams, and *Jove* the ſky hides with a ſhade,

And black night colour did from things compell.
Just at the door, before the gates of hell,
Sorrow repos'd, with her revenging Rage,
Pale sicknesses and discontented age,
Fear, with dire Famine, and base Povertie,
Labour and death, shapes terrible to see.
Then sleep allied to Death, and fond joys are
Plac'd on the other side, with deadly War,
On iron beds, Furies and Discord sit,
Their viperous hair with bloody fillets knit.
Here a dark elme, did ancient boughs display,
The seat (as they report) where vain dreams lay,
And stuck to every leafe: then a huge brood
Of various monsters, biform'd *Scylla* stood,
And *Centaurs* in the porch; with hundred hands
Briareus and the *Lernian Hydra* stands,
Chymera hissing loud, and arm'd with fire,
The triple shade, *Gorgons* and *Harpyes* dire.
Æneas draws, then struck with sudden fear,
Opposing the sharp point to them drew neer.
But that his learn'd companion him perswades,
They were but fleeting forms, and empty shades,
In vain he had attempted ghosts to wound.
Hence led the way to th' *Acherontick* sound;
With a vast gulph here whirlpits vext with mud,
Boyling casts sands up from the *Stygian* flood.
Charon the horrid ferry-man these deeps
With dreadful squallidnesse, and river keeps.
His untrim'd cheeks were rough with hoary hair,
Knotty his beard, his firy eyes did stare,
Tye'd on his shoulders hung a sordid coat;
He trims his sails, drives with a pole his boat,
And in his rusty bark wasts Passengers;
The God was youthful still, though struck in years.

Here

Here all the ſcatter'd throngs ruſh to theſe coaſts,
Men, Women came, and valiant *Hero's* Ghoſts,
Depriv'd of life; boys, virgins, young men, here
Before their Parents laid upon the bier.
As in firſt cold of autumne from the trees
The leaves fall thick, or to the ſhore from ſeas
The birds repair in flocks, when early froſts
Drive them from water unto warmer coaſts.
They ſtand, and firſt for paſſages implore,
Their hands lift up, longing for th'other ſhore;
But the grim wafter theſe, now them receives,
But others far off on the ſand he leaves.
Æneas wondring at the tumult, ſaid
Wherefore this concourſe to the ſtreams, O maid?
Say what theſe ſouls require, why thoſe the ſhores
Forſake, and other billows roul with oars.
Brief, th'aged Prieſteſſe thus to him replies.
Anchiſes ſon, ſure ſtock of deities,
Thou *Styx*, *Cocytus* view'ſt, by this to ſwear
And to deceive the power, the Gods do fear.
All thoſe ſad troops thou ſeeſt, are not interr'd;
That *Charon*; thoſe he wafts are ſepulcher'd.
Untill their bones in quiet reſt, before,
None paſſe theſe hoarce waves to the horrid ſhore.
A hundred years to wander here they'are bound,
Permitted then to paſſe the *Stygian* ſound.
The Prince at this no further did advance,
And full of thoughts, pitying their ſad miſchance,
Leucaſpes and *Orontes* there he ſpies,
The *Lycian* chief, ſad, wanting obſequies;
Whom the black ſouth o're ſet with tempeſt, when
They ſail'd to *Troy*, waves ſwallowing ſhip and men.
Lo! *Palinure* the maſter next appear'd,
Whom whilſt by ſtars from *Lybia* he ſteer'd,

Fell mid'st the waves, and tumbles with the stern,
Him when he could in so much shade discern,
O *Palinure*, first said what deitie
Snatch'd thee from us and drown'd amid'st the Sea,
Speak; for to me still *Phœbus* words prov'd true,
But onely in my hopes concerning you.
He said, thou safe to *Latium* through the seas,
Shouldst passe; behold I Are these his promises?
Great *Trojan* Prince, *Phœbus* deceiv'd not thee,
Said *Palinure*, nor hath the God drown'd me;
For the torne rudder grasping with much force,
As to my charge I stuck, and steer'd my course,
With it I fell, by the rough seas I sweare,
Nor for my selfe conceiv'd I so much feare,
But that the Master wanting at the helme,
Such swelling waves thy ship might overwhelme,
Three stormie nights rough south winds carried me
Through the vast waves; the fourth dawne, *Italy*
Rais'd on a swelling wave I saw, and swam
Softly to shore, and to firm footing came,
When cruel men on me with weapons set,
Grasping rough bancks, loaden with garments wet,
Who ignorantly tooke me for a prey;
The waves possesse me now, and in the sea
The winds oft rowle my body to the shore;
But by heavens pleasant light I thee implore,
By thy deare Father, and thy hopefull heire
Take me from hence great Prince, or else interre
(For thou hast power) and seeke m'in *Velins* bay.
Or if thy mother *Venus* shew the way,
(For I beleeve without some aiding God
Thou com'st not now, to saile this dreadful flood)
Then helpe a wretch, and me transport with thee,
That I at last in death may quiet be.

This

This said, then *Sybill* thus her selfe expresst,
Whence *Palinurus*, comes this strange request?
Wouldst thou unburied, *Styx*, the furies Lake,
Behold, and without leave these shores forsake?
Desist to hope that fates will heare thy prayer;
But take this comfort to appease thy care.
The neighbouring Cities shall thy bones interre,
And mov'd by omens, build thy sepulchre;
Then to thy tombe pay yearly rites, and shall
The place for ever *Palinurus* call.
These words appeas'd his cares, and griefe ore-came,
Proud of a countrey that should beare his name.
Then on they went, and to the stream drew nigh.
As *Charon* these from *Stygian* waves did spie
Bending through silent groves, to his sad strands:
Thus rudely first begins, and threatning stands.
Who ere thus arm'd approacheſt to our streams,
Your businesse tell; this is the place of dreams,
Of shades, and drousie night; depart, nor can
My *Stygian* boat transport a living man.
Nor pleas'd it me to waft ore *Stygian* seas,
Theseus, *Perithous*, nor great *Hercules*,
Though sprung from Gods, men never vanquished.
From our Kings Throne, in chains *Alcides* led
Hels porter trembling, the other did combine
To take from *Plutoe's* bed chast *Proserpine*.
Then *Sybill* said, give not such way to rage,
Here are no stratagems nor arms t'ingage
A violence; let hels Porter ever lye
In's kennell, and pale Shadowes terrifie;
Still in her Uncles Court the Queen may be.
Æneas fam'd for armes and pietie,
To see his father, through darke shades descends.
If thee no shape of such affection bends,

Behold

Behold this bough (which hidden in her veſt
She ſhewes) then ſwelling rage forſakes his breaſt:
Nor more he ſaid, but the ſtrange gift admires,
The fatall bough not ſeen in many years.
Then turns his ſable veſſel toward the ſtrand,
Thence drives thoſe Ghoſts ſate waiting on the ſand,
Opens his hatches, and receives his freight.
The craz'd boat groanes with great *Æneas* weight,
And leakie drunck much water; ſafe at laſt
He with the Prieſteſſe and *Æneas* paſt,
And free from foule mud, 'mongſt black ruſhes lands.
From triple jawes great *Cerberus* through thoſe ſtrdans
Still barks, and huge in a vaſt kennell lies.
When ſhe his neck dreadfull with ſerpents ſpies,
She caſts to him a ſoporiferous bit:
He opens his three mouths to ſwallow it,
Then being laid, ſtretcht forth his long back lies
Meaſuring his kennell with his mighty ſiſe.
Æneas paſt, whilſt *Cerberus* ſleeps, and leaves
The ſhores of irrenavigable waves.
Then they heard voices, and a mighty cry
Of Infants weeping, which in th'entrance lie;
Whom from ſweet life a wofull death did call
From the loved teate, with timeleſſe funerall;
Next, thoſe who falſly were condemn'd to die,
And did not without Lot or judgement lie.
Minos being plac'd, a ſilent councell cals,
And lives examines of the criminals.
Next after theſe, thoſe wretched Ghoſts reeide,
Who hating life, have by their own hands dyde,
And loſt their ſoules: who now to live again
Would not hard toyle and poverty diſdain;
Them fates deny, and the moſt dreadfull ſound
Binds in, and *Stix* nine times incircles round.

Not

Not farre from hence they to large champaigns came,
The fields of ſorrow call'd, ſuch was the name;
Here thoſe whom cruell love with griefe devours,
Did haunt cloſe walks, conceal'd in mirtle bowres,
Nor in their death relinquiſh they their woes;
There *Phedra*, *Procris*, and *Euryphile* goes,
Shewing thoſe wounds her ſon had made, he ſaw
Paſiphae, *Evadne*, *Laodomia*,
Cæneus with them, now woman, once a man,
Whom fates reſtor'd to her own ſex againe.
Amongſt theſe, *Dido* wandred the great wood,
With a freſh wound, whom, as *Troys* Heroe ſtood,
And drawing nigh, through obſcure ſhades he knew:
Such in her prime, the riſing moon we view,
Or ſeeme at leaſt to ſee, through clouds diſplaid:
Powring forth tears, then with ſweet love he ſaid;
Ah hapleſſe *Dido*, truth that newes did tell
Which ſaid thou'rt dead, and by thy own hand fell.
I was the cauſe; now by the ſtars I vow,
By Gods, and faith, if any is below,
Unwillingly beſt Queen, I left thy lands,
But was inforced by the gods commands:
Who now compell me through theſe ſhades to paſſe,
Through deepeſt night, and this moſt diſmall place.
Nor my departure could I ere ſuppoſe
Could thee, alas, ingage in ſo much woes.
O ſtay, and part not thus. whom fly'ſt thou? me?
We nere ſhall meet againe, ſo fates decree.
Theſe to her vext and frowning he declares
Her to appeaſe, but forceth his own tears:
Fix'd on the earth her eyes averſe ſhe held,
Nor was to change no more with words compeld,
Then if hard flint, or *Parian* Rocks had ſtood:
Then flyes diſpleas'd, and ſeeks ſome ſhady wood;

To

To her first Lord *Sichæus* she repaires,
Who answers all her love, and meets her cares.
Æneas no lesse strucken with these woes,
Follows with tears, lamenting as he goes.
Thence on they passe, to fields remote they went,
And Groves where souls renown'd in war frequent;
Valiant *Parthenopus* and *Tydeus* here
With pale *Adrastus* shade, did first appear;
Those much above lamented, in a train,
He all those *Dardans* saw in battel slain;
Glaucus, and *Medon*, *Thersilocus* he moans,
Polybetes Ceres Priest, *Antenors* sons,
Idæus in's chariot arm'd; thick souls frequent
Now on each hand, nor i'st sufficient
To see him once, to tary they desire,
And walk with him, his coming they inquire.
But the *Greek* Captains, *Agamemnon's* bands,
Viewing the mans bright arms through shadie strands,
Shake with huge feare: part, as in times past, fly
To seek their ships, part raise a feeble cry,
And the rais'd clamour in the utterance dies.
Here *Priams* son *Deiphobus* he spies,
Wounded all ore; his mangled face appears,
His face and hands, his head dispoil'd of ears,
With a dishonour'd wound his ravisht nose;
Him pale, and dire wounds hiding, scarce he knowes;
At last with known voice spake: O valiant
Deiphobus, of *Teucers* high descent,
Whom could such cruel punishments delight?
Who had the power? that last and woful night,
I heard that thou with *Grecian* slaughter tir'd,
Upon a heap of confus'd corps expir'd.
An empty tombe I on the *Rhetian* coast
Have rear'd, and thrice aloud implor'd thy Ghost;

There are thy arms and name; but thee not found,
I could not bury friend in native ground.
Then he: Nothing dear friend didſt thou neglect;
All rites are paid, my tombe thou didſt erect:
But my own fates, curſt *Helen* me bereft,
Drown'd in theſe woes, and ſhe theſe monuments left.
For as thou knowſt, we paſt with falſe delight
Never to be forgot, that laſt ſad night,
When through great *Troy* the fatal horſe did come,
And pregnant with an army in his wombe;
She fain'd a dance, and *Phrygian* dames in wild
Orgies ſhe led, amidſt a huge torch held,
And cals the *Grecians* from a battlement.
Tird with my cares, and drowſie, then I went
To my unhappy bed, where in calme reſt
I ſlept as with the charms of death poſſeſt.
Mean while my dear wife took my arms away,
And from my head did my good ſword convay,
Opens the gates, lets *Menelaus* in,
Hoping by this great act his love to win,
And paſt offences to extinguiſh thus.
They ruſh in (to be brief) with *Ithacus*
Plotter of miſchief; heaven ſuch *Greeks* repay,
If for revenge with pious lips I pray.
But tell what chance thee living hither ſent,
Driven by ſtorms, or by the gods conſent?
Or by what fortune brought, that thou reſorts
To theſe dark places, ſad and diſmal courts.
By this the morn in her bright chariot ran
Betwixt the poles to heavens Meridian,
And th' whole time granted they had thus delaid;
But *Sybil* them advis'd, and briefly ſaid:
Night haſtes, O Prince, and houres in weeping glide,
This is the place where the two wayes divide;

The

The right, which to great *Pluto's* Pallace bends,
T'*Elizum* leads; the left, to hell descends,
Where wicked men receive their punishment.
Deiphobus said, great Priesteſſe be content,
I shall depart, and fill in shades the list.
But go you on and better fates assist.
This said, he takes his leave. On his left side,
Æneas then under a Rock espide
A mighty fort surrounded with three wals,
Where *Phlegeton* with a swift current fals
Of flaming waves: rowling huge stones along,
The gates on adamantine pillars hung;
No strength of men, of steel, nor gods, has power
This to destroy, high stands the brazen towre.
Girt in a bloody robe *Tisiphone* keeps
The entrance night and day, and never sleeps.
Hence cruel lashes sound and groaning pains,
Clashing of steel, and ratling of huge chains.
Amaz'd *Æneas* stands, and frighted said,
What dreadful sights are these, declare O maid.
What are these tortures? whence these hideous cries?
Renowned *Trojan*, *Sybill* then replies,
In this dire place none but the guilty are:
When *Hecate* left these dark groves to my care,
She shew'd me all their pains, and lead each way.
Stern *Gnossian Radamanth* these realms doth sway,
Hears and corrects their crimes, forcing to tell
What they 'mongst mortals vainly did conceal,
Sins which at late death unrepented were.
Then fierce *Tisiphone* makes the guilty fear,
Shaking her whip from her left hand extends
Her twisted snakes, and cals the cruel fiends:
On groning hinges then th' inchanted gates
Are open'd straight; seest thou what porter waits,

In

In th'entrance there, what monſter keeps the dore?
Hydra with fifty ugly jawes: one more
Cruell then this by far, within doth dwell,
Whence two ſteepe wayes lead headlong down to hell:
So far it doth beneath earths ſurface lye,
As tall *Olympus* thruſts into the sky.
Here young *Titanians* are, earths ancien race,
Struck down with thunder to the loweſt place.
There ſaw I both th' *Aloides*, thoſe vaſt
Gyants, who ſtrove heavens fabricks to have raz'd,
And *Jove* t'have thruſt from heavens high Monarchie.
And ſaw *Salmonius* in great tortures lie,
Whil'ſt he heavens fire, and thunder imitates,
Brandiſhing flames, and through the *Grecian* ſtates,
Borne on fowre ſteeds, proudly through *Elis* drives
With fond pretence to heavens prerogatives:
Who did in imitable fire and raine,
With braſſe, and ſpeed of horne hoof'd horſes, feign.
Then through the clouds from *Jove* almighty came
A dart, he ſends no brands, nor earthy flame,
And headlong him with inrag'd whirlwinds queld.
Th'all bearing earths ſon *Tityus*, I beheld
There, whoſe vaſt corps did nine whole acres fill,
And a huge vulture with a hooked bill
His bowels and immortall liver ſearch'd,
Freſh food for pains, and on's breaſt tiering pearch'd,
To his renewing veins allows no eaſe.
What need I mention both the *Lapithes*,
A black ſtone ſeems now falling on their heads;
Golden frames ſhine with high and geniall beds,
Before them cates, with kingly luxuries;
But not far off the greateſt furie lies,
Forbids to eat, and riſing from the ground,
Swings her black torch, and makes a thundring ſound.

Here

On beds of grasse, and walk in shadie woods
And meadows ever fresh with chrystal floods.
But if you please t'ascend this rising brow,
I shall the most convenient passage shew.
This said, he went before, and a fair plain
Discovering there, thence they descend again.
But old *Anchises* sought with mighty care
Souls which in pleasant vales confined were,
Which soon must view th' aetherial skies; where he
Numbred his own renowned progenie,
Their manners, power, their riches, and their doom.
When towards him he saw *Æneas* come,
Through pleasant greens, joyful, his hands did raise,
And bathing of his cheeks with tears, thus sayes.
Thou com'st at last, and thy great love to me
Hath vanquish'd the hard journey; I may see
Thee now dear son, and change discourses here,
Thus I forethought, and judg'd the time drew neer:
Nor hath my care deceiv'd me; from what coast
Through vast seas com'st thou, with what perils tost,
That now I meet thee here? my mind misgave
Lest thou in *Lybia* some mischance might have.
But he: Dear father, thy, thy woful shade
Appearing oft, this journey did perswade:
Our fleet hides *Tyrrhen* shores; grant, grant that we
May joyn right hands, nor our imbraces flee.
Large floods then drown'd his cheeks; thrice he assaid
T'infold his neck, three times the fleeting shade
In vain he with extended arms assaits,
Which like a swift dream flies, or nimble gales.
When in a winding vale *Æneas* sees
A secret grove, and far off murmuring trees
And pleasant seats, which *Lethe* water'd; here
People in numerous nations did appeare:

And

And as in meads, the bees, in the bright spring
Sit on the various flowres, murmuring
Bright lilleys, and all the fields resound with noise.
Æneas being ignorant, asks the cause,
Struck with the sight, what were those streams, wherefore
Such multitudes of men had fill'd the shore;
Anchises then: Those souls to whom fates owe
New bodies, where the streams of *Lethe* flow,
Drink secure draughts, and long oblivion.
These I desir'd to thee should be foreshown,
And these our stock to number: whence the more
Thou mayst rejoyce finding th' *Ausonian* shore.
O sir, must such pure souls ætherial aire
Review again, and to dull flesh repaire:
Why have the wretches such a strange delight
To visit day. I shall the cause recite,
Nor will I hold thee in suspence, dear son;
Then thus *Anchises* orderly went on.

At first the heaven, and earth, the liquid plain,
The moons bright globe, and stars *Titanian*,
A spirit fed within, spread through the whole,
And with the huge heap mix'd infus'd a soule.
Hence man, and beasts, and birds derive their strain,
And monsters floating in the marbled main.
These seeds have fiery vigour and a birth
Of heavenly race; but clog'd with heavy earth,
Which their dull limbs and dying members drown'd:
Hence fears, and hopes, sorrows, and joy abound;
Shut in dark flesh their natures they forget;
But when their latest light and life is set,
Not all woes leave them, nor all tortures quite
Forsake the wretches there; and 'tis but right;
Things strangely grown by custome into crimes,
They must be punish'd for their mispent times,

Fearleſſe, the ſhip not ſlower, a ſafe courſe failes,
Nor in in his promiſe father *Neptune* failes.
Neer *Syrens* rocks, once dangerous, now they ſtood,
White with the bones of men, beat with the flood
Hoarſe waves reſound; but when the Prince perceiv'd
The ſhip to wander, of her guide bereav'd,
Through nightly waves he did the helm attend,
Much ſighing the misfortune of his friend:
O *Palinure*, truſting fair ſeas and skie,
Thou naked on ſome coaſt unknown muſt lie.

THE SIXTH BOOK OF VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

The Argument.

At Sybils *cave* Æneas *asks his fates;*
Inspir'd, she answers through a hundred gates.
Misenus *rites; the golden bough is found.*
Hells dismal passage, and the Stygian sound.
Rude Charon *pleas'd; a sop lond* Cerberus *takes.*
Sad souls hem'd in with nine infernal lakes.
Dido *is seen;* Deiphobus *appears.*
Hell *and* Elizium. *Every thousand years*
Souls Lethe *drink, and bodies reassume.*
Anchises *shews his son those Lords of* Rome
Must spring from him; their character relates;
And after lets him forth at ivory gates.

THus he said weeping, and with full saile stands,
Gliding at last to the *Euboick* strands.
They turn from Sea their prows, their ships they moare,
And the tall Navy guards the winding shore.
The glad youth leap'd on land, streight some desire
To force from flint the hidden seeds of fire.

Some seare the shelters of wild beasts, the woods;
Whilst others looke about for fresher floods.
But good *Æneas* sought high towrs which have
Phœbus their Lord, dread *Sibills* woundrous cave,
Secrets remote; on whom the God bestowes
An ample mind, and future things foreshews,
To *Dians* growes and golden roofs they came,
Dedalus flying *Minos* realms, (they fame)
To swift wings trusting boldly through the skies
A way untracted to the cold North flies,
At last on *Chalcis* towre he stands, where he
First lighting, *Phœbus*, gave his wings to thee;
And a large Temple built; whose porch presents
Androgeus death, *Athenian* punishments,
(A wofull thing) seven children, the demands
Annually paid, with lots the sad urne stands.
Crete that survayes the Sea was opposite;
A bulls dire love, *Pasiphaes* stolne delight,
The mix'd race *Minotaure*, his Monstrous son,
The monument of her foule lust, was done.
The structure, and the Labyrinth here was seen;
But *Dedalus* pitying th' inamor'd Queen.
The art and windings of that house betraies,
Shewing the clew; thou *Icarus* in these
Shouldst a great part (had grief permitted) thar'd;
To draw thy chance in gold he twice prepar'd,
Twice fell the fathers hands, Soon the whole frame,
They had survaid; but that *Achates* came
And did the priestesse of great *Phœbus* bring
Deiphobe, who thus bespake the King;
This is no time such sights to entertain;
Then bids seaven steers from untouch'd heards be staine,
And as the custome equall sheep be paid.
Having said these, the rites were not delaid,

And

And bids the *Trojans* to the Temple come.
A cave was out from a rocks vaster wombe,
Whence through a hundred gates, a hundred wuys,
Sybil as many prophecies convayes.
As he drew neer, the Virgin cries; Be bold
To ask thy fate; The god the god behold!
This said, her colour chang'd; nor had her face
And comely tresses, the same form or grace:
But her swoln bosome pants, a mighty rage
Doth all the faculties of her soul engage:
Nor humane voice, greater she seems to be
Inspired with th'approaching *Deitie*.
Trojan Æneas, then aloud she said,
Hast thou not made thy vowes? hast thou not praid?
Nor vast gates of the fatal house till then
Shall open. Here she silent was agen;
And through the *Trojans* bones shot trembling feare;
Whilst from his soul the King powrs forth his prayer.
O *Phœbus*, thou that strov'st still to protect
Unhappy *Troy*, and didst the shaft direct,
And *Paris* hand to wound *Æacides*:
I, led by thee, strange lands and many seas
To the remote *Massylian* shores have past,
And realms extended unto deserts vast.
We *Italies* flying coasts at length have took,
But by our own sad fortune not forsook.
And all you *Gods* and *Goddesses* that were
Foes to *Troy's* glory, now that nation spare,
And you bleft Prophetesse humbly I intreat,
(I seek but realms are due to me by fate)
That we in *Latium* may find new abodes,
And habitations for our wandring gods;
I then to *Phœbus* and *Diana* shall
A temple build of marble; where Ile call

On

On solemn dayes, on great *Apollo's* name,
And in our realm Chappels for thee Ile frame,
In which the fates and fortunes of our race
Which pleas'd you now foretell, shall have their place;
And there, blest maid, Ile consecrate choise men.
Commit not unto leaves thy verses then,
Lest they to wanton winds a sport be made:
But sing thy self, I pray. He ends, this said.

But in the cave she furious takes no rest,
Striving to shake the great God from her brest;
Who tires her more, her raging mouth he frames,
And by constraining her fierce bosome tames.
The hundred gates themselves now open fling,
And through the aire *Sibylla's* answer bring.

Thou scap'd from dangers of the sea, far more
Remain at land; the *Trojans* shall the shore
Of *Latium* find; thy breast from such cares free,
And soon repent: Wars, horrid wars I see,
And *Tyber* swell'd with blood, nor shalt thou misse
Greek camps, a *Xanthus* and a *Symois*,
A new *Achilles* of a Goddesse come,
And you shall *Juno* find in *Latium*.
What people, what *Italian* seats in want,
Shalt thou not sue to as a suppliant?
A wife shall cause again the *Trojan* woe,
And forrain marriage.
Yet dangers fear not, but on bolder goe,
What course thy fortune grants, thy first supplies
Which thou least thinks, from a *Greek* seat shall rise.

These horrid circumstances from her cell,
Cumean Sibyl bellowing did foretell,
With dark phrase clouding truth: then *Phœbus* shakes
His reins, and her chaf'd heart, more fury takes.

When

When she grew calme and her wild rage alaid;
Æneas spake; Not any toyle, O Maid,
To me an new unlook'd for shape presents,
I foresee all, and cast their worst events.
One boone I crave (since to infernall realms
This way conducts and *Acherons* dismal streames)
That I my deerest father may behold.
Open the way, inchaunted gates unfold;
Him I from thousand weapons through the flame
Brought on my shoulders, through an hoast I came;
He me accompanied through all the maine
And weake did threatning seas and skyes sustaine
Above the strength, and temper of his age.
Us at thy gates t'attend, he did ingage.
O pitie then the father and the sonne
Blest Maid, for all things can by thee be done.
Nor *Hecate* plac'd thee ore those groves in vaine.
If *Orpheus* could *Eurydice* regaine,
Help'd by his *Thracian* lyres sweet harmony;
Could *Pollux* by alternate dying free
His brother and returne? why should I name
Theseus, *Alcides*? that from *Jove* I came?
Such things he pray'd, and by the altars hung.
Then she replyde; *Trojan Æneas*, sprung
From blood of Gods: *to hell's an easie way*,
Black Pluto's *gates stand open night*: *And day*
But to return, and the bright aire to view,
This is the worke, the labour of a few,
Whom *Jove* esteems, or vertue hath rais'd high,
And sprung from Gods Woods in the middle lie,
And round, *Cocytus* motes with a black lake.
If so great love, if such desires thee take,
Twice to swim *Styx*, black hell twice to survay,
And to strange toyles th'art pleas'd to give such way,

Hear thy first task. A golden bough doth lie,
With shining leaves hid in a shady tree;
Sacred t'infernall *Juno* this is said;
This the whole woods, and obscure valleys shade:
To visit parts below all are restrain'd
Untill the bough with golden leaves is gain'd,
Which to fair *Proserpine* must presented be.
This pluck'd, another golden from the tree
Sprouts with like metal; with your eye search round,
And breake it gently off, when it is found.
If fates call thee, it will with ease be gain'd,
Else not by any violence constrain'd:
Nor shall by thee with hardest steele be got,
But now thy dead friend, ah thou knowst it not,
The whole fleet with his corps contaminates,
Whilst thou consulting at our threshold waits;
Him first in quiet shade intombe; then bring.
Black sheep, an expiating offering;
Darke reasms denyde the living thou mayst then
Behold. This said, she silent was agen.
Æneas with fix'd eyes, and sad lookes went,
And leaves the cave musing the sad event;
Faithfull *Achates* his companion goes
With equall steps, dividing equall woes;
Betwixt themselves many conjectures, whom
She meant was dead, what corps they should intombe.
When as they go, they saw *Misenus* left
On the dry shore, by a sad death bereft.
Misenus, none more excellent was found,
T'inflame to battell by his trumpets sound;
Great *Hectors* friend, who with him fights atchiev'd,
Whom, when *Achilles* had of life depriv'd,
This valiant *Heroe* to *Æneas* joynd,
Who nothing was in feats of War behind,

But

But ſounding his ſhrill trumpet towards the ſeas
And fondly challenging the deities;
Him, emulous *Triton* (if it credit have)
Among the rocks, drown'd in a foamy wave.
Groaning with great complaints, about they ſtand;
Pious *Æneas* chief: *Sybils* command
Weeping they haſte, and with heap'd wood the while
Up to high heaven they rear his funerall pile.
He viſits an old wood, where wild beaſts dwel,
Elms ring with axes, and tall Cedars fell,
They trunks of aſh, and oke with wedges rive,
And down the hils, woods of wild aſhes drive.
Amidſt the works, *Æneas* formoſt cheer'd
His friends, and girded with like arms appear'd.
When with a ſad heart to himſelf he ſaid,
Viewing the mighty wood, and thus he praid;
O that the golden bough it ſelf would ſhew,
In this huge grove, ſince all hath proved too true
Of thee *Miſenus*, which the Prieſteſſe ſaid.
Scarce ſpoke: when from the skies two pigeons made
Their flight to him, and to the green earth drew.
His mothers doves ſoon the great *Heroe* knew:
And joyfull praid; If through thoſe tracts above
Lies any way, direct me to the grove,
Where the rich bough the fertile ſoyle doth ſhade:
Bleſt mother help, ſtill reay to my aid.
Theſe having ſpake, on cheerfully he went,
Their flight obſerving, and what courſe they bent.
But feeding they, no farther diſtance flew,
Then they which follow with clear ſight may view.
Thence to *Avernus* noiſome gulph they fly
A nimble courſe, and cut the liquid sky:
On ſeats deſcride, two boughs they pearch'd, whence raies
Through branches of diſcolour'd gold diſplays.

As in the woods oft times a tree will shew,
Fresh in cold winter, green with mistletoe;
And a new leafe not from her own sap shoots,
Embracing the smooth bole with blushing fruits.
So from the shady elme the branches shinde,
The spangles crackling with the gentle wind,
Th'unwilling branch straight down *Æneas* tore,
And to the Propheteſſe *Sybilla* bore.
Nor leſſe mean while *Trojans Miſenus* mourn,
And his sad dust with funerall rites adorn.
First a huge pile with sappy pine erect,
And cloven oke, with sable branches deckt:
About the sides they mournful cypresse place,
And with his shining arms the structure grace.
Some water warme, the flowing Caldron swims
Ore flames; they bathe, and 'noint, his frigid limbs.
Then with a groan him on the biere they lay:
Above his purple vest, known weeds display.
Part, a sad work, take up the ponderous hearse,
And as the ancient use, faces reverse
Held to the torch; full bowls of oyl they turn,
And gifts of frankincense congested burn.
After the ashes fell, and flames decline,
The reliques, and dry sparks they quench in wine,
In brasse the bones then *Chorineus* urns,
About his mates twice with pure water turns,
And he from boughs of happy olive spread
Light dews: and they being purg'd, the last words said.
But good *Æneas* a huge tombe did raise,
On which his arms, his oare, and trumpet lays,
Under a mighty hill which now they call
From him *Miſenus*, and for ever shall.
This done he did *Sybils* commands dispatch.
There was a deep cave with a mighty breach,

With

With black lakes moted, and a horrid grove,
Ore which not safely swifteſt wings could move,
Such were the vapours from thoſe fowl jaws came;
This place the *Græcians* did *Avernus* name.
Here firſt he foure black bullocks did deſigne
The Prieſt upon the forehead powring wine.
Haire pluck'd betwixt the horns, on ſacred flame
Lays the prime gift, calling on *Hecats* name,
Powerfull in heaven, and hell: with knives ſome ſtood
Prepar'd, and ſav'd in bouls the reeking blood,
A black fleec'd lambe pious *Æneas* ſlew,
The furies mother, and great ſiſters dew,
A barren Cow, thee *Proſerpine* they bring,
Then rear night altars to the *Stygian* King:
And buls firme entrals on the flames did pile,
And poure on ſcorching bowels pureſt oyl.
When with the dawn behold! and riſing ſun,
Beneath their feet earth groans, the cliffs begun
Of the high woods to move, dogs in the ſhade
Howle as the Goddeſſe her approaches made.
Far, O far off from hence, be all prophane,
(The Prieſteſſe cries) and from the Grove abſtain;
And thou *Æneas* draw thy ſword, and go,
Now courage needs, now thy great valour ſhew.
This ſaid, in th'open cave the Furious leaps,
As faſt he follows with undaunted ſteps.
You Gods who ſouls command, and ſilent ghoſts,
Phlegeton, *Chaos*, nights vaſt diſmall coaſts.
Grant I declare things heard, by your aid ſhew
What earth and darkneſſe long hath hid below.
Obſcur'd through ſhades, and wofull night they paſt
Through *Pluto's* empty courts, and kingdoms waſte.
As through dark woods, when a new moon diſplaid
Pale beams, and *Jove* the ſky hides with a ſhade,

And black night colour did from things compell.
Just at the door, before the gates of hell,
Sorrow repos'd, with her revenging Rage,
Pale sicknesles and discontented age,
Fear, with dire Famine, and base Povertie,
Labour and death, shapes terrible to see.
Then sleep allied to Death, and fond joys are
Plac'd on the other side, with deadly War,
On iron beds, Furies and Discord sit,
Their viperous hair with bloody fillets knit.
Here a dark elme, did ancient boughs display,
The seat (as they report) where vain dreams lay,
And stuck to every leafe: then a huge brood
Of various monsters, biform'd *Scylla* stood,
And *Centaurs* in the porch; with hundred hands
Briareus and the *Lernian Hydra* stands,
Chymera hissing loud, and arm'd with fire,
The triple shade, *Gorgons* and *Harpyes* dire.
Æneas draws, then struck with sudden fear,
Opposing the sharp point to them drew neer.
But that his learn'd companion him perswades,
They were but fleeting forms, and empty shades,
In vain he had attempted ghosts to wound.
Hence led the way to th' *Acherontick* sound;
With a vast gulph here whirlpits vext with mud,
Boyling casts sands up from the *Stygian* flood.
Charon the horrid ferry-man these deeps
With dreadful squallidnesse, and river keeps.
His untrim'd cheeks were rough with hoary hair,
Knotty his beard, his firy eyes did stare,
Tye'd on his shoulders hung a sordid coat;
He trims his sails, drives with a pole his boat,
And in his rusty bark wafts Passengers;
The God was youthful still, though struck in years.

Here

Here all the ſcatter'd throngs ruſh to theſe coaſts,
Men, Women came, and valiant *Hero's* Ghoſts,
Depriv'd of life; boys, virgins, young men, here
Before their Parents laid upon the bier.
As in firſt cold of autumne from the trees
The leaves fall thick, or to the ſhore from ſeas
The birds repair in flocks, when early froſts
Drive them from water unto warmer coaſts.
They ſtand, and firſt for paſſages implore,
Their hands lift up, longing for th'other ſhore;
But the grim wafter theſe, now them receives,
But others far off on the ſand he leaves.
Æneas wondring at the tumult, ſaid
Wherefore this concourſe to the ſtreams, O maid?
Say what theſe ſouls require, why thoſe the ſhores
Forſake, and other billows roul with oars.
Brief, th'aged Prieſteſſe thus to him replies.
Anchiſes ſon, ſure ſtock of deities,
Thou *Styx*, *Cocytus* view'ſt, by this to ſwear
And to deceive the power, the Gods do fear.
All thoſe ſad troops thou ſeeſt, are not interr'd;
That *Charon*; thoſe he wafts are ſepulcher'd.
Untill their bones in quiet reſt, before,
None paſſe theſe hoarce waves to the horrid ſhore.
A hundred years to wander here they'are bound,
Permitted then to paſſe the *Stygian* ſound.
The Prince at this no further did advance,
And full of thoughts, pitying their ſad miſchance,
Leucaſpes and *Orontes* there he ſpies,
The *Lycian* chief, lad, wanting obſequies;
Whom the black ſouth o're ſet with tempeſt, when
They ſail'd to *Troy*, waves ſwallowing ſhip and men.
Lo! *Palinure* the maſter next appear'd,
Whom whilſt by ſtars from *Lybia* he ſteer'd,

Fell mid'st the waves, and tumbles with the stern,
Him when he could in so much shade discern,
O *Palinure*, first said what deitie
Snatch'd thee from us and drown'd amid'st the Sea,
Speak; for to me still *Phœbus* words prov'd true,
But onely in my hopes concerning you.
He said, thou safe to *Latium* through the seas,
Should'st passe; behold I Are these his promises?
Great *Trojan* Prince, *Phœbus* deceiv'd not thee,
Said *Palinure*, nor hath the God drown'd me;
For the torne rudder grasping with much force,
As to my charge I stuck, and steer'd my course,
With it I fell, by the rough seas I sweare,
Nor for my selfe conceiv'd I so much feare,
But that the Master wanting at the helme,
Such swelling waves thy ship might overwhelme.
Three stormie nights rough south winds carried me
Through the vast waves; the fourth dawne, *Italy*
Rais'd on a swelling wave I saw, and swam
Softly to shore, and to firm footing came,
When cruel men on me with weapons set,
Grasping rough bancks, loaden with garments wet,
Who ignorantly tooke me for a prey;
The waves possesse me now, and in the sea
The winds oft rowle my body to the shore;
But by heavens pleasant light I thee implore,
By thy deare Father, and thy hopefull heire
Take me from hence great Prince, or else interre
(For thou hast power) and seeke m'in *Velins* bay.
Or if thy mother *Venus* shew the way,
(For I beleeve without some aiding God
Thou com'st not now, to saile this dreadful flood)
Then helpe a wretch, and me transport with thee,
That I at last in death may quiet be.

This

This ſaid, then *Sybill* thus her ſelfe expreſt,
Whence *Palinurus*, comes this ſtrange requeſt?
Wouldſt thou unburied, *Styx*, the furies Lake,
Behold, and without leave theſe ſhores forſake?
Deſiſt to hope that fates will heare thy prayer;
But take this comfort to appeaſe thy care.
The neighbouring Cities ſhall thy bones interre,
And mov'd by omens, build thy ſepulchre;
Then to thy tombe pay yearly rites, and ſhall
The place for ever *Palinurus* call.
Theſe words appeas'd his cares, and griefe ore-came,
Proud of a countrey that ſhould beare his name.
Then on they went, and to the ſtream drew nigh.
As *Charon* theſe from *Stygian* waves did ſpie
Bending through ſilent groves, to his ſad ſtrands:
Thus rudely firſt begins, and threatning ſtands.
Who ere thus arm'd approacheſt to our ſtreams,
Your buſineſſe tell; this is the place of dreams,
Of ſhades, and drouſie night; depart, nor can
My *Stygian* boat tranſport a living man.
Nor pleas'd it me to waft ore *Stygian* ſeas,
Theſeus, *Perithous*, nor great *Hercules*,
Though ſprung from Gods, men never vanquiſhed.
From our Kings Throne, in chains *Alcides* led
Hels porter trembling, the other did combine
To take from *Plutoe's* bed chaſt *Proſerpine*.
Then *Sybill* ſaid, give not ſuch way to rage,
Here are no ſtratagems nor arms t'ingage
A violence; let hels Porter ever lye
In's kennell, and pale Shadowes terrifie;
Still in her Uncles Court the Queen may be.
Æneas fam'd for armes and pietie,
To ſee his father, through darke ſhades deſcends.
If thee no ſhape of ſuch affection bends,

Behold

Behold this bough (which hidden in her veſt
She ſhewes) then ſwelling rage forſakes his breaſt:
Nor more he ſaid, but the ſtrange gift admires,
The fatall bough not ſeen in many years.
Then turns his ſable veſſel toward the ſtrand,
Thence drives thoſe Ghoſts ſate waiting on the ſand,
Opens his hatches, and receives his freight.
The craz'd boat groanes with great *Æneas* weight,
And leakie drunck much water; ſafe at laſt
He with the Prieſteſſe and *Æneas* paſt,
And free from foule mud, 'mongſt black ruſhes lands.
From triple jawes great *Cerberus* through thoſe ſtrdans
Still barks, and huge in a vaſt kennell lies.
When ſhe his neck dreadfull with ſerpents ſpies,
She caſts to him a ſoporiferous bit:
He opens his three mouths to ſwallow it,
Then being laid, ſtretcht forth his long back lies
Meaſuring his kennell with his mighty ſiſe.
Æneas paſt, whilſt *Cerberus* ſleeps, and leaves
The ſhores of irrenavigable waves.
Then they heard voices, and a mighty cry
Of Infants weeping, which in th'entrance lie;
Whom from ſweet life a wofull death did call
From the loved teate, with timeleſſe funerall;
Next, thoſe who falſly were condemn'd to die,
And did not without Lot or judgement lie.
Minos being plac'd, a ſilent councell cals,
And lives examines of the criminals.
Next after theſe, thoſe wretched Ghoſts reside,
Who hating life, have by their own hands dyde,
And loſt their ſoules: who now to live again
Would not hard toyle and poverty diſdain;
Them fates deny, and the moſt dreadfull ſound
Binds in, and *Stix* nine times incircles round.

Not

Not farre from hence they to large champaigns came,
The fields of ſorrow call'd, ſuch was the name;
Here thoſe whom cruell love with griefe devours,
Did haunt cloſe walks, conceal'd in mirtle bowres,
Nor in their death relinquiſh they their woes;
There *Phedra*, *Procris*, and *Eurphile* goes,
Shewing thoſe wounds her ſon had made, he ſaw
Paſiphae, *Evadne*, *Laodomia*,
Cœneus with them, now woman, once a man,
Whom fates reſtor'd to her own ſex againe.
Amongſt theſe, *Dido* wandred the great wood,
With a freſh wound, whom, as *Troys* Heroe ſtood,
And drawing nigh, through obſcure ſhades he knew:
Such in her prime, the riſing moon we view,
Or ſeeme at leaſt to ſee, through clouds diſplaid:
Powring forth tears, then with ſweet love he ſaid;
Ah hapleſſe *Dido*, truth that newes did tell
Which ſaid thou'rt dead, and by thy own hand fell.
I was the cauſe; now by the ſtars I vow,
By Gods, and faith, if any is below,
Unwillingly beſt Queen, I left thy lands,
But was inforced by the gods commands:
Who now compell me through theſe ſhades to paſſe,
Through deepeſt night, and this moſt diſmall place.
Nor my departure could I ere ſuppoſe
Could thee, alas, ingage in ſo much woes.
O ſtay, and part not thus, whom fly'ſt thou? me?
We nere ſhall meet againe, ſo fates decree.
Theſe to her vext and frowning he declares
Her to appeaſe, but forceth his own tears:
Fix'd on the earth her eyes averſe ſhe held,
Nor was to change no more with words compeld,
Then if hard flint, or *Parian* Rocks had ſtood:
Then flyes diſpleas'd, and ſeeks ſome ſhady wood;

To

To her first Lord *Sichæus* she repaires,
Who answers all her love, and meets her cares.
Æneas no lesse strucken with these woes,
Follows with tears, lamenting as he goes.
Thence on they passe, to fields remote they went,
And Groves where souls renown'd in war frequent;
Valiant *Parthenopus* and *Tydeus* here
With pale *Adrastus* shade, did first appear;
Those much above lamented, in a train,
He all those *Dardans* saw in battel slain;
Glaucus, and *Medon*, *Thersilocus* he moans,
Polybetes Ceres Priest, *Antenors* sons,
Idæus in's chariot arm'd; thick souls frequent
Now on each hand, nor i'st sufficient
To see him once, to tary they desire,
And walk with him, his coming they inquire.
But the *Greek* Captains, *Agamemnon's* bands,
Viewing the mans bright arms through shadie strands,
Shake with huge feare: part, as in times past, fly
To seek their ships, part raise a feeble cry,
And the rais'd clamour in the utterance dies.
Here *Priams* son *Deiphobus* he spies,
Wounded all ore; his mangled face appears,
His face and hands, his head dispoil'd of ears,
With a dishonour'd wound his ravisht nose;
Him pale, and dire wounds hiding, scarce he knowes;
At last with known voice spake: O valiant
Deiphobus, of *Teucers* high descent,
Whom could such cruel punishments delight?
Who had the power? that last and woful night,
I heard that thou with *Gracian* slaughter tir'd,
Upon a heap of confus'd corps expir'd.
An empty tombe I on the *Rhetian* coast
Have rear'd, and thrice aloud implor'd thy Ghost;

Ther●

There are thy arms and name; but thee not found,
I could not bury friend in native ground.
Then he: Nothing dear friend didst thou neglect;
All rites are paid, my tombe thou didst erect:
But my own fates, curst *Helen* me bereft,
Drown'd in these woes, and she these monuments left.
For as thou knowst, we past with false delight
Never to be forgot, that last sad night,
When through great *Troy* the fatal horse did come,
And pregnant with an army in his wombe;
She fain'd a dance, and *Phrygian* dames in wild
Orgies she led, amidst a huge torch held,
And cals the *Grecians* from a battlement.
Tird with my cares, and drowsie, then I went
To my unhappy bed, where in calme rest
I slept as with the charms of death possest.
Mean while my dear wife took my arms away,
And from my head did my good sword convay,
Opens the gates, lets *Menelaus* in,
Hoping by this great act his love to win,
And past offences to extinguish thus.
They rush in (to be brief) with *Ithacus*
Plotter of mischief; heaven such *Greeks* repay,
If for revenge with pious lips I pray.
But tell what chance thee living hither sent,
Driven by storms, or by the gods consent?
Or by what fortune brought, that thou resorts
To these dark places, sad and dismal courts.
By this the morn in her bright chariot ran
Betwixt the poles to heavens Meridian,
And th' whole time granted they had thus delaid;
But *Sybil* them advis'd, and briefly said:
Night hastes, O Prince, and houres in weeping glide,
This is the place where the two wayes divide;

The

The right, which to great *Pluto's* Pallace bends,
T'*Elizum* leads; the left, to hell descends,
Where wicked men receive their punishment.
Deiphobus said, great Priesteſſe be content,
I shall depart, and fill in shades the list.
But go you on and better fates assist.
This said, he takes his leave. On his left side,
Æneas then under a Rock espide
A mighty fort surrounded with three wals,
Where *Phlegeton* with a swift current fals
Of flaming waves: rowling huge stones along,
The gates on adamantine pillars hung;
No strength of men, of steel, nor gods, has power
This to destroy, high stands the brazen towre.
Girt in a bloody robe *Tisiphone* keeps
The entrance night and day, and never sleeps.
Hence cruel lashes sound and groaning pains,
Clashing of steel, and ratling of huge chains.
Amaz'd *Æneas* stands, and frighted said,
What dreadful sights are these, declare O maid.
What are these tortures? whence these hideous cries?
Renowned *Trojan*, *Sybill* then replies,
In this dire place none but the guilty are:
When *Hecate* left these dark groves to my care,
She shew'd me all their pains, and lead each way.
Stern *Gnossian Radamanth* these realms doth sway,
Hears and corrects their crimes, forcing to tell
What they 'mongst mortals vainly did conceal,
Sins which at late death unrepented were.
Then fierce *Tisiphone* makes the guilty fear,
Shaking her whip from her left hand extends
Her twisted snakes, and cals the cruel fiends:
On groning hinges then th' inchanted gates
Are open'd straight; seest thou what porter waits.

In

In th'entrance there, what monster keeps the dore?
Hydra with fifty ugly jawes: one more
Cruell then this by far, within doth dwell,
Whence two steepe wayes lead headlong down to hell:
So far it doth beneath earths surface lye,
As tall *Olympus* thrusts into the sky.
Here young *Titanians* are, earths ancien race,
Struck down with thunder to the lowest place.
There saw I both th' *Aloides*, those vast
Gyants, who strove heavens fabricks to have raz'd,
And *Jove* t'have thrust from heavens high Monarchie.
And saw *Salmonius* in great tortures lie,
Whil'st he heavens fire, and thunder imitates,
Brandishing flames, and through the *Grecian* states,
Borne on fowre steeds, proudly through *Elis* drives
With fond pretence to heavens prerogatives:
Who did in imitable fire and raine,
With brasse, and speed of horne hoof'd horses, feign.
Then through the clouds from *Jove* almighty came
A dart, he sends no brands, nor earthy flame,
And headlong him with inrag'd whirlwinds queld.
Th'all bearing earths son *Tityus*, I beheld
There, whose vast corps did nine whole acres fill,
And a huge vulture with a hooked bill
His bowels and immortall liver search'd,
Fresh food for pains, and on's breast tiering pearch'd,
To his renewing veins allows no ease.
What need I mention both the *Lapithes*,
A black stone seems now falling on their heads;
Golden frames shine with high and geniall beds,
Before them cates, with kingly luxuries;
But not far off the greatest furie lies,
Forbids to eat, and rising from the ground,
Swings her black torch, and makes a thundring sound.

Here

Here those who living, did their brothers hate,
Murther'd their sires, to clients us'd deceit,
Or who alone brooding on riches lie,
Lending to none, the greatest companie;
Who slain for lust, who impious arms persu'd,
Nor fear'd the trust of Princes to delude.
Here meet their dooms: Seek not these woes to sound,
Nor by what way fate did their souls confound.
These roll huge stones, and stretch'd on wheels do lye.
There *Theseus* sits, and shall eternally.
Aloud through shades sad *Phlegyas* warning cries,
Admonish'd, justice learn, nor Gods despise.
This to a potent Prince his country sold,
And laws enacted, and repeal'd for gold;
This beds his daughter, and no incest spar'd;
All dar'd strange crimes, and thriv'd in what they dar'd.
Had I a hundred mouths, as many tongues,
A voice of iron, to these had brazen lungs;
Their crimes and tortures ne're could be displaid.
When *Phœbus* aged Priestesse thus had said,
Go on, she bids, and finish your intents,
I see the *Cyclops* forged battlements
And ports which stand with obvious arches; there
To place the present, we commanded were.
Then through dark wayes they went with equal pace,
The mid path taking, and approach the place:
Æneas came to th' porch, and purg'd with cleere
Water, the golden bough he fixed there.

These rites perform'd, the Goddesse gift being plac'd,
In joyful places they arriv'd at last,
And came to groves where happy souls do rest
In pleasant greens, the dwellings of the blest.

Here

Here larger skies did cloath with purple rayes
The field, which their own Sun and Stars obeys.
Some in green meads their time in wrastling spend,
Some gallantly on the bright sand contend,
Some graceful footing with a song present.
In a long robe the *Thracian* Poet went,
On seven sweet strings he descants sacred laies,
His hand now strikes, his ivory quill now playes.
Here *Teucers* old line, a fair race appears,
Most valiant Heroes, borne in better years,
Ilus, *Assaracus*, and who built *Troy's* spires.
Their arms and empty chariots he admires.
Their spears stuck down, their horses through the ground
Carelesly fed; and what delight they found
In arms, or chariots, or brave steeds alive,
That pleasure under earth did still survive.
Others he saw on each side banquetting,
And in a solemn dance glad *Paans* sing,
Shaded with odorous Laurel, by whose woods
Eridanus rising, rowls his swelling floods.
And here were those did for their countrey die,
With Priests who in their lives vow'd chastitie;
And sacred Poets who pleas'd *Phœbus* best,
Or by invented arts mans life assist,
And others in their memories renown'd,
Their temples all with snowie garlands bound.
To those about her thus *Sybilla* sayes,
But to *Musæus* first, who midst them was,
And taller by the head then all the rest;
Say blessed souls, and thou of Poets best,
Where is *Anchises* seat? to him we come,
And the great streams of *Erebus* have swom.
To whom the Heroe in few words again;
We have no certain places, we remain

On beds of grasse, and walk in shadie woods
And meadows ever fresh with cheerful floods.
But if you please t'ascend this rising brow,
I shall the most convenient passage shew.
This said, he went before, and a fair plain
Discovering there, thence they descend again.
But old *Anchises* sought with mighty care
Souls which in pleasant vales confined were,
Which soon mast view th' aetherial skies; where he
Numbred his own renowned progenie,
Their manners, power, their riches, and their doom.
When towards him he saw *Æneas* come,
Through pleasant greens, joyful, his hands did raise,
And bathing of his cheeks with tears, thus sayes.
Thou com'st at last, and thy great love to me
Hath vanquish'd the hard journey; I may see
Thee now dear son, and change discourses here;
Thus I forethought, and judg'd the time drew neer:
Nor hath my care deceiv'd me, from what coast
Through vast seas com'st thou, with what perils tost,
That now I meet thee here? my mind misgave
Lest thou in *Lybia* some mischance might have.
But he: Dear father, thy, thy woful shade
Appearing oft, this journey did perswade:
Our fleet hides *Tyrrhen* shores; grant, grant that we
May joyn right hands, nor our imbraces flee.
Large floods then drown'd his cheeks; thrice he assaid
T'infold his neck, three times the fleeting shade
In vain he with extended arms assails,
Which like a swift dream flies, or nimble gales.
When in a winding vale *Æneas* sees
A secret grove, and far off murmuring trees
And pleasant seats, which *Lethe* water'd; here
People in numerous nations did appeare:

And

And as in meads, the bees, in the bright spring
Sit on the various flowres, murmuring
Bright lilleys, and all the fields resound with noise.
Æneas being ignorant, asks the cause,
Struck with the sight, what were those streams, wherefore
Such multitudes of men had fill'd the shore;
Anchises then: Those souls to whom fates owe
New bodies, where the streams of *Lethe* flow,
Drink secure draughts, and long oblivion.
These I desir'd to thee should be foreshown,
And these our stock to number: whence the more
Thou mayst rejoyce finding th' *Ausonian* shore.
O sir, must such pure souls ætherial aire
Review again, and to dull flesh repaire:
Why have the wretches such a strange delight
To visit day. I shall the cause recite,
Nor will I hold thee in suspence, dear son;
Then thus *Anchises* orderly went on.
At first the heaven, and earth, the liquid plain,
The moons bright globe, and stars *Titanian*,
A spirit fed within, spread through the whole,
And with the huge heap mix'd infus'd a soule.
Hence man, and beasts, and birds derive their strain,
And monsters floating in the marbled main.
These seeds have fiery vigour and a birth
Of heavenly race, but clog'd with heavy earth,
Which their dull limbs and dying members drown'd:
Hence fears, and hopes, sorrows, and joy abound;
Shut in dark flesh their natures they forget;
But when their latest light and life is set,
Not all woes leave them, nor all tortures quite
Forsake the wretches there; and 'tis but right;
Things strangely grown by custome into crimes,
They must be punish'd for their mispent times,

And tortures feele; some in the winds are hung,
Others to clense their spotted sins are flung
In a vast gulph, or purg'd in fire they are:
We all have our own tortures: then repare
T'*Elizium* and some few blest seates obtaine,
Till length of time purg their contracted staine,
And leave a fire clens'd from all earthly sence,
A pure ætherial intelligence.
When thousand yeares have fil'd their period,
All these God calls in troups to *Lethes* flood,
To th end that they forgetfull of what's past,
May reascend, and bodies take at last.
Anchises then his son and her (this said)
'Mongst busie troups, and noysfull throngs convaid,
Then takes a hill from whence they might discerne
Them march in order, and their faces learne.
Now comes thy glory, and the *Dardan* race,
Nephews which shall in *Latium* have great place.
Illustrious souls, to whom our name must be.
In briefe, Ile shew thee thy own destiny.
Seest thou that youth, who leans upon his lance?
Next lots shall him t'ætheriall aire advance:
Sylvius, an *Alban* name, thy posthume race,
Sprung from *Italian* blood shall next take place:
To thee then old, thy wife *Lavinia* brings
Him forth in woods, a King, and sire of Kings,
From whom our race shall in long *Alba* reign.
Next *Procus* glory of the *Dardan* strain,
Numitor, *Capys*, *Sylvius* nam'd from thee
Æneas match'd in arms and piety,
If he at any time rule *Alba*. View (shew;
Now those brave youths, and what great strength they
These shall with civick wreaths their temples bound,
Nomentum, *Gabii*, *Fidena* found;

These

Theſe *Collatine* towrs famous for chaſtity
Shall raiſe 'mongſt hils, and proud *Pometii*,
And *Inous* city, *Bola*, *Cora* frame,
Thus cal'd hereafter, now without a name.
Then *Martial Romulus* ſhall himſelf conjoyn
Companion to his grandfire from the line
Of great *Aſſaracus*, whom *Ilia* bare.
Behold a double crown impails his hair;
Jove this ſhall honour as himſelf (dear ſon)
He ſhall to *Rome* give earths dominion,
Her fame to heav'n advance, incloſing then
Seven hils with wals, happy with valiant men.
As *Berecinthia* crown'd with turrets rides
Through *Phrygian* cities, joyfull: by her ſides,
Her race of Gods a hundred ſhe imbrac'd,
All heav'ns inhabitants ſupreamly plac'd.
But here bend both thine eyes, this off-ſpring ſee,
Thy *Roman Ceſar Julius* Progenie
Muſt heav'ns great axe next ſcale: this, this, the Prince
That was ſo often promiſ'd thee long ſince!
Auguſtus Ceſar, ſprung of Gods, once more
To *Latium* ſhall the golden age reſtore,
Where *Saturn* reign'd, and ſtretch his proud command
Paſt *Garamant* and *Inde*: there lies a land
Beyond the year and Sun, where *Atlas* bears
Heav'ns axeltree adorn'd with ſhining ſtars;
The *Caſpian* and *Meotick* lands, when he
Draws nigh, heav'ns oracles ſhall terrifie,
And *Nile* ſhall tremble in his ſeven fold ſtreams;
Nor did *Alcides* know ſo many realms,
Though the ſwift ſtag and boar he did ſubdue,
And with his ſhafts in *Lerna Hydra* ſlew;
Nor conqu'ring *Bacchus* who joyn'd tygers bent,
With viney reins, from *Niſa's* ſteep deſcent.

Doubt

Doubt we to raise our glory then, shall we
Dispair to plant our selves in *Italie*.
What's he far off grac'd with the olive bough
Presenting offerings? his white chin I know;
A *Roman* King, whose laws first setled *Rome*,
And from small *Curets*, a poor soyl shall come
To great command; next *Tullus* who shall break
His countreys peace, and sloathful People make
Who knew no triumphs, active in the War.
Next him comes *Ancus*, one more haughty far;
And swoln with popular breath; wouldst thou behold
The *Tarquine* Princes, and the mighty should,
Revengeful *Brutus*, who the fasces had,
Sharp axes, and was first a Consul made.
Who th'hapless sire shall cause his son to die;
Raising new war, for specious liberty:
How ere posterity the fact shall doome,
Him love of fame, and's countrey did o'recome.
The *Decii*, *Drusi*, stern *Torquates* see;
Camillus full of gold and victory.
But these behold, whose like arms shine so bright,
Concording souls, now hid in shady night:
Ah when they live, what wars shall they maintain,
Opposing each! what fights, what numbers slain!
From the steep *Alpes*, and the *Meotick* towers.
The fire descends, the son brings Eastern powers,
Do not brave youth in such a war contend,
Nor with such force your countreys bowels rend.
But thou my blood who draw'st from heaven thy race,
First pitty, and thy arms lay down.
Fam'd with *Greek* slaughters he a Conquerour shall
From *Corinth* proudly to the Capitoll
His chariot drive; *Argos*, *Micene*, deface,
And shall revenge on great *Achilles* race,

Old

Old *Troy*, and temples which prophaned be.
Who could forget great *Cato*, *Gracchi*, thee
Cossus, or the thunderboults in Warre
Those *Scipio's*, who the *Lybian* conquerours were:
Temperate *Fabricius*, or *Serranus* thee
Holding the Plow! where will the *Fabii* me
Transport! thou *Maximus* the only man
Who by delayes *Romes* fortune must regaine,
Others I grant shall mould respiring brasse,
And cut in marble a most lively face;
Some better plead, and some Astronomers,
Describe heavens motion and the rising stars:
Be thou ambitious how to govern best,
In these arts, *Roman*, thou must be profest,
That we a peace well grounded may injoy,
Subjects to spare, and Rebels to destroy.
Anchises said, they wondring all the while,
Marcellus view, glorious in wealthy spoyle;
This conquerour doth in vertue all orecome,
And shall in mightiest tumults calme great *Rome*,
The *Punie* wast, and Gaules most rebel swarms,
And thrice to *Romulus* dedicate their arms.
Æneas here (for he a youth beheld
March in bright arms, whose personage exceld
But with sad lookes, and a dejected face)
Said, who is this? with him keeps equall pace,
Is he his son, or one of of his great stock?
How like himselfe! what noyse! what suters flock!
But black night with sad clouds, involves his head,
Then with abortive tears *Anchises* said,
Know not, deare son, great sorrowes of thy own:
This to the world by fates shall be but shown,
Then snatch'd away; *Romes* stock too great had seem'd,
Should the Gods grant a gift so much esteem'd.

What

What grones from *Mars* his campe afflict great *Rome*,
Tyber, when gliding by his new-made tombe,
What funeralls wilt thou see! nor any shall
Like him who sprung from *Troys* originall
Raise *Latium's* hope: and never *Roman* earth
Shall boast her selfe to foster such a birth.
Ah piety, ancient faith, th'unconquer'd hand,
None shall him arm'd with any power withstand:
Whether on foot he comes, to charge his foe,
Or from his foamie steed makes blood to flow.
O youth to be lamented, thou shalt be
Marcellus, if thou break'st thy destiny.
Handfuls of Lillys bring, and purple flowers,
That I may strew this noble soul of ours,
And heap with gifts. Thus through all parts they went
And saw the vast aeriall continent.
Then with his son alone *Anchises* came,
And fires his mind with love of future fame;
After to him he did the War relate,
Laurentian people, and *Latinus* state,
And how all toyles should be eschew'd or borne.
There are two gates of sleep, the one is horne,
From whence with passage free true visions fly:
The other faire, shines with bright Ivory;
This to the skies in sleep false *Manes* beares.
These, whil'st to's son and *Sybill* he declares,
Anchises lets him forth at Ivory gates.
He streight to's Fleet went, and reviews his mates,
And to *Caieta* came, where then abode
His navie, and at anchor safely roade.

THE

THE SEVENTH BOOK OF VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

The Argument.

Many strange signes and prodigies declare,
A forraign Prince must wed th' Ausonian *heire.*
Ænas *enters* Latium : *threatned wants*
Turn'd to a jest; the promis'd Land he plants,
And Embasies to King Latinus *sends.*
A peace is made. Vext Juno *stirs the Fiends,*
And calls Alectos *aid, since heaven denies.*
A tame deere kill'd, has bloody obsequies.
The Queen and Turnus *spur'd by hellish charms;*
From long peace Latium *rous'd to impious arms.*
'Gainst th' old Kings advice, all streight ingage:
Janus *gates open'd, the fierce vulgar rage.*
The Martiall list. Camilla *in the reare.*
A Virgin march'd, arm'd with a Myrtle speare.

ANd thou *Æneas* nurse *Caieta*, hast
Given to our shoares a name by death, shall last;
The place thy honour keeps, seal'd with thy name,
Great *Latium* hath thy bones (if that be fame,)

But good *Æneas*, Funerall rites being paid,
Her Tombe high rear'd and swelling Seas alaid,
Hoysts sayle, and leaves the port; fresh gales arise
With night, nor the bright Moon his course denies,
But with a trembling splendor guilds the flood.
By the next lands *Circæan* coasts they stood.
In unpast groves, there *Sols* rich daughter calls
With usuall songs, burning in sumptuous halls
Sweet smelling cedar, with nocturnall flame,
Running neat shuttles through a curious frame.
Hence before night, is heard the raging sound
Of Lyons chaff'd, refusing to be bound;
And bristled Boars; hence, Bears in collars storm,
And shapes of huge Wolves houle; whose humane form
The cruell Godesse *Circe* there invests
With fierce aspects, and chang'd to salvage Beasts:
Lest pious *Trojans* were transform'd to such
Entring the Port, lest they dire shores should touch,
With faire Winds *Neptune* swel'd their sailes, and bore
With prosperous flight, beyond that dangerous shore.
And now the Sea blush'd with the morning beam,
Aurora shining from her golden team,
When the winds fell, a suddain calm againe,
And oares now strugled in the azure maine.
And here *Æneas* spies a mighty wood,
Through which ran *Tyber*, with a pleasant flood
And nimble edies, bright with golden sand
Into the Sea, about, and ore the strand;
Much fowle did haunt, and in the channell throng;
Then flying through groves, high heav'n pleas'd with a song.
Here he commands to bend, and steer those lands,
And glad he for the shady River stands.
Now *Erato*, what Kings, what times those were,
What was old *Latium*, when the stranger, there

First

First with his Fleet arriv'd, I shall recite,
And what first made such quarrels, bring to light.
Help Goddesse, help, I horrid warres shall sing,
Armies, and Kings, rage did to funeralls bring,
The *Tyrrhen* troupes, and all the *Ausonian* land
Muster'd in arms, great tasks I take in hand.
And bold attempts. Glad fields, and cities blest
Now ag'd *Latinus* in long peace, possest.
Whom, on the Nymph *Marica* as they fame
Faunus begot, *Faunus* from *Picus* came,
Picus O *Saturne* thee did father call,
Of the high blood thou the originall.
But to *Latinus*, heaven no sonne had left,
For he was in his prime by fates bereft;
One daughter was t' enjoy this vast estate,
Now ripe for Marriage, and a Princely Mate.
From all *Ausonia*, and great *Latium* went
Many to win her, *Turnus* by descent
From a high stock, and most for beauty fam'd
A suter was, whom the great Queen, inflam'd
With much affection, strove to her to joyne,
But threatning prodigies hindered the designe.
A sacred Laurell, midst the Court did rear
A lofty top, long kept by pious fear,
Found by *Latinus* when he built that seate;
Which then to *Phœbus* he did consecrate,
And gave from this the *Laurentines* a name.
When swarmes of Bees (a wondrous story) came
With a great murmur, and a sudden flight
Through the clear skies, then on the branches light,
Cling to the Bowes, and hang upon the tree.
Streight cryes the Augure a strange man we see,
From those parts coming now, and forraign powers
To Take these coasts, and rule our lofty Towers.

Beſides, when chaſt *Livinia* did beare
To Altars Virgin flames, her father there;
Her faire long treſſes ſeem'd to catch the fire,
And crackling flames to burn her rich attire,
Her royall dreſſe, and crown with jewels bright:
Then ſmoak involveth with a pitchy light,
And through the high roofs conquering *Vulcan* rould;
But this, the wondrous prodigie foretold,
That ſhe in fame, and fortune ſhould tranſcend;
Yet to the Nation did great Warre portend.
But troubled with theſe ſignes, *Latinus* moves
His inſpir'd Father, in th' *Albanean* groves
Asks *Faunus* Oracles, where the ſacred floods
Sulphure exhales, in thick reſounding woods.
From hence *Italians*, all *Oenotria*, ſought
Anſwers to doubts; when gifts the prieſt had brought,
Here he repos'd on skins of ſlaughter'd ſheep,
And under ſilent night prepares to ſleep.
When many wondrous fleeting forms he ſees,
Strange voyces heares, and talks with Deities,
Confers with *Acheron*, and the deeps below.
Here King *Latinus* Oracles to know,
Then did a hundred choyce ſheep ſacrifice,
And on their skins, and ſpreading fleeces lies:
When the thick grove gave anſwer to this ſence.
Match not thy childe to any *Latine* Prince,
Deare off-ſpring, nor thoſe rites prepared grant:
A forraign ſon muſtcome, our name ſhall plant
Amongſt the Starres; from him a progenie,
Beneath their feet ſhall all things govern'd ſee,
Which *Phœbus* doth from Sea to Sea behold.
Theſe anſwers which in ſilent night were told,
And Counſels, King *Latinus* not conceal'd:
But to *Auſonian* Cities 'twas reveal'd

By

By flying fame, when firſt the *Trojan* bands
Did *moare* their Fleet, on high and verdant ſtrands.
Æneas his prime chiefes, and the young Prince
Repos'd, under a ſpreading trees defence,
Then feaſts prepare on graſſe, and cut their meate,
(So *Jove* foretold) on cakes of pureſt wheat:
And did with jucy fruit their bisket ſwell.
Their victualls ſpent, as hunger did compell,
They on the hard bread fall with violence brake,
And with bold teeth aſſault the fatall cake.
Nor ſpar'd their wheaten plates thus ſquar'd, t' invade:
We eate our trenchers too. *Aſcanius* ſaid.
Nor ſaying more: this heard, an end affords
To all their toyle, his father took the words,
Amaz'd at the accompliſht propheſie.
And ſtreight he ſaid, haile lands are due to me
By fates, and haile you faithfull *Trojan* Gods,
This ſeat is yours, and here are your abodes.
Such ſecrets I recall my Sire did leave.
Deare ſon, when unknown ſhores ſhall thee receive,
And hunger ſhall inforce trenchers to eat:
There expect reſt, remember there to ſeat,
And there build walls, and roofs with bulwarks plant,
This is the famine, and remaining want
Laſt ruine threats.
Glad let us then, with early dawne prepare
To ſearch theſe coaſts, and what the people are,
And ſeverall wayes diſcover from the ſhore.
Now pay *Jove* boules, my father now implore,
On tables place *Anchiſes* wine: his brows
(Thus having ſaid) he wreaths with Olive bows.
The genius of the place, the firſt of Gods
Tellus adores, with Nymphs, and unknown floods,

Nights rising starres, *Idean Jupiter*,
And to the *Phrygian* Mother made his prayer,
And parents which in heaven, and hell abode.
Thrice from above thundred th' all-potent God,
He brandish'd lightning in his hand did hold,
Which in the sky sparkled with beames of gold.
Here, through the *Trojans* spread a sudden fame,
The day was come, their promis'd walls to frame,
Joyfull they feast, and at the mighty signe,
They goblets place, and crown the flowing wine.

When the next day the world with beams displai'd,
To search the Countrey severall wayes they made:
And here the fountains of *Numicus* swell,
Hence *Tyber* flows, and there bold *Latines* dwell.
Æneas then a hundred prime men calls,
To beare his Embassie to the Royall walls.
With Kingly presents, they with olives crown'd,
Should for the *Trojans* tearms of peace propound.
Without delay they haste what was injoyn'd:
Whilst he slight works to a meane trench design'd,
Erects a Fort, and camp-wise did begin
His first aboads, and fenc'd with bulwarks in.
Now going on, they to the walls draw nigh,
When *Latine* roofes, and lofty Towres they spy,
And gallant youth before the City just,
Riding brave horse, and chariots tam'd in dust,
Or cast light Javelins, or stiffe bowes to bend,
And in the race, or Tilting to contend.
When one with speed brought to the Royall eare,
That great men in strange weeds, attending were,
He commands streight to th' presence they be showne,
And takes his place then, in his Grandsires throne.

Rais'd

Rais'd on a hundred pillars midſt the Towne,
Stood *Picus* Court, and Pallace of renowne,
Awfull with groves, and myſteries profound.
Here Kings firſt Scepters had, and firſt were crown'd,
This was to them th ir Temple, and their Court,
Here they at ſacred feſtivals reſort,
And fathers, when a Ramme was offered, ſate
As was the cuſtome, at long boards in ſtate.
Cut in old Cedar the Effigies there,
Of antient *Italus*, *Sabinus* were,
Who firſt ſet Vines, his hook ſtill in his hand;
Old *Saturne* and bi-fronted *Janus* ſtand
In th 'entrance, with ſome of the ancient ſtraine,
Who bold in Warres were for their Countrey ſlaine.
Then many arms on ſacred pillars fixt,
With captive chariots, battell axes mixt,
Helms, and huge bars of gates, the poſts adorne,
With darts, and ſhields, and prowes from Galleys torne.
Horſe-taming *Picus*, a ſhort garment wore,
A little ſhield, an augure ſtaffe he bore;
Whoſe love, when ſlighted *Circe* could not gaine,
She with her charming wand, and helliſh bane
Chang'd to a bird, and ſpots his colour d wings.
In ſuch a Temple, in th' old Throne of Kings,
Latinus ſate, and calls the *Trojans* in,
And thus with pleaſant language did begin.

Say *Trojans* (for your City we have known
And ſtock, your voyage hath to us been ſhown)
What is your ſute, what cauſe inforc'd you come
Through many ſwelling waves to *Latium*?
Miſt you your courſe, or by ſome tempeſt toſt,
(For many ſo in the deep ſeas are loſt)
That thus you have enter'd, anchor'd in our road.
Nor ſcorne our friendſhip, know from *Saturns* blood

We *Latines* sprung, who without Laws, or tye,
Justice afford, like the old deitie.
Now I recall, but time obscureth fame,
That old *Aruncus* said, *Dardanus* came
To *Phrygian Idas* cities, from that place
To *Thracian Samos*, now call'd *Samothrace*:
VVhom now from *Tyrrhen Corythus* city gone,
Heavens starry court hath in a golden throne,
And fills the number of the deities.
He said; then *Ilioneus* thus replies:
Great King, from honour'd *Faunus* sprung; not tost
By waves and tempests came we to your coast,
Nor mist our course, we by advice were brought,
And have with willing mind thy city sought,
Driven from our realms, which once *Sol* looking down
From high *Olympus*, saw of most renown.
From *Jove* we sprung, the *Dardan* nation are
Proud of their mighty grandsire *Jupiter*;
The King himself deriv'd from *Joves* high race,
Trojan Æneas sent us to this place.
How great a storm cruel *Mycene* hurl'd
On *Trojan* fields, and by what fates, each world
Of *Europe*, *Asia*, strove: if any man
Dwell in far lands, beyond the Ocean,
These he hath heard, or who so ere resides
VVhere hot *Sols* lines stretch'd out, four zones divides.
Through vast Seas from so great a deluge bore
A small seat for our gods, a harmlesse shore,
VVater and aire, common to all, we crave.
Nor shall we be your realms disgrace, nor have
Your glory light, nor shall forget your grant,
Nor *Latium* irk *Troy* in her lap did plant.
I, by *Æneas* fates, and right hand swear,
If any try'd his faith or force in war,

Us

Us many Realms, (nor ſlight us that we bring
Theſe wreaths, and ſpeak like men petitioning)
And many Nations to themſelves would joyne:
But fate did us unto your ſhore deſign:
Hence *Dardan* ſprung, and here returns again;
Us *Phebus* did with great commands conſtrain
Tiber to ſeek, and bleſt *Numicus* ſpring.
Beſides ſmall gifts of former wealth, our King
Preſents to thee, from burning *Troy* convaid.
In this gold cup *Anchiſes* Offrings made:
When *Priam* Laws eſtabliſh'd, this, he bore,
And he this ſacred Crown, and Scepter wore,
And robes, the art of *Trojan* dames.
At *Ileoneus* ſpeech *Latinus* bent
A ſtedfaſt look, and fixt his eyes intent
Upon the earth: the King not much approv'd
Wrought purple, not with *Priams* Crown was mov'd;
As in his daughrers match he was delaid,
Fortunes revolving which old *Faunus* ſaid:
This was the ſon, fate told from forraigne ſtrands
Was call'd with equall auſpice to theſe lands,
Whoſe progeny in valour ſhould excell,
And by their proweſſe, the whole world compell.
Then joyfull ſaid, you Gods aſſiſt our tasks,
And your owne ſigne; take *Trojan* what thou asks.
Nor I deſpiſe your gifts: rich fields enjoy
VVhilſt I am King, and what you brought from *Troy*.
Æneas, if ſuch love he us intend,
If to joyn leagues he haſts, and be ſtil'd friend,
Let him approach, nor feare our amitie;
T'imbrace your King, of peace ſhall th' earneſt be.
And to your Prince from us beare this reply:
I have a child, paternall lots deny

And

And many prodigies from heaven debar
To match at home: a ſon muſt come from far:
This they foretell remaines for *Italy*,
Whoſe ſtock ſhall raiſe our name unto the ſky.
This I beleeve is he, the fates require,
And if my mind prompt rightly, I deſire.
This ſaid, he choſen horſes did command,
Faire ſteeds three hundred, in high ſtables ſtand,
And bids they ſhould be to the *Trojans* led,
Whom gallant trappings grac'd with skarlet ſpread:
Gold portalls hung, gold did their breaſt infold,
And with their teeth, they champ'd the burniſh'd gold.
The King a Chariot ſent, which foure ſteeds drew
Of heavenly race, fire from their noſtrills flew,
Of the ſame kind, who were of *Circes* breed,
Stole by a Mare, leapt with a heavenly ſteed.
With theſe gifts, and the anſwers of the King,
The *Trojans* bravely mounted peace did bring.

But then behold! from *Argos* did repaire
Joves cruell wife, and flying cuts the aire.
The *Trojan* Fleet, and glad *Æneas*, ſhe
Saw through the skie, as far as *Sicily*;
Sees how they houſes build, and leave the flood,
Now truſting land, with ſharp grief fixt ſhe ſtood;
Shaking her head, thus forth her woes did powre:
Ah hateful race, and *Troys* fate croſſe to our:
In *Dardan* fields, why did they not expire?
Or captives took, why did not *Ilions* fire
Conſume theſe men? midſt arms, through flames they paſt.
My power I feare weary lies down at laſt,
And I with hatred ſatisfied, reſt.
I bold, theſe fugitives with waves diſtreſt,

My

My ſelf and all the floods againſt them bent,
And fury of the winds, and waters ſpent.
How helpt my *Syrts*, *Scylla*, *Carybdis* vaſt?
Since now through *Tybers* wiſh'd ſtreames they have paſt,
Free from the Sea, and us; could *Mars* deſtroy
The mighty *Lapithes?* could heavens King annoy
At *Dians* ſuit, ſo much old *Calidon?*
What were thoſe great offences they had done?
But I, great wife to *Jove* unhappy I,
Left nothing unaſſay'd, did all wayes try.
Æneas, I am vanquiſhed by thee:
But if my own power not ſufficient be,
Undaunted, aydes Ile ſeek where ere they dwell;
Will heaven not grant my ſute, Ile raiſe up hell;
Grant, ſpight of us he muſt in *Latium* ſeate,
And that *Lavinia* ſhall be his by fate:
Yet we may work delay in ſuch great things,
And may deſtroy the ſubjects of both Kings.
Let ſon and father joyne ſuch rates being paid,
Trojan and *Rutile* blood ſhall dowre thee Maid,
Bellona give thee, nor alone a brand
Shall pregnant *Ciſſeis* beare to waſte the land:
A Paris, and ſuch births ſhe ſhall enjoy,
And funerall Fires againe for riſing *Troy*.
This ſaid, ſhe dreadfull to the earth deſcends,
And from th' infernall ſhades, and ſeats of fiends
Wofull *Alecto* calls, who breeds ſad warre,
Rage, Treachery, and all crimes that are.
Pluto himſelf doth this foule Monſter hate,
And her owne ſiſters doe abhominate:
So oft ſhe's chang'd, and forms ſo dreadfull takes,
And foule ſtill pregnant with ſo many Snakes.
Whom *Juno* with ſuch words exciting ſaid,
Virgin nights daughter help, and now give aide,

Leſt

Leſt our unqueſtion'd name, and honour fall,
Leſt by theſe marriages the *Trojans* ſhall
Latium enjoy, and great *Anſonia* ſhare.
Thou loving brothers canſt provoke to War,
Houſes deſtroy with hate, both ſword and flames
Bring to their roofes; thou haſt a thouſand names,
As many nocent arts; then quickly ſhake
Thy pregnant breaſts, and peace confirmed, break;
Lay grounds for cruel war, make with thy charms
Their wilde youth rage, require, and take up arms.
Big with foul poyſon thence the hag reſorts
To *Latium*, and *Latinus* lofty courts,
And ſilent to *Amatus* chamber went,
Who boyl'd with female care and diſcontent,
'Bout *Turnus* match, and *Trojans* comming there.
At her *Alecto* from her ſnaky haire
A ſerpent caſt, and fix'd it in her ſide:
By which inrag'd, ſhe might th'whole houſe divide.
It 'mongſt her weeds did on her boſome roull,
And her then raging with a viperous ſoul
Unfelt, inſpir'd: The ſnake's a chain of gold,
A fillet now her treſſes to infold;
And each were glides. When firſt this peſtilence
Had with a ſtrong infection ſeiz'd each ſenſe,
And fill'd her blood with fire: not yet the flame
Her ſoft mind catch'd, nor through her boſome came.
But as kind mothers uſe to ſpeak ſhe ſayes,
Mourning her child, and *Phrygian* mariages.
Sir, will you give *Lavinia* to th' exild
Trojan? thy ſelf not pittying, nor thy child,
Nor me, whom the falſe pyrate will forſake,
And next fair wind to ſea the virgin take.
The *Phrygian* Swain ſo enter'd *Greece*, and bore
Ledean Helen to the *Troian* ſhore.

Where's

Where's sacred faith? and care thou hadst of thine?
The hand with *Turnus* thou so oft didst joyn?
If that a son must come from foraign lands,
Thou fix on that; and this thy sire commands:
Sure I believe all countries foraign are
Which we not rule, and so the gods declare.
And if you *Turnus* linage view, he springs
From *Inachus* and *Acrisius* Grecian Kings.
When she had found perswasion was in vaine,
And saw him fix'd, then wrought the viperous bane,
Shoots through her bowels, spread through all her breast,
Then troups of *fiends* the hapless queen possest,
And through the town distracted she did rove,
So flies a top with strokes resounding, drove;
Which boyes in huge rings earnest at their sports
Through winding entries, and large vacant courts
With scourges force; amaz'd the childish troup
And smooth-chin'd band, admire the spinning top,
That lives with strokes. so giddily she went
Through the whole town, and people discontent.
Then flies to th' woods like a wild *Bacchanal*,
And more inrag'd, on greater plots doth fall.
For she in shady hills her daughter hid,
That so she might the *Trojan* banes forbid.
And *Bacchus* cryes, The virgin's only thine,
Who bears for thee javelins adorn'd with vine,
For thee they dance, and save their sacred haire.
Fame flies, the matrons all distempered are
Like rage moves all, they leave their own to find
New roofs, their tresles flowing in the wind.
Others made heaven with hideous cries resound,
Girded with skins, with viney javelins bound,
Bearing a flaming pine, amidst the flings,
And *Turnus* and her daughters *hymen* sings.

Rolling

Rowling her bloody eyes, loud she exclaims,
With dreadful looks; Ió! you *Latine* dames,
If any love in your chast bosomes yet
Remains for me, the most unfortunate;
If any care of mothers power excites;
Bound tresses loose, with me act *Bacchus* rites.
Thus through vast woods and wildes *Alecto* brings
Amata, raging with infernal stings,
After she saw enough her fury burn'd,
Latinus counsel, his whole house oreturn'd:
Straight the sad goddesse thence on black wings came
Unto bold *Turnus* walls, whose seat they fame
Danae built with her *Acrisian* race,
Drove there by storms: from birds of old the place
Ardea stil'd, *Ardeas* name now great.
It chanc'd, then *Turnus* in his lofty seat
Amidst the silent night, soft quiet took.
Alecto leaves her shape, and furies look,
And is transform'd to an old woman now,
Plowing deep furrowes in her wrinkled brow;
Binds her white hair, then olive branches ties,
And she old *Calybe* Junos Vestal is,
And straight herself presenting thus began.
Tamely wilt thou, *Turnus*, such wrongs sustain?
Thy crown transferr'd to th' *Dardan* Colonie?
The King, the match and dowre thou shouldst enjoy,
Denies, and now a foraign heire hath chose.
Scorn'd, go, thy self t'ingratefull toyl expose;
Tyrrhens destroy, yes, and *Latinus* guard.
Great *Juno* bid, this News should be declar'd
To thee in silent night: Arise with speed,
Arm the bold youth, and through the gates proceed;
March where the *Trojan* captains in the sweet
Tyber now ride, and burn their painted fleet.

A god bids this: and if the King withſtands
Thy marriages, nor yields to thy demands,
Let him in arms then *Turnus* valour try.
Here the Prince ſmiling, thus did make reply.
Not as thou thinkſt, the news hath ſcap'd my eare,
Of ſhips hath enter'd *Tyber* ſtreams; ſuch feare
Thou need'ſt not fain, nor royal *Juno* will
Unmindfull be of us.
But thee, O mother, fond age doting ſtill,
Troubles in vain with care, and terror brings,
Deluding with falſe fear of arms and Kings.
Take for the Temple and the Statues care,
Let men t'whom it belongs, make peace and war.
At this *Alecto* rag'd: but whilſt he ſpoke
A ſodain trembling all his body ſhook,
His eyes grew ſtiffe, ſuch ſhapes ſhe did unfold,
Hiſſing with ſnakes, her flameing eyes ſhe roll'd;
Repulſing him, who lingering did prepare
To ſpeak: two ſerpents darting from her hair.
Then laſhing him, from dire lips thus ſhe ſtorm'd:
Lo! I whom doting age hath ill inform'd,
Of kings and arms deluding with falſe feare,
I from the furies ſeat am preſent here,
And in this hand bring war and death.
This ſaid, at him a blazing torch ſhe caſt,
And gloomy fire fix'd in his boſome faſt.
Great fear doth vanquiſh ſleep, through all his limbs
A ſalt ſweat flows, in brine his body ſwims.
Arm, arm, he cries; for arms the bed room ſought,
Love of ſteel rag'd, and wars curſt madneſſe wrought.
Ire ſwels; As when fir'd bavins are applide
With mighty noiſe to a full cauldrons ſide.
Seas rage within, the boyling liquor ſteams,
And fuming high, bubbles with frothy ſtreams,

Nor self-contain'd, to heaven black vapours rose.
He to the King and the prime Nobles shewes,
Peace thus being broke, that arms should be prepar'd
To drive the foe from thence, and *Latium* guard,
Trojans and *Latines* both he could invade:
Then cals the gods with vowes and prayers. This said,
Rutilians strive each other to engage,
This taken with his noble personage,
His royal pedigree another charms,
Him youth inticeth, and great deeds in arms.

Whilst *Turnus* his *Rutilians* did inflame,
The hag on *Stygian* wings 'mongst *Trojans* came,
Where fair *Ascanius* did with course and snares
Persue wild beasts, there she new art prepares.
Here th'hellish Virgin cast a sudden rage
Amongst the dogs, did with known scent engage
More hot to chase: hence sprung the wofull jar,
And first incens'd the rustick soul, for war.
There was a fair large Deer with stately crests,
Whom *Tyrrhens* sons took from the mothers breast,
And *Tyrrhens* fed, the royal cattel were,
And those large fields intrusted to his care.
This same, their sister *Sylvia* with great care
Adorn'd his crest, and binds with garlands faire,
Did combe and bath him in the chrystal ford:
He us'd to hand, and to his masters bord
VVandred in woods, and would return, although
Late in the night, and his own dwelling know.
This wandring far *Ascanius* fierce hounds chac't,
When he by chance the pleasant river past,
And hot on verdant banks prepar'd to rest.
Then love of praise inflam'd *Ascanius* breast,

That

That from his bow he lets the arrow flie;
Nor to his hand wanted a *deitie*.
The sounding shaft did through his bowels come.
But the Deer wounded flies to his own home,
Entring he groans, and bloody, with sad voice
Imploring aid, fils all the house with noise.
Beating her breasts, first *Sylvia* complains,
And cals aloud to aid, the sturdy swains:
They (for in silent groves *Alecto* hides)
Suddenly came; this a burnt stake provides,
That a huge knotty club; what each man finds
Rage makes a weapon, *Tyrrhus* cals his hinds
As he by chance did cleave in four an oak,
And threatning mainly, a sharp axe he took.
But the foul hag watching her time to harm,
Ascends, and sounds the pastoral alarm
From a high roof, and her infernal voice
Sends through a winding-horn: at the dire noise
The woods did tremble, and the groves profound
Thundred, and *Trivias* lake far off the sound,
And sulphure *Nar*, and *Velins* fountains hear,
And mothers grasp their children struck with fear.
But then fierce Rusticks swift, where the alarms
The trumpet sounded, rush with snatch'd-up arms
From all parts, and *Trojans* t' *Atcanius* aide
From open camps like a full torrent made,
In order draw; No rustick fight they make
With knotty clubs, and a burnt pointed stake.
But fierce with steel they charge, the dusky field
With drawn swords dreadful, arms a splendor yield
Struck with the sun, and casts to heaven a light
As when with rising winds the waves grow white,
Seas by degrees advance, then higher rise,
At last roll'd from their bottom, kisse the skies.

And here young *Almon*, *Tyrrhus* eldest son,
Was in the front by a swift shaft orethrown:
For in his throat it stuck, and stopt his breath,
Imprisoning th'airy soul with blood in death.
There many were, with old *Galesus* slain,
Whilst he for peace oppos'd himself in vain;
The justest man which all *Ausonia* yields,
And once the richest both in stock and fields;
Five bleating flocks, five heards he did command,
And with a hundred plowes turns up his land.
Now whilst the field with equal fortune stood,
Alecto promise kept, when she in blood
Had both imbru'd, and had first slaughters made,
She leaving earth, to heaven her self convaide,
Proud with successe, to *Juno* these declares.
Behold division ripen'd for sad wars!
Now let them friendship joyn and leagues conclude,
Since *Trojans* I with *Tyrrhen* blood imbrude.
And to the act Ile adde this, if you please;
The bordering towns to war with rumors raise,
To love dire *Mars* them Ile inflame with charms,
All parts shall aid, Ile strew the fields with arms.
Then *Juno* said, Of *jealousies* and *fears*
There are enough, firm stand the grounds of wars:
Now they have fought, what weapons they have gain'd
By chance at first, with forrain blood is stain'd.
Let *Venus* great stock and *Latinus* joyn
Such Nuptials, and such matriages design.
But thee, great *Jove* who rules high heaven, denies
Boldly to wander through celestial skies:
Retire; what new emergencies betide
Shall be my care. *Saturnia* thus replide,
But she displaid her hissing wings with snakes,
Stooping to hell, and heavens bright sphear forsakes.

There

There is a place 'midst *Italy*, which ſtands
Under high mountains, fam'd through many lands;
Which ſacred vales, and a thick grove ſurrounds,
And on each ſide with a dark ſhadow bounds,
And in the midſt a foming torrent grones,
Ratling with mighty edies through the ſtones.
Here the dire cave, and *Plutos* gates were ſhewn,
And the huge gulph of gaping *Acheron*
Opens foul jawes: hither *Alecto* flies,
And hated, eas'd at once both earth and skies.
No leſſe mean while *Saturnia* perfects war,
To Court the ſhepherds flie, and ſlain friends beare;
Young *Almond* and *Galeſus* foul with gore:
The gods they call, and the old King implore.
Turnus arriv'd amidſt theſe loud debates,
And terrors of the fight ingeminates:
That *Trojans* there ſhould plant, the *Phrygian* race
Should mixe with them, he thruſt forth in diſgrace.
Then they, whoſe mothers *Bachanalian* rage
Orgies to lead through deſerts did engage;
(Great was the Queens example) gathered are
From every part, and weary *Mars* for war.
Againſt the gods, and fate, and omens, all
For impious war with ſtrange perverſneſſe call;
And clamouring round *Latinus* court they ſtood.
But he like a fix'd rock againſt the flood,
Like a fix'd rock, which when a breaking wave
Tumbles againſt him, and loud billows rave,
Stands by his weight; the fomy clifts in vain
Thunder, and back bruis'd weeds are roll'd again;
But when no power mad counſels could prevent;
And th'whole affair with cruel *Juno* went;
Then did the king the gods, and heaven atteſt,
Ah we are loſt by fates, by ſtorms diſtreſt!

Wretches, your impious blood shall punisht be
For this; and *Turnus*, sad rewards for thee
Remains; when thou shalt late the gods request,
I soon shall reach my haven, and find rest,
Though glorious funerals want. Nor more he spake,
But straight retires, and did the helm forsake.
There was an antient use in *Latium*,
Which *Alban* towns held sacred, and now *Rome*
Greatest in power, observes; when they prepare
'Gainst *Getæ*, *Hircans*, *Arabs* cruel war,
Or march to *India* and the Eastern main,
Or ensigns from the *Parthians* to regain.
There are two gates of war, that name they bear,
To dire *Mars* sacred, with religious fear;
A hundred brazen doors, which lasting bands
Of steel inclos'd; in th entrance *Janus* stands.
Here when the *Senate* have a war decreed,
The Consul glorious in his regal weed
And *Sabine* robe, opens the groning gates
Proclaiming it; and all the youth then waits,
And doleful notes on brazen trumpets sound.
Then to the King 'gainst *Trojans* they propound
War to denounce, and open *Janus* gates;
He shuns the task, and foul engagement hates,
And hides himself. Then *Juno* from the skie
Descending, made th unwilling gates to flie
Open by force, and the huge brazen bars
Saturnia breaks, and turns the hinge of wars.
Ausonia rais'd now burns, rows'd from long peace;
Some in the fields foot-squadrons exercise,
Some break proud steeds, and use them to alarms;
Wrapt in a dusty cloud, all mad take arms.
This scoures his shield, his axe whets, oyles his spear,
Proud to bear ensigns, and loud trumpets hear.

Five

Five mighty towns to make arms, anvils lay,
Tyber, *Ardea* potent *Atina*,
Towrie *Antemna*, *Cruſtumere* the great:
Helms of high proof they work, and ſhields compleat
With ſallow wrought; theſe ſhining breaſt-plates caſt,
Or with fine ſilver ſmooth-wrought Greves inchac't.
Farewell all love, and honour of the plow!
Their fathers ſwords again they furbuſh now:
The trumpets ſound, proclaimed is the war;
Theſe fit their casks, thoſe neighing ſteeds prepare,
This brac'd his ſhield, his golden mail that tride,
And girds his truſty ſword unto his ſide.
Open your ſprings you Muſes, raiſe my verſe!
What Kings provok'd to wars, what armies fierce
Supply'd the field, with what men *Latium* fam'd
Did flouriſh then, and with what arms inflam'd,
Tis, you can tell for you did regiſter;
Only a ſlender fame did touch our eare.
Firſt proud *Mezentius* from the *Tyrrhen* lands
The gods contemnor march'd, with armed bands:
And *Lauſus* next, his ſon, then whom more fair
Was none, unleſſe *Laurentian Turnus* were.
Horſe-taming *Lauſus* wild beaſts vanquiſhed,
A thouſand men from *Agelina* led;
Worthy in better times hi realms to have ſwaid,
And not *Mezentius* for his ſire to have had.
With conquering ſteeds, in'schariot next to theſe
Came *Aventine*, thy ſon bold *Hercules*.
Upon his ſhield his fathers arms he takes,
A hundred ſerpents, *Hydra* girt with ſnakes,
Whom *Rhea* bore in *Aventina's* wood
Private, a woman proving by a god,
After *Alcides* to the *Laurent* plain
A conqueror came, when *Geryon* he had ſlain,

And *Spanish* bulls washt in the *Tyrrhen* wave.
In war these piles and cruel weapons have,
They fight with Tucks and with *Sabellian* spears;
Himself on foot a Lyons huge skin wears,
Rough hair, and white teeth, dreadfull on his head,
Thus horrid he the palace entered,
Th'*Herculean* mantle flowing on his back.
Two brothers then *Tyburtian* walls forsake,
Whose brother *Tybert* gave the place a name,
From *Greece* fierce *Coras* and *Catillus* came.
Before the ranks amidst thick arms they bend,
As cloud-born Centaurs from the hills descend,
When snowie *Othrys* they or *Omole*
Forsake; then to their flight the woods give way,
And all the bowes with mighty fragor yield.
Nor was he wanting did *Preneste* build,
The race of *Vulcan*. who mongst cattel reign'd,
Found on the hearths; all times this truth maintain'd.
Rusticks a legion, *Cæculus* commands
From high *Preneste*, and cold *Anio's* strands
Whom *Gabii*, and rough *Hernicis* bred,
With rivers cleer those rich *Anagnia* fed,
Old *Amasens*: not all bore arms, or ring
With shields and chariots: A great number sling
Bullets of lead, and some two javelins beare,
And on their heads did yellow bonnets weare
Of a wolfs skin with their left foot they did
March naked, a raw brogue the other hid.
Well horst *Messapus*, *Neptunes* off-spring, whom
Nor fire or sword had power to overcome,
People in ease, uncustom'd to alarms
Invites to war, soon taught to use their arms.
These the just *Falscians* and *Fescennian* bands,
Those held *Soractes* towres, *Flavinian* strands.

Mount

Mount *Cymins* lake and *Capen* groves; who sing
Marching harmonious numbers of their King.
As midst the clouds when silver swans retire
From their repast; they in a joyful quire
Tune their long pipes; then all the Asian coast
And floods far off resound.
Nor think the brazen bands in that great hoast
Confusion had: like thick clouds through the skie
Of cackling fowl from sea to land they flie.
Lo! antient *Sabine* blood, *Clausus* commands
Great troups; himself great as his mighty bands.
From him the race, and *Claudian* family come,
After the *Sabines* shar'd a part in *Rome*.
Great *Amiterna*, old *Quirites*, and
Oliv'd *Mutisca*, all the *Eretian* band,
Who *Nomentum*, those rosey *Veline* till,
Tetricah, rough with rocks, *Severus* hill:
Those plant *Casperia*, *Foluron*, and them
Drink *Hymel*, *Faber*, and the *Tybers* stream.
Cold *Nursia*, *Hortine* troups and *Latines* came,
Those *Allia* parts, with an unhappy name.
As many waves from *Lybick* seas are rowl'd,
When stern *Orion* winter storms infold,
Or as thick corn parch'd in the summer stands:
In *Hermus*, or in *Lycias* golden strands,
So shields resound, earth trembling as they came.
Atrides sonne, foe to the *Trojan* name,
Halesus strait his chariot horses joyns,
A thousand fierce men brought: those blest with vines,
Massica plow, *Aruncian* fathers train
From the high hills, *Sidicina* neer the main.
Those who left *Cales*, and who till the stream
Of dry *Vulturnus*, *Saticulus* with them

And *Oscian* bands; these fight with javelins long;
For as their custome, fit with a soft thong;
These Faulchions have, and leather shields protect.
Nor thee, *Oebalus*, must our Muse neglect:
Whom Nymph *Sebetide* to *Telon* bore,
Now old he held the *Telebonian* shore:
The son, not with his fathers realms content,
To his subjection the *Sarrastians* bent;
And those whom *Sarnus* watereth, forct to yield,
Them *Rufus*, *Batulus* hold, and *Celen* field,
And those fruit-bearing *Bellas* rampiers view,
Who darts in the *Teutonick* manner threw.
Their heads are arm'd with Cork-trees torn from vines,
They shine in brazen arms, a brasse sword shines:
With thee to war from hilly *Nursia* came
O *Vfens* blest in arms, and great in fame,
A cruel race, with huntings us'd to toyle
In woods; *Æquicola* a barren soyl
These armed plow, and alwayes love to drive
Fresh prey and plunder, and by rapine live.
Next came a priest of the *Marubian* race,
His helm green bowes, of happy olive grace,
From King *Archippus* sent, *Umbro* most bold,
The vipers blood, and hissing serpents could
By charms, or with his hand to sleep engage,
Their bitings cure, and by his art asswage:
But for the *Dardan* spear no help he found,
Nor could a sleepy medicine ease the wound,
Nor all those herbs in *Marsian* mountains be.
Thee *Angits* grove, *Fucinus* cleer waves thee,
Thee chrystal lakes have wept.
To war the fair race of *Hippolitus* went,
Virbius, whom his mother *Aritia* sent

To

To *Ægeias* groves, in the *Hymetian* ſtrand,
Where altars fat of pleas'd *Diana* ſtand.
After his ſtepdames art, *Hippolitus* kill'd,
Paternal puniſhments with blood fulfil'd;
Torne by mad ſteeds: T'etherial ſtars (they ſame)
And heavens ſupernal air again he came
Reſtor'd by phyſick, and *Diana's* love;
This much incenſing the all-potent *Jove*,
A mortal from infernal ſhades ſhould riſe,
Phœbus ſon, who ſo great skill did deviſe
With thun er ſent to *Styx*. But *Trivia*
Hypolitus did to ſecret ſeats to convay,
And to *Ægerian* groves confin'd alone,
In *Italian* woods he finiſht life unknown,
Where by a chang'd name he was *Virbius* ſtild.
From *Trivias* fane, groves ſacred, are exil'd
All horſes, ſince the youth and's chariot they
Frighted orethrew to monſters of the ſea.
No leſſe his ſon did horſes exerciſe,
And to the wars he in his chariot flies.
Among the firſt moſt beauteous *Turnus* led,
Marching in arms, and taller by the head:
From his high creſts three buſhy horſe-maines came,
Chimera there, breathing *Ætnean* flame;
Then louder roars, with fire more fiercely glowes,
When in hot fight blood in abundance flowes.
His poliſh'd ſhield, *Io* with gold adorns,
A cow now cloath'd with hair, and dreſt with horns:
Argus who kept the maid, and *Inachus* ſtood,
Where with rare art his urn poures forth a flood.
A cloud of foot did follow, the whole ſtrands
Shield-bearing ſquadrons hide; the *Argive* bands,
The *Arunci*, *Rutilii*, ancient *Sicanie*,
Sacrans, and ſhields of painted *Labici*:

Thoſe

Thoſe plow thy ſhores, O *Tyber*, people tills
Sacred *Numicus*, ſow *Rutilian* hills,
Circæus tops, who *Anxurs* fields, where *Jove*
Commands, and glad *Feronias* verdant grove:
Where black fend *Satyr* lies, cold *Ufens* did
Glide through deep vales, and in the ocean hid.
Volſcean Camilla march'd with theſe: ſhe leads
Regiments of horſe; the Warrioreſſe precedes
Bands bright in arms, her female fingers are
Not us'd to *Pallas* arts: to cruel war
The maid inur'd; or in her ſwift courſe borne
T'outſtrip the winds, and flie ore ſtanding corn,
Nor bruiſe the tender ear, ſhe was ſo fleet
Through ſea to run, nor dip her nimble feet.
From fields and houſes, youth and matrons haſte;
How ſhe with purple regal honour grac'd
On her ſtraight ſhoulders, marching, they behold
Amaz'd: how th'button knit her haire with gold;
Then how ſhe did her Lycian quiver beare,
And tipt with ſteel her paſtoral myrtle ſpeare.

THE

THE EIGHTH BOOK OF VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

The Argument.

Æneas is admoniſh'd by a dreame
To ſeek Evanders *aide, up* Tybers *ſtreame.*
Arcadians *ſolemnizing annual feaſts,*
Æneas *and the* Trojans *make their gueſts.*
Cacus *ſtrange ſtorie, and* Herculian *rites.*
The King Æneas *to his court invites.*
Fair Venus *with ſweet love her husband charms,*
And for her ſon obtains Vulcanian *arms.*
Evander *Pallas ſends t'* Æneas *aide.*
A league th' Hetrurians *and the* Trojans *made.*
Venus *preſents the arms; a golden field*
With Roman victories charg'd, adorn'd the ſhield.

AS *Turnus* had with warlike enſigns crown'd
Laurentian towres, and made ſhril trumpets ſound;
As he the horſe had rais'd, and forc'd to arms,
Straight all diſturb'd, great *Latium* in alarms
Together take an oath, the fierce youth rave.
Meſaphus, Vfens the prime conduct have;

With

With them *Mezentius*, who the gods disdains;
Each where they presse, and fields deprive of swains.
Venalus is sent to *Diomede* the great
For aid, and to declare the *Trojans* seat
In *Latium*: *Æneas* who doth bring
His conquered gods, sayes, fates decree him King:
That many people to the *Trojans* joyn,
His name in *Italy* spreads: what his designe,
If fortune grant to him the hop'd event
By war, to *Diomed* is more evident
Then can *Latinus* or King *Turnus* find.
Thus *Latium* stood: *Æneas* in his mind
All these revolv'd, tost with a flood of care,
When his swift thoughts divide now here, now there,
And carried divers wayes, through all things run,
As waters trembling light, struck by the sun
Or image of the radiant moon, 'gainst brasse,
Now rais'd to heaven, flies wide through euery place,
And to the seelings of high roofs is hurl'd.
'Twas night, when weary creatures through the world
Both beasts and birds, soft slumber did relaxe;
When prince *Æneas* under heavens cold axe
Upon the shore, his bosome fraight with cares
Of the sad war, late for repose prepares.
The genius of the place old *Tyber* rose
From the glad stream amongst the pop'lar boughs:
Of finest canvase was his azure weed,
And his head cover'd with a shady reed.
And thus his cares asswag'd. O race of gods
Whom *Troy* hath brought from foes, to our abodes:
Thou shalt for ever *Pergamus* protect,
Laurentian soyl and *Latine* fields expect:
Here are sure houses, here thy certain seats,
Nor fear wars menacings; all the rage and threats
Of gods give place. Nor

(Nor think a dream vain fictions coyns) for thou
Under wild okes ſhalt find a mighty ſow,
Pregnant, her farrow thirty, laid to reſt,
A white ſow, a white iſſue, at her breaſt.
There's certain quiet, there thy city build;
Aſcanius ſhall thrice ten years circles fill'd
There great nam'd *Alba* raiſe: I ſpeak things ſure.
Now by what means thou conquerour mayſt procure
A preſent ayd, liſt, brief I ſhall declare.
Th' *Arcadians* here a race from *Pallas* are,
Who to theſe coaſts led by *Evander* came,
And on theſe hills their city choſe to frame,
From *Pallas Pallanteum* ſtil'd the place.
Theſe war continuall with the Latine race.
With theſe aſſociate, leagues conjoyn with them.
I by my banks ſhall guide thee up the ſtream,
That thou with ores mayſt ſtem the floods. Ariſe
O goddeſſe ſon, with prayers bring ſacrifice
To *Juno* with the dawn; her wrath allay
With humble vowes: Victor, me honour pay.
I am whom thou beholdſt, whoſe full ſtream glides
Waſhing theſe banks, and fertile lands divides:
Blue *Tyber*, heavens delight: large walls for me,
And here a head to lofty ſeats muſt be.
This ſaid, the river dives into the deep,
And from *Æneas* flies both night and ſleep.
He roſe, and viewes the bright Suns Eaſtern beams;
Then in his hollow palms takes from the ſtreams
Water, the uſe: thus praying to the skies.
Laurentian nymphs, nymphs where theſe floods ariſe.
O *Tyber*, father, with thy bleſſed wave
At laſt receive me, and from dangers ſave!
And whereſoere, thou pitying of our woes
Shalt glide; moſt fair, where ere thy water flowes,

Still

Still I shall honour, alwayes presents bring;
Horn'd flood, of the *Hesperian* rivers king,
Oh now assist and give us present aid!
Two vessels from the fleet he chose, this said,
And tackling fits; his mates did oars provide:
When he, behold! the wondrous omen spide;
A white sow, with as white a farrow laid,
And through the wood on a green bank survaid:
To thee, to thee great *Juno* this he slew,
And with her issue altars did imbrue.
Tyber did all that night his swelling flood
Appease; his flowing waves in silence stood,
And his streams levels like a gentle lake,
That with their oars no strugling they should make.
They haste their course, up with the tide they drove;
The waves admire, and th'unfrequented grove
Wonders, when glittering shields far off they spide
And painted galleys through the stream to glide.
They haste both night and day, long reaches made,
And hid with trees, cut through a pleasant shade.
Now the bright Sun had reach'd the middle sky,
When they far off did scatter'd houses spy,
And slender battlements with a little towre,
But now to heaven advanc'd by Roman power;
Then but a poor state King *Evander* had.
Sraight prores they turn, and to the city made:
By chance, th'*Arcadian* solemn rites that day
To great *Alcides* and the gods did pay
Before the Town, *Pallas* his son was there,
All the prime youth, and the poor Senate beare
Incense, and altars smoak with lukewarm blood.
As they tall ships saw through th'*Opacus* wood
To haste with silent oars; frighted, they rise,
And at the sight, forsook the sacrifice.

Bold

Bold *Pallas* all forbids to quit the board,
And haſtens to them with a ready ſword:
Then from a bank far off——Sirs, what cauſe made
Ye tempt ſtrange ſhores? or whither bound? he ſaid:
What race? whence come you? bring ye peace or war?
Then did *Æneas* from his ſtern declare,
And in his hand the peaceful olive ſhewes:
Trojans, and arms thou ſeeſt to *Latines* foes,
Who us exil'd inforce with cruel war.
We ſeek *Evander*; him inform, here are
Troy's prime Commanders, who his aid intreat.
Pallas amaz'd, ſtruck with a name ſo great;
Who e're, come forth, theſe to the King declare,
And to our countreys gods a gueſt repaire!
Then he receives him with a ſtrict imbrace,
The grove they enter, and forſake the place.
When to the King *Æneas* friendly ſaid.
O beſt of Greeks! to whom me fortune made
A ſuiter now, and olive boughs to beare:
Nor thee, though a Greek Captain, did I feare,
From both *Atrides* though thou draw'ſt thy line;
But me, thy own worth, th'Oracles divine,
And antient Kin, thy fame through all coaſts ſpread,
Sent me to thee; and fates the willing led.
Our Grandſire *Dardan*, who built *Ilium*
(As the Greeks ſay) did from *Electra* come;
He ſail'd to *Troy*; ſhe was great *Atlas* ſtrain,
Whoſe ſhoulders the aetherial orbs ſuſtain:
Mercurie thy father is, whom *Maia* faire
Conceiving, on *Cylenes* cold tops bare.
But *Atlas Maia*, (if we credit fame)
That *Atlas* got, ſupports heavens ſtarry frame,
So from one blood the ſtocks of both divide.
This truſting, I no meſſenger imploy'd,

Nor

Nor try'd thee first by art, but my self came,
And life adventuring, here now suppl ant am.
The same *Rutilians* which with cruel wars
Presse thee, when we're expell'd think nought debars,
But all *Hesperia* shall their yoak obey,
Or whatsoere is washt by either Sea.
Let us joyn leagues; we have stout men of war,
And valiant youth that long experienc'd are.
Æneas thus, whilst he all ore survaid
The *Trojan*, then *Evander* briefly said.
Bold *Dardan* know, how I accept thy choice,
And meet thy love! how I thy fathers voice
And face recall, and have in memorie
When *Priam* went *Hesione* to see,
And *Salamina* view his sisters court,
They did to cold *Arcadian* shores resort.
Then budding youth had first my cheeks attir'd
With a soft doun; I *Trojan* Chiefs admir'd,
With wonder youthful *Priam* me possest:
But most *Anchises*, taller then the rest,
With great affection did my mind excite
To know the man, and joyn right hand to right;
Joyfull I led him round our battlements:
He a fair quiver, *Lycian* shafts presents
And a rich cloak to me, taking his leave,
With golden reins, which since I *Pallas* gave
Therefore I grant thy suit, and leagues conjoine;
And when the morn with purple light shall shine,
I will dismisse you both with aid and gold.
Mean while (since friends you're here) these annuals hold,
A sinne now to neglect; and keep our feast,
Making your selves to friends a welcome guest.
Then he commands to bring full bowls, and meat,
And plac'd the *Trojans* on a grassie seat;

But

But to a bed a Lyons rough skin grac'd
He brought their Prince, and in a chair he plac'd.
The Prieſt, and choſen youth then altars ſpread
With beaſts fat entrails, ſerv'd with pureſt bread,
And rich wine fill: The *Trojans* and their Chief
Feaſt with rich offerings, and huge chines of beef.

Hunger appeas'd, and feaſted to the height,
Evander ſaid: On us this ſolemn rite
By ſuperſtition, nor by ignorance came
To be impos'd. From dangers ſav'd, we do
Yearly theſe honours (noble gueſt) renew.
First on that hanging Rock with torne clifrs look,
And far-off ſcatter'd heaps, that houſe forſook
Stands on the hill, whoſe tops ſuch ruines have,
'Twas there the monſter *Cacus* had his cave,
And in thoſe vaſt receſſes his dire face
Alwayes he hid, the ſun nere pierc'd that place;
Steeming with ſlaughters freſh, on his proud dore
Pale heads of men hung in their loathſom gore.
Vulcan the monſters father, fire ſtill flies
Black from his mouth, he of a dreadful ſize.
But time brought aid, and one of mighty fame.
For the revenger great *Alcides* came,
Proud with the triple *Gerions* death, and ſpoile:
The conquerour drove his cattel to this ſoile,
His herds poſſeſt the vale and rivers ſide.
But furious *Cacus*, leſt he ought untride
Of wickedneſſe or villany ſhould leave,
Four ſtately oxen from their ſtalls did drive,
As many well-ſhap'd heifers; theſe he hales,
Leſt tracts ſhould be diſcovered by the tailes,
Into his den, and in the dark rock hid,
Nor any footſtep to the cave did lead.

But when great *Hercules* remov'd his herd,
Leaving thoſe grounds, and to be gone prepar'd;
Departing, loud they bellow, clamour fills
The neighbouring woods, they mourning leave the hills:
One cow makes anſwer, and from hidden caves
Aloud complains, and *Cacus* hope deceives.
But here great rage *Alcides* did provoke;
He arms, and takes a ponderous knotty oke,
And to the top of the high mountain flies.
Now firſt we ſaw fear *Cacus* to ſurpriſe,
And his look chang'd: he, then Eaſt-winds more fleet
Haſtes to his cave, for terror wing'd his feet;
Shuts himſelf up, and down a huge ſtone flung
With broken chains, which *Vulcans* art had hung
With ſteel, and the ſtrong gates guards with a bar.
Soon *Hercules* came, and raging every where
Sought entrance, gnaſhing of his teeth he turns
Now here, now there: thrice, whilſt with rage he burns,
Aventine ſought, thrice did in vain aſſaile
The marble dore, as oft reſts in the vale.
A riſing ſharp rock with torne clifts there was
Behind the cave, a fit and lofty place
Where birds of prey might build: this as it ſtood
To the left hand, and leaning to the flood,
He on the right hand ſhoves, and at the laſt
Tears from the root, then down it headlong caſts.
At which great crack the lofty skies did thunder.
Th' affrighted ſtreams retire, banks flie aſunder:
Then the huge cave, and *Cacus* courts appear,
The diſmal caverns all diſcover'd were.
As when the ground torn with an earthquake, ſhewes
Infernal ſeats, and doth ſad realms diſcloſe
Hatefull to deities, and all hell in ſight,
Then pale ghoſts tremble at the ſent-in light.

Now

Now he ſurpriz'd with unexpected day,
Shut up in's cave, *Alcides* did aſſay
With weapons from above, all arms he tries,
And him with trees and mighty milſtones plies.
He (when he could not from the danger break)
Vomits huge ſmoak, and (wonderfull to ſpeak)
Darkens the place with miſt, blinding the ſight,
And mix'd with fire, thickens black ſhades of night.
Nor did *Alcides* hold, but in he broke
Amidſt the flame, and ruſh'd through waving ſmoke;
The den with vapour ſteem'd: he *Cacus* took,
In darkneſſe belching fire, and in the lock
He whirls him round, thrown down, he on him lies
Graſping his throat and ſqueezing out his eyes.
The dark houſe ſtraight with open doors diſplaid;
Back were the cattel, and baſe ſtealth convaid;
Out by the feet the ugly corps he drew,
On's dreadful eyes enough they could not view,
The monſters hairy breaſt, and horrid brow,
And fire within his mouth extinguiſh'd now.
Theſe rites, this day, poſterity maintain
Ere ſince, which firſt *Potitius* did ordain;
And *Hercules* prieſts *Penarians* did ſeat
This altar in theſe groves, which alwayes great
Is ſtil'd by us, and great ſhall ſtill remain.
Therefore, brave Youth, in ſuch high praiſe ordain
Boughs for your hair, your right hands cups extend,
Implore the common god, wine freely ſpend.
Mixt-colour'd Poplar with Herculean ſhade.
His treſſes vail'd and bound with leaves; this ſaid,
A ſacred bowl fills his right hand; ſtraight all
Glad powre on Tables, and the gods do call.
Mean while the night falls from heavens ſpangled arch,
When all the prieſts and firſt *Potitius* march,

Girt as they uſe with skins, and torches beare.
Feaſts they renew, and ſecond courſe prepare,
Tables they load, the *Salii* then dance round
About the altars to ſweet muſick, crown'd
With poplar boughs: here young men, there the old,
Who far-fam'd *Hercules* brave deeds extol'd,
And his twelve labours ſung. How firſt he takes
His ſtep-dames monſters, kills her double ſnakes:
How *Troy*, *Ochalia*, famous towns had been
By him orethrown: what toyls by *Juno's* ſpleen
And King *Euriſtheus* he did undergo.
Thou cloud-born *Hyleus*, *Pholus* didſt orethrow,
Thou the dire *Cretian* monſters didſt ſubdue,
And at *Nemea* the huge Lyon ſlew.
At thee ſhook *Stygian* lakes, hells porter then
On gnawn bones lying in his bloody den,
No form, not huge *Typhæus* could confound,
Though arm'd, nor *Hydra* though his heads charge round.
Hail *Joves* true race, an honour to the skies,
T'us be propitious, and thy ſacrifice.
Such things they ſang: but *Cacus* cauſe in higher
Notes they reſound, and how he breath'd out fire:
The groves did ring, the hills with eccho ſtorm'd.
Thence, all divine ſolemnities perform'd,
Homewards they all unto the city bent,
And King *Evander* with the foremoſt went,
With whom *Æneas* and his ſon did walk:
And going, eaſe the way with various talk.
Æneas taken with thoſe parts, admires,
His quick eyes viewing all things round, inquires,
And glad would hear records of former men.
Evander, founder of *Rome's* Palace then,
Nymphs, native Fauns, theſe groves inhabited;
Men, trunks of trees produc'd, and hard oke bred,

Who

Who nor for law, tillage nor oxen care,
Nor knew to gather riches, nor to ſpare:
But theſe fierce hunting, and wild fruit reliev'd.
When from *Olympus Saturn* firſt arriv'd,
Who from *Joves* arms and his loſt kingdom fled,
He the fierce Nation in high mountains bred
Reduc'd, and gave them Lawes: this *Latium* ſtyl'd,
Becauſe theſe ſhores in ſafety him conceal'd.
They ſaid the golden age was when he reign'd,
Since in ſuch peace his kingdom he maintain'd.
Then baſer ages by degrees ſucceed,
Which rage of war, and love of riches breed:
Auſonian bands then, and *Sycanians* came,
And oft *Saturnian* fields have loſt their name:
Thence Kings, and *Tyber* gyant like, whence we
Have *Tyber* call'd this ſtream of *Italie*;
The true old name of *Albula* is loſt.
Forc'd through all ſeas, expulſt my native coaſt,
All-conquering fate, and fortunes powerfull hand
Have plac'd me here, and the ſevere command
Of my bleſt mother the Nymph *Carmens* ſent,
And great *Apollo's* ſtrict admoniſhment.
Scarce ſaid, he ſhews an altar as they came,
And the *Carmental* gates, a *Roman* name,
Which ancient honour Nymphs did dedicate
To *Carmens*, skilful of enſuing fate,
Who firſt declar'd the *Trojans* ſhould be great,
And *Pallanteum* a renowned ſeat.
Next, a huge grove which valiant *Romulus* choſe
For ſanctuary, he *Lupercal* ſhews
To *Pan* was under cold rocks conſecrate,
After the manner of th' *Athenian* ſtate.
Then t' *Argiletums* ſacred grove he led,
And told the place where his gueſt *Argus* dy'd.

Tarpeia and the Capitol he ſhew'd,
Now golden, then dark with a horrid wood.
Dread of the place, then did the ſhepherds move,
And oft they trembled at the rock and grove.
This wood (he ſaid) this mountains leavy brow
A god inhabited, but uncertain who.
Arcadians, here, think *Jove* himſelf they ſpide,
Shaking his ſhield, and on the winds to ride.
Theſe two diſmantled towns thou doſt behold,
Are but ſad reliques of the men of old:
This, father *Janus*, thar, *Saturnus* fram'd;
Janiculum this, that was *Saturnius* nam'd.
With theſe diſcourſes, neer the Court they drew
Of poor *Evander*, where they cattel view
Lowing i'th' Roman change, and lofty ſtreets.
As to the gates they came, he ſaid, Theſe ſeats
Alcides enter'd, here he kept his court:
Sir, wealth deſpiſe, and now thy ſelf deport
As did the god, with homely fare content.
This ſaid, he ſtrait with great *Æneas* went
Under low roofs, and him on couches plac'd
Softned with leaves, and with a Bears skin grac'd.
Night fell, and with black wings the earth did hide;
But *Venus* mind not vainly terrifide
With *Laurent* threats, and with ſad ſtirs diſmaid,
To *Vulcan* in his golden bed ſhe ſaid,
And with ſweet language divine love inſpires.
Whilſt the Greek Kings with war and hoſtile fires
Raz'd deſtin'd *Troy*, and her high towres diſtreſt;
No ayd nor arms did I for them requeſt
Made by thy art or power; nor thee, dear love,
Would I to exerciſe vain labours move.
Though much I owe to *Priams* high deſcent,
And oft *Æneas* hard toyls might lament.

Now

Now by *Joves* will *Rutilian* ſhores they plant.
O my bleſt power! I come a ſuppliant,
A mother for a ſon craves arms. Dear Love,
Thetis, *Aurora* thee with tears could move:
Behold what realms conſpire, what cities joyn
Councel, by war to ruine me and mine.
The Goddeſſe here round with her ſnowy arms
In ſoft imbraces him conſulting warms.
Straight he takes fire, and through his marrow came
Accuſtom'd heat, and did his blood inflame.
So from a fiery breach erupted flies
Shining with flame, bright thunder through the skies.
Glad, ſtraight ſhe finds her plot, and beauty take.
When bound with laſting love, thus *Vulcan* ſpake:
What needs ſuch far-fetch'd ſtories, goddeſſe? where
'ſ Your confidence of me? had you ſuch care,
The *Trojans* then I might with arms ſupplide;
Nor *Jove*, nor fate, that *Troy* ſhould ſtand denide,
And *Priam* ten years more to have remain'd.
If you reſolve, and have a war ordain'd,
I promiſe both my art, my power, and care,
What iron and ſoft *Electrum* can prepare,
What fire and bellows may. Leave to perſwade,
Nor doubt thy power with us. Thus having ſaid,
He wiſht imbraces gave, and to ſweet reſt
Prepares, repoſing in the goddeſſe breaſt.
Then when he waken'd, after his firſt ſleep
At midnight: As a woman who doth keep
Her ſelf by ſpinning and *Minerva's* hire,
Stirs up the aſhes and the ſleeping fire,
Night adding to her work; long tasks ſhe plies,
And at her lamp her ſervants exerciſe,
That chaſte ſhe might preſerve her husbands bed,
And her ſmall children to ſupply with bread.

No drowſier at that houre *Vulcan* aroſe
From his ſoft bed, and to his forge he goes.
Near to *Sycanian* coaſts an Iland lifts
High ſhoulders up, and tall with ſmoky clifts:
Eat with *Cyclopen* flames, a Cave lies under,
And huge *Ætnean* vaults, which alwayes thunder,
Where mighty ſtrokes on anvils did reſound,
And bars of maſſie ſteel roare under ground
In water quench'd, by forges breathing flame.
This *Vulcans* ſeat, *Vulcania* the lands name.
Hither the god deſcended from the sky,
Where ſparkling heats in vaſt caves *Cyclops* ply.
Brontes, *Steropes*, nak'd *Piracmon* ſtand,
A thunder-bolt half wrought they had in hand:
Of ſuch, great ſtore from heaven to earth are thrown
By angry *Jove*, the reſt as yet not done.
Three parts of hail, three of a watery cloud,
As much of fire, and three of wind allow'd;
Their work with flaſhes, noiſe, and fear they mixt,
And dreadful wrath, perſuing flame betwixt.
Here haſte they *Mars* his chariot, and ſwift ſpokes,
With which he men and mighty towns provokes:
Theſe the dread ſhield of angry *Pallas* mould,
And wrought her arms with Dragons ſcales and gold;
The goddeſſe creſt with twiſted ſnakes they deck,
And *Gorgons* head diſſected from her neck.
Cyclops, he ſaid, take all theſe things away,
Set by your tasks, and liſt to what I ſay.
Arms for a bold man muſt be made; impart
Now all your ſtrength, and ſhew your greateſt art,
Break off delayes. Nor more he ſaid. They hot
All ply the work, and equal tasks by lot
Receive; ſtraight braſſe and gold in rivers flowes,
In a vaſt furnace hard ſteel liquid growes.

A mighty ſhield they frame, one ſhould withſtand
The warlike ſtore of all th' *Auſonian* land.
Rounded with mighty orbs, ſeven orbs they make;
Some with the bellows air retain and take,
Others in water dip the hiſſing ore;
The hollow vaults with beating anvils rore:
They with much ſtrength their arms in order raiſe,
And turn with tongs the maſſe a thouſand wayes.

Whilſt in *Æolian* Caverns *Vulcan* ſweats,
Haſtning the work: bleſt morn, from humble ſeats
Evander rais'd, and chirping birds did call
Up with ſweet notes under his Palace wall.
The old man roſe, puts on his coat, and tyde
His *Tyrrhen* ſandals on, then to his ſide
Girds a *Tegean* ſword, next ore he flung
A Panthers skin, which from his left ſide hung;
From the high floor his double guard deſcend,
And on their maſters ſteps the dogs attend.
T' *Æneas* chamber went; for he had not
Promis'd aſſiſtance, nor his word forgot.
And full as early prince *Æneas* roſe,
Pallas with that, with this *Achates* goes.
Met, they ſalute; and in the hall being plac'd,
Deſired conference they enjoyd at laſt.
And firſt the King began.

Great *Trojan* prince, Thou ſafe, I never ſhall
Confeſſe *Troy* vanquiſh'd, nor her kingdoms fall.
Our aids are ſmall for one ſo much renown'd:
Here are we with the *Tuſcan* river bound,
There *Rutils* ſtop us, and oft ſtorm our wall.
But I great nations and rich kingdoms ſhall
Draw to thy help; unlookt for chance preſents
Thee ſuccour, and thou com'ſt by fates conſents.

Not

Not far from hence built on an ancient rock,
Stands *Agelina*, where the *Lydian* ſtock
Once fam'd in war, *Hetrurian* mountains plants.
This flouriſhing many years, all former grants
At laſt *Mizentius* by his proud commands
Infring'd, and garriſon'd with cruel bands.
His murthers I forbear and tyrannies,
The gods return the like on him and his!
For he dead bodies to the living joyn'd,
Puts face to face, and hand in hand combin'd:
Strange torture! when foul gore and blood imbrues
Their ſad imbrace, and with long death perſues.
At laſt the weary ſubjects take up arms,
And him, then raging, they with fierce alarms
In's court beſieg'd, his counſellors they ſlew,
And wild-fire on his lofty palace threw.
He ſcapes 'mongſt ſlaughters to *Rutilian* ſtrands,
To ſeek protection from kind *Turnus* hands.
Now all *Hetruria* up in cruel rage,
To bring their King to juſtice they ingage.
Over their armies Ile make thee the head,
Now ſounding ſhores are with the Navy ſpread,
Ready to ſail; but their old prieſt withſtands,
Opening the fates. You choiſe *Mevnian* bands
Flowre of the antients, whom juſt griefs engage
Againſt *Mizentius* with deſerved rage:
No 'Italian muſt ſo great a nation ſway,
Seek forraign Chiefs. This did th'*Hetrurians* ſtay,
Affrighted by the gods admoniſhments.
Tarchons ambaſſador to me preſents
The ſcepter, crown, enſigns to my commands,
And would poſſeſſe me of the *Tyrrhen* lands.
But feeble age with cold blood me retracts
From ſuch a task, too weak for valiant acts.

I would my ſon prefer, but that his line
By's mother comes from them: Thee fates deſigne
By blood, and years; the gods this meant for thee.
Go, moſt bold Chief of *Troy* and *Italy*.
To thee Ile *Pallas* joyn, my hope, and care,
Thou being his maſter to inure to war
And *Mars* hard toyles; thy proweſſe us'd to ſee
From's youth he may admire, and honour thee.
Two hundred choſen horſe well mounted all,
I ſhall beſtow, as many *Pallas* ſhall.
Scarce ſaid, the *Trojan Anchiſiades*
And good *Achates* ſtand, with fixed eyes;
Who, many ſad things troubled, then divine,
When from high heaven fair *Venus* gave a ſigne.
For from a cloud with mighty fragor brake
A flaſh of lightning, all things ſeem'd to ſhake;
From heaven a *Tyrrhen* trumpet ſounds alarms,
And oft they hear the rattling noiſe of arms,
And armour ſaw ſhine through a gilded cloud
Amongſt bright ſphears, and ſtruck to thunder loud.
Others admire; but *Troy's* great *Heroe*, theſe
Perceives to be his mother's promiſes.
Then ſaid, O king, what theſe ſtrange portents are
Seek not to know, for me the gods declare.
This my bleſt mother told, if war ſhould riſe,
She would *Vulcanian* arms bring through the skies
For my defence.
Ah what great ſlaughters *Latium* wait on thee,
On *Turnus* how will I revenged be!
When *Tybers* waves, ſhields, helms, and men involve,
Let them now arm, and to break peace reſolve.
This ſaid, down from his lofty throne he came,
And on *Herculean* altars ſtirs the flame,

And

And joyfull did the laſt dayes rites renew,
And choſen ſheep, he as the cuſtome, ſlew.
The ſame, *Evander* and the *Trojans* did.
Thence he his fleet and friends reviſited,
And from their number choſe the valianteſt
Who in the war ſhould follow him; the reſt
Go with the ſtream, and down the river fell,
That the glad news they might *Aſcanius* tell.
Trojans are hors'd, for *Tyrrhen* countreys bent,
A matchleſſe one t'*Æneas* they preſent,
Capariſon'd with a mighty Lyons skin,
Which covering him, with golden clawes did ſhine.
Straight nimble fame through the ſmall city flew,
That troups of horſe to *Tyrrhen* kingdoms drew:
Matrons their vows redouble with their fears,
And wars dire viſage greater now appears.
Evander then on them departing layes
Weeping, his hands, and thus imbracing ſayes——
O *Jove!* wouldſt thou my former youth renew,
When at *Preneſte* I the Van orethrew,
And heaps of ſhields to aſhes did compell,
And with this hand King *Herelus* ſent to hell.
Three ſouls his mother gave him at his birth,
(Strange to be told) thrice he muſt fall to earth,
Thrice was to die: yet I not ſuffering harm,
Took all thoſe lives, and did as oft diſarm.
I then dear ſon not from thy'mbrace would be
Depriv'd, nor ſhould *Mizentius* over me
Thus much inſult, nor oft ſo neer our gate
Slaughter our men, and town depopulate.
But oh you gods, and greateſt *Jove*, now bring
Comfort, and pity the *Arcadian* King;
And hear a fathers prayer, if power you have
My *Pallas* to preſerve, if fates will ſave!

If

If I may ſee him, and we meet again,
Then life I crave, all labour I'le diſdain;
But him if fortune with ſad chance perſues,
O now my wofull life now let me loſe!
Whilſt doubtfull cares, and hopes incertain be,
Whilſt the ſole comfort of my age, I thee
Dear ſon infold with ſtrict imbraces here,
Before a ſadder meſſage wound my eare.
His father theſe at his laſt farewell ſaid,
Whom ſalne, his ſervants to his court convaid.
Now through the open gates the horſmen bent,
Æneas firſt with good *Achates* went,
Then other Chiefs, *Pallas* amidſt the bands
In warlike habit and bright arms commands.
As on the ocean *Lucifer* reflects,
Whom *Venus* before other ſtars reſpects,
Raiſing his ſacred head, all darkneſſe flies.
The fearful matrons crown the wals, their eyes
The dusky cloud and glittering band perſue.
The troops through neereſt wayes and thickets drew:
A clamour roſe, drawn up in rank and file,
With trampling hoofs they ſhake the beaten ſoyle.
There are large groves, neer *Cæris* frigid wave,
Sacred of old, which hollow mountains have
With gloomy firre beſet, and clos'd with wood.
The ancient Greeks unto *Sylvanus*, god
Of fields and heards, this grove and feaſt did grant,
Who firſt did in the Latine confines plant.
Not far from this, ſafely incamped lay
Tarchon and *Tyrrhens*, all the army they,
Saw from a height poſſeſſe a ſpacious plain.
Here bends *Æneas* and his warlike train,
And weary, for themſelves and horſe provide.
But *Venus* through the chryſtal ſphears did glide,

Fair

Fair goddeſſe, bearing gifts, in ſecret ſhe
Her ſon in winding vales far off did ſee.
And thus to him her ſelf diſcovering ſaid,
Behold the promis'd gift my husband made:
Dear ſon, now fear not proud *Laurentian* ſpight,
Nor to encounter *Turnus* in the fight.
Venus thus ſaid, having her ſon imbrac'd,
Againſt an oke the ſhining armour plac'd.
Proud of ſo great an honour, each where he
Roll'd his quick eye, nor ſatisfied could be,
Trying on ſeverall peeces, he admires
The dreadful plumed helm, ejecting fires,
And fatal ſword, bloody habergion,
Mighty and ſtiffe with braſſe; ſuch, when the ſun
Gilds a dark cloud with rayes, which far off ſhine.
Then his ſoft greaves, gold, and Electrum joyne,
And the rare workmanſhip on's ſpear and ſhield,
Which *Latian* acts and *Roman* triumphs held.
Vulcan, who well could future things foreſee,
Had grav'd there all *Aſcanius* progenie,
And wars in order as they have been fought.
Laid in a verdant cave, *Mars* wolf he wrought,
Faſt on her teats the double off-ſpring ſticks,
Whom ſporting, their kind foſter-mother licks;
She bending her ſmooth neck, delights the young
By turns, and ſhapes their bodies with her tongue.
Not far from this, *Rome* and the *Sabine* dames
Rap'd from the Theater, and *Circenſian* games;
Whence to the *Romans* a new war aroſe.
Here he old *Tatius* and ſtern *Cures* ſhews;
After thoſe Kings arm'd, reconciled ſtand
Before *Joves* altar, goblets in their hand,
And to confirm the league, a ſwine they ſlew.
Not far from thence, four horſes *Metius* drew

In

In ſunder (but thou *Alban* ſhouldſt have ſtood
Unto thy promiſe) *Tullus* through the wood
The traitors bowels with long dragging tore,
And dew'd the ſprinkled briers with his gore.
Porſenna next, *Tarquine* to re-inthrone
Commands, and with ſtrict ſiege begirt the town.
Romans for liberty their lives contemn.
Thou'dſt think at once he frown'd, and threatned them;
Becauſe the bridge the valiant *Cocles* broke,
And *Cleia* ſcap'd from bonds, the river took.
Upon the top of the *Tarpeian* tower
Manlius the Captain ſtood, with all his power
The Temple and the Capitol to watch,
And new built courts, rough with *Romulean* thatch;
And here the ſilver gooſe through ports of gold
Flying, the *Gaules* to be in th'entrauce told.
Gaules through the ſhrubs did to the towre aſcend,
Whom the dark ſhade and gloomy night defend.
Their beards were golden, golden was their hair,
They in branch'd caſſocks ſhine, with gold their fair
Necks be adorn'd; each ſhook two *Alpine* ſpears,
And for defence a mighty target bears.
Here dancing *Salii*, naked *Luperci*
With woolly crowns thoſe ſhields fell from the ſky.
Drawn in ſoft litters, here chaſte matrons are
Rites bearing through the city. Hence not far
Hels courts and *Pluto's* gates he did deſigne,
And for crimes, tortures: and thee *Catiline*
Hung on a rock, fearing the furies jawes:
The bleſt withdrawn, where *Cato* gives the Lawes.
The deep ſeas golden image he ingraves
'Mongſt theſe, but th'azure fom'd with ſilver waves.
About the ring bright ſilver Dolphins glide,
Bruſh with their ſterns the deep, and waves divide.

Amidſt

Amidſt thou mighſt behold the brazen fleet,
The *Actian* war, and all *Leucates* ſweat,
Ready to charge, prepared for the fight:
Thou mighſt have view'd with gold the billows bright:
With him his Gods, the Peers and People came,
Who ſtanding on the ſtern, a double flame
Darts from his brows, his fathers ſtar appears.
Agrippa there, with winds, heaven favouring, ſteers
His ſquadron up, and brings his enſignes on,
His brows deckt with a naval garland ſhon.
Antonius here with ſtrange and differing bands
Both from the red ſea and the Eaſtern ſtrands,
Forces of *Egypt*, and the *Bactrians* led,
Th' *Egyptian* Queen (ſhameleſſe) him followed.
At once all charge, and with their labouring ores
The whole ſea fomes, plow'd up with thundring prores.
They take the deep, thou wouldſt ſuppoſe again
That floating *Cyclades* ſwam upon the main,
Or mountains did with mighty mountains meet,
They with ſuch force charge in the towrie fleet:
Wild-fire they caſt, ſwift ſteel, and darts are ſpread,
And *Neptunes* fields grow with freſh ſlaughter red.
With *Egypts* trumpets in the midſt, the Queen
Calls up her fleet, approaching ſnakes not ſeen.
The barking *Anubis*, all the monſtruous brood
Of gods, 'gainſt *Neptune*, *Venus*, *Pallas* ſtood
Oppos'd in arms: *Mars* through the battel rav'd.
From heaven ſad furies he in ſteel ingrav'd;
And proud of her torne garments, *Diſcord* goes;
Bellona with a bloody whip perſues;
His bow *Actian Apollo* from above
Theſe viewing, bent: all with that terror drove,
Egyptians, *Indians*, and *Arabians* fly,
The Queen her ſelf, with winds implor'd, to ply

Her

Her ſails appear'd, and with loos'd bolings went.
Her midſt the ſlaughters, the Ignipotent
Made pale with future death, through waves to flie;
Oppos'd to this did huge-limb'd *Nilus* lie,
Spreading his garment, calls into his breaſt,
To ſheltring waves inviting the diſtreſt.
But to Rome *Cæſar* with three triumphs rode,
And on our gods immortal vowes beſtow'd;
Him ample fanes three hundred joyful greet,
And loud applauſe did ring through every ſtreet,
In all the Temples quires of Dames reſound,
Slain Steers before the altars ſtrew the ground.
He in bright porches of great *Phœbus* ſits,
And gifts of nations to proud pillars fits.
Of conquer'd people, a long train proceeds;
Theſe, various all, in language, arms, and weeds.
Here *Vulcan* fram'd *Africans*, *Nomades*,
Lelegs, *Cures*, and dart-arm'd *Gelones*.
Euphrates now glides ſofter, and *Morine*
Furtheſt of Nations, double-horned *Rhine*:
Dæ Araxes, who a bridge doth ſcorn.
Wondring how *Vulcan* did the ſhield adorn;
And ignorant he glories in the frame,
Then ſtraight claps on his off-ſprings fate and fame.

THE NINTH BOOK OF VIRGILS ÆNEIS.

The Argument.

Iris *commands bold* Turnus *to invade*
The Trojans, *whilst* Æneas *gathers aide.*
He draws the Army forth: attempts to burn
The fleet, which scape, and into Sea-Nymphs turn.
Euryalus *and* Nisus *venture through*
The enemies camp by night and many slew.
Their wofull deaths. Italians *with the dawn*
To storm the town are from their quarters drawn.
The Trojans *sally forth; in whose retreat*
Turnus *engag'd is shut within their gate.*
Many brave men he kils, then on he goes
Single against whole regiments of foes:
At last leaps ore the wall the river swam,
And off with all his arms in safety came.

WHilst thus affairs in severall places went,
Juno to valiant *Turnus* Iris sent.
Then in the sacred grove by chance he sate,
Was to his sire *Pilumnus* consecrate.

To

To whom ſhe thus from roſie lips began.
What no god dares vouchſafe to any man,
(*Turnus*) behold, at length time freely ſends!
Æneas having left his fleet and friends,
Is to *Evanders* palace gone: nay more,
Paſt to the confines of the *Tuſcane* ſhore;
There arms the *Ruſticks* and the *Lydian* force.
What doubtſt thou? now's the time; raiſe chariots, horſe;
Break all delay, their troubled camp invade.
Thus ſaying, to heaven ſhe mounts on wings diſplaid;
And through the great bow midſt the clouds ſhe flies.
He knows her, and his hands rais'd to the skies,
Then with ſuch words perſues her as ſhe went.
Iris, heavens glory, who to me hath ſent
Thee from above? from whence this ſudden light?
I ſee heaven open, and behold the bright
Stars wander round the poles: the ſigns obey'd,
Who ere thou art, commands to arms. This ſaid,
From chryſtal ſtreams he water takes, then plies
The Gods with prayers, and loads with vowes the skies.
And now they took the field with all their force,
Bravely appointed both in arms and horſe.
The Van *Meſſapus*, *Tyrrheus* off-ſpring had
Charge of the Reare, *Turnus* the Battel led;
And by the ſhoulders arm'd he taller ſhews.
As in ſeven channels ſilent *Ganges* flowes
With gentle waves; or when the fat-ſtream'd *Nile*
Hides in himſelf, and leaves the fertile ſoile.
The *Trojan* camp a ſudden cloud eſpies
Thick with black duſt, and a dark ſmoke to riſe.
Caicus firſt from high works calls aloud,
What body (ſirs) advanceth in that cloud?
Arm, arm, ſtand to your arms; aſcend the wall:
The foe draws nigh. Then, with great clamour all

The *Trojans* fill the works and bulwarks mann'd.
For the moſt warlike *Prince* gave this command
At his departing; Whatſoever chance,
Not to give battel, nor to field advance,
But keep their trenches, and their walls maintain.
Therefore though ſhame or danger do conſtrain,
They kept their gates obeyng that command;
And arm'd, on towres the foe expecting ſtand.
Turnus out-ſtripping the ſlow Regiments,
With twenty choſen horſe, himſelf preſents
Before the Town, on a brave *Thracian* born;
His golden helmet crimſon plumes adorn.
Then thus he ſaid; Who firſt will charge the foe?
And as he ſpake, did his ſwift javelin throw
Signal to th'fight; and bravely firſt rides out.
They all obey, and follow with a ſhowt:
Admiring *Trojans* to ſuch cowardiſe yeeld;
That men ſhould feare to fight in open field,
And lie incamp'd. Vext he the walls ſurvaies,
And ſeeks to enter by obſcureſt waies.

As a ſlie wolf neer a full ſheep-coat lies,
Suffering both wind and weathers injuries,
Growling till midnight, whilſt the tender Lambs
Exercile bleating ſafe beneath their dams:
He ſharp 'gainſt th'abſent raves; long want the cauſe
Of greedy hunger, and blood-thirſty jawes.
So *Turnus* anger burns, thoſe warlike frames
Viewing, and ſorrrw his hard bones inflames,
How to get in, and by what means to train
The *Trojans* forth, and draw to th'open plain

The Fleet which lay cloſe by the Trenches ſide,
Round with the ſtream and bulwarks fortifide,
He charg'd, and of his proud mates fire demands;
And fierce, a flaming pine now fills his hands.

Straight

Straight they fall on; his preſence courage bred;
With black brands all the youth are furniſhed,
They ſpoile the hearths; now pitchy vapours riſe,
And *Vulcan* mix'd with ſmoke, aſcends the skies.
What god, O *Muſe*, could make ſuch flames retire?
And ſave the *Trojan* fleet from cruel fire?
Though old the fact, yet laſting is the fame.
When firſt *Æneas* did in *Ida* frame
His fleet, and rig'd to ſail the mighty ſeas.
Cybele mother of the *Deities*
Beſpake great *Jove*. Dear ſon, thy eare incline
To thy lov'd mothers ſuit, ſince heaven is thine.
I many yeares did love a piney wood,
There I had rites, there my high temple ſtood,
Dark with black fir-trees, and a maple ſhade.
Theſe, when the *Dardan* prince his navy made,
Ifreely gave. Now fear me much moleſts.
To eaſe ſad care, thy mother this requeſts:
Let them no voyage craze, nor ſtorms orerhrow;
This grant, becauſe they on our hills did grow.
Then ſpake her ſonne, who rules the worlds bright fires,
Mother, why tempt'ſt thou fate? what's thy deſire?
Shall ſhips by mortals built, immortal be?
And ſhall *Æneas* ſafe all dangers ſee?
Is ſuch power given to any deity?
But when their voyage ends, they anchor'd ly
On *Latian* ſhores: What ſhips eſcape the main,
And ſet the *Dardan* on th' *Auſonian* plain;
Their mortal form Ile change; of the great ſea
Goddeſſes make, as *Doto*, *Galate*,
Who foaming *Pontus* with their breaſts divide.
This by the *Stygian* ſtreams he ratifide,
Banks full of ſulphur, and the horrid lakes,
Then with his nod he all *Olympus* ſhakes.

The promis'd day was come, times due by fate
Were full; when much incens'd by *Turnus* hate
Cybele say'd from fire the sacred pines.
Here in their eyes a wondrous light first shines,
And from the *East* a cloud was seen to fly.
Idæans dance: words dreadfull from the sky
Amaz'd the *Trojans*, and *Rutilian* bands:
Fear not, O *Trojans*, neither arm your hands
To save my fleet: *Turnus* shall burn the sea,
Before these sacred vessels. Go, be free,
And Sea-nymphs go; *Cybele* bids. They tore
Their anchorge then, and sodain launch'd from shore,
And with their beaks like *Dolphins* duck (most strange)
Dive to the bottom, and to Virgins change.
As many brazen prowes at shore did ride,
So many beauties to the *Ocean* glide.
All wonder fierce *Messapus* is dismaid,
His horse disorder'd, and swift *Tyber* staid
Murm'ring hoarse things, his foot from sea retreats.
But not bold *Turnus* confidence abates:
He cheers, now chides, then thus his men upbraids;
This threatens them, *Jove* now withdraws all aids.
Nor dare they *Rutile* sword nor fire abide;
And now the *Ocean* is to them denide;
No hope of flight, that part of help is lost,
We have the land, such thousands in our host
Of *Latium* arm'd; nor me those oracles daunt,
If for themselves the *Phrygians* any vaunt;
Enough for *Venus* fate, rich *Italie*
That they have touch'd; and there are fates for me,
This wicked nation to cut off with steel,
Rob'd of my wife; nor do th'*Atrids* feel
Alone this grief, nor may *Greece* only arm.
It might suffice once to have fallen, to harm:

Once

Once was enough, all women then to hate.
Whom theſe ſlight works, and this entrenched gate
Grant ſmall delayes t'aſſured funerals.
Have they not ſeen in flames the *Trojan* walls
To lie, which *Neptune* which his hands did reare?
But valiant youth, who will with me appeare
To force the trench, and trembling can ps t'invade.
Vulcanian arms, a thouſand ſhips for aide
We need not have: let all th'*Hetrurians* come.
Nor the dull theft of the *Palladium*
They ſhall not fear, the high towrs warder's ſlain;
Nor ſhall a horſe dark belly us contain.
Their walls by day I will with fire ſurround,
Ile make them know not *Argives* they have found,
Young *Greeks*, whom *Hector* did ten years prevent.
But ſince the beſt part of the day is ſpent;
What now remains, all things being carried right,
But to refreſh, and then expect to fight?
Mean while to guard the ports, and fire prepare,
To round the walls, was bold *Meſſapus* care.
Twice ſeven *Rutilian* Captains choſen, then
To keep the works; each led a thouſand men,
Who did with creſts of gold, and purple ſhine.
They ſcout, and watch by turns: on graſſe, rich wine
Freely they drink, at fires full goblets they
Exhauſted turn, the watch conſume with play
The reſtleſſe night.
All which the *Trojans* from their towres deſcride,
And ſtruck with fear, from port to port they ride,
And arm'd, they bridges and ſtrong bulworks joine;
Mneſtheus, *Sereſtus*, haſtning the deſigne,
Whom Prince *Æneas*, ſhould there danger fall,
Prime Leaders made, and gave the charge of all.

The ſquadrons watch, the danger they divide,
And take their turns, Each man his place ſupplide.

The gate was *Niſus* charge, *Hyrtacus* ſon;
Whom th'huntreſſe *Ida* ſent companion
With great *Æneas*, one moſt fierce in war,
Who well could ſhoot, as well could caſt his ſpear.
Euryalus joyn'd; for comelineſſe and grace
None was his equal 'mongſt the *Trojan* race,
Nor better arms became; now firſt was ſeen
Soft doun to ſpread upon his youthful chin.
One wa their love, at once they charg'd in warre;
And now to guard the port, their common care.
When *Niſus* ſaid; Doth God our mind inſpire,
Or makes each man a god of's own deſire?
What ere it is, I can't to reſt incline,
My genius prompts me to ſome great deſigne.
Seeſt thou the *Rutils* how ſecure they lie,
Buried in ſleep, and wine? few lights we ſpie,
All ſilent are. Therefore receive my mind
And reſolution that I have deſign'd.
The Peers and People would recall the Prince,
And want now Spies to bring intelligence.
If what I ask, they ſhall conferre on thee,
(Fame of th'exploit enough ſhall honour me)
Under that brow I think I have eſpide
A paſſe, that will to *Palanteum* guide.
Euryalus ſtruck with mighty love of praiſe,
Then to his earneſt friend thus briefly ſayes.
In ſo great danger doſt thou me decline,
Alone thy ſelf ingage in this deſigne?
Have I with thee ſo ill my ſelf behav'd,
Serving our King, when ſeas and tempeſts rav'd?

Here

Here is a ſoul, that values not to live;
And life, to purchaſe ſo much fame, would give.
Of thee I never harbour'd ſuch a thought,
O my dear friend, ſaid *Niſus* then; Nor ought.
No, as I hope great *Jove* will ſafely me
Or other favouring gods, bring back to thee.
But if (for ſuch attempts great dangers wait)
That I miſcarry by miſchance or fate,
Thee I'de have live; of life thou worthier art,
That to my ranſom'd corps thou might'ſt impart
Accuſtom'd earth; which if my chance denies,
Yet grant my ſhade a tomb and obſequies:
Leſt to thy mother I the cauſe ſhould be
Of ſo much grief, who only follow'd thee,
Nor great *Aceſtes* walls could her detain.
But he. Thou weak excuſes fram'ſt in vain,
I fully am reſolv'd; come, let's diſpatch.
This having ſaid, ſtrait he relieves the watch:
All things in order, Centinels being plac'd,
He to *Aſcanius* did with *Niſus* haſte.
Now through the world all creatures ſleep poſſeſt,
Eaſing their cares, their hearts from labour reſt.
Prime *Trojan* Captains, and choice youth repairs
To hold a Councel of their State-affairs,
What they ſhould do; whom to *Æneas* ſend.
Amidſt the camp they on long javelins lean'd,
Bearing their ſhields. *Niſus*, *Euryalus*, crave
Without delay, they might admittance have:
Demurres in great affairs moſt dangerous are.
The Prince bids *Niſus* firſt their minds declare.
With thoughts unbyaſs'd hear you *Trojan* Peers,
Neither prejudge the matter by our yeers.
In wine and ſleep *Rutilians* buried lie;
For we our ſelves now did a way deſcrie,

Parts

Parts neer the gate, which next the ocean lies.
Their fires wax dimme, black smok ascends the skies.
If now our fortune you'll to us permit,
Æneas sought, at King *Evanders* seat,
With mighty slaughter and huge spoil you may
Shortly behold: nor can we misse our way;
We daily hunting in dark vales below,
Have seen the town, and the whole river know.
Then old *Alethes* said, You deities
In whose protection alwayes *Ilium* lies;
Not us t'extirp you utterly intend,
When to our youth you such true valour send.
Thus having said, he with a strict imbrace
Infolds them both, whilst tears bedew his face.
To you for such attempts, what can we give?
What shall I judge a worthy donative?
Heaven and your merits first, shall grant the best;
Pious *Æneas* next, shall pay the rest:
Nor yet *Ascanius* in his flourishing state
Such your deservings ever shall forget.
Nisus, but I (*Ascanius* then replies)
Whose only safety in my father lies,
Thee by *Asaracus* deities desire,
And *Trojan* Gods, and *Vesta's* sacred fire;
Whatere my fortune or my counsels are,
I cast my self and them upon your care.
Recall my father, let me see his face,
And woe shall vanish in his dear imbrace.
Two silver bowls Ile give, richly ingrav'd,
Which from *Arisba's* sack my father sav'd:
Two *triphos*, two great *talents* of pure gold,
And *Dido's* gift, a cup of antient mould.
But if we *Latium* win, and these realms sway,
If it shall chance we conquerours share the prey.

Hast

Haſt thou brave *Turnus* horſe and arms beheld
In which he prides? his bloody plumes and ſhield
Shall not be ſhar'd; now *Niſus*, they are thine:
Beſides, my father ſhall twelve Ladies joyn,
As many captive Lords compleat in arms,
With all *Latina's* manours, parks, and farms.
But thee, whoſe age mine in a neerer ſpace
Perſues, brave youth, I take in full imbrace:
Thou in all fortunes my companion be;
My deeds ſhall ſeek no glory wanting thee;
In peace or war, my actions and advice
Thou moſt ſhalt ſway. *Euryalus* replies,
For any bold imployment no time ſhall
Prove me unfit, what chance ſoever fall.
But above all, one thing of thee I crave;
I of King *Priams* ſtock a mother have,
Whom (beſt of Parents!) *Troy* could not recall
From following me, nor King *Aceſtes* wall.
Her, unacquainted with the dangers, I
Now unſaluted leave: Night teſtifie,
And thy right hand, her tears I could not brook.
But thee, I pray, now help her, thus forſook:
Aſſure me this, and I ſhall bolder go
Againſt all chance. Then from the *Trojans* flow
Rivers of tears: the Prince moſt grief expreſt,
And now his fathers love affects his breaſt.

And thus he ſaid ——

Worthy this great deſigne, I all things grant:
For ſhe ſhall be my mother, only want
Creuſas name: nor is her honour ſmall,
That ſhe bore thee, whatever chance befall.
Now by this head, by which my father ſwore,
What was my grant, if fortune thee reſtore

To us in safety, Ile thy friends afford.
Weeping he said; and straight casts off his sword,
Which with admired art *Lycaon* made,
And with an ivory sheath adorn'd the blade.
A lyons skin *Mnestheus* on *Nisus* prest,
And good *Alethes* chang'd with him his crest.
Now arm'd they march: as to the gates they bend,
Both young and old with vows and prayers attend.
And fair *Ascanius*, who above his age
In manly care and courage did ingage,
Many commands charg'd them to's father beare,
Which vanished and flew in empty aire.
They passe the trench; through gloomy night they go
To th' enemies camp, with a great overthrow:
Buried in wine and sleep the guards they spie,
And all along the shore their wagons lie;
Men amongst arms, wheels, reins and goblets laid,
Spread on the grasse: When thus bold *Nisus* said.
Now let us use our arms, th'occasion calls,
This is the path: But thou, lest any falls
Upon our reare, watch, and behind survay;
These I'le destroy, and make thee open way.
This said, he silent to proud *Rhamnes* went,
Who then by chance slept in his lofty tent,
And with loud snoring did his bosome move,
A *King*, and *Prophet*, *Turnus* most did love.
But by his skill he could not death evade:
Three of his train he slew 'mongst weapons laid,
And *Rhemus* squire: his charioteer he found
Amongst the horse, and pin'd him to the ground;
Then heads their Lord, and weltring in his blood
Forsakes the panting corps; a purple flood
Besmears the earth, and bed. Next *Lamyrus* slew
With *Lamus*, and sprightly *Serranus*, who

Most

Moſt beauteous was; he all that night had plaid,
And vanquiſht now in wine and ſleep is laid.
Happy if he had equaliz'd his play
Unto that night, and gam'd it out till day.
As when a hungry Lion fierce invades
A flock of ſheep, (dire famine much perſwades)
He the poor innocent beaſt ſtruck dumb with fears,
Growling with bloody jawes, devours and tears.
Slaughter no leſſe *Euryalus* did inflame,
And many then he ſlew without a name.
Fadus, *Hebeſus* *Abaris* he kill'd,
And *Rhetus*, who awake all this beheld,
He frighted, under a huge charger hid:
In open breaſt up to the hilts he did
Sheath his bright ſword, then drew it ſtain'd with blood;
Dying, his ſoul he vomits with a flood
Of wine and gore commix'd. Then on he went
And to *Meſſapus* quarters, raging, bent:
Where now their fires almoſt conſum'd he ſpy'd,
Their horſes feeding, as the manner, ty'd.
Then *Niſus* briefly ſaid, Let us be gone,
(Seeing him drawn with love of ſlaughter on:)
For th'envious dawn appears: let this ſuffice,
Our way is made now through the enemies.
Nor arms of beaten ſilver they did mind,
Rich hangings, maſſie plates they leave behind.
Rhamnes rich trappings, and his girts of gold,
(Which *Cedicus* lent to *Remulus* of old;
When with that preſent he a league conjoyn'd;
This dying, to his nephew he aſſign'd.
After by war *Rutilians* made their prize.)
Euryalus ſeiz'd, and on his ſhoulder ties,
Claps on *Meſſapus* helm, with plumes diſplaid;
Then left the camp, and through them ſafe way made.

Mean

Mean while, some horse came from *Latinus* seat,
Whilst the whole Legion stood, drawn up compleat,
To bring King *Turnus* some advertisement,
Three hundred shield-men under *Volscens* sent.
And now th'approach the camp, the trench drew nigh,
When far off these they on the left hand spie:
Euryalus helm through shades of gloomy night
Did him betray, reflecting back the light.
Not vainly seen, cries *Volscens* from the band,
Stand, Who goes there? why arm'd? your busines? stand,
They answer not again, but hasten flight
Amongst the woods, and trust themselves to night,
The horse beset the paths, all parts surround,
And with a guard the severall passes crown'd.
There was a wood shady with sable oke,
Which thick briers did and thorns with brambles choke;
Where a small path led through an obscure way;
The tangling boughs, and burthen of his prey
Euryalus stop'd, and fear his feet intraps:
Nisus went on, and from the foe escapes,
Past *Alban* lakes, which are from *Alba* nam'd,
Where king *Latinus* his high stables fram'd.
As for his friend, in vain he looking staid,
Ah poor *Euryalus*, where art thou? he said;
How shall I find thee out? Then through the maze
Of the dark wood returns, and thousand wayes
Seeks his own steps, and roves through silent briers.
Noise, horse, and sounding trumpets straight he hears,
And sudden the huge clamour understands,
And saw *Euryalus*, whom all the bands
With disadvantage of the night and lane
Had round beset, much striving, but in vain.
What shall he do? what arms, what forces trie
To rescue him? should he, resolv'd to die

Charge

Charge midſt his foes, and for brave death advance?
Then ſtraight, as he his arm rais'd with his lance,
To the high moon, he pray'd: Aſſiſt me now
Great goddeſſe, glory of the ſtars, and thou,
Great Queen of all the groves and forreſts, aid.
If ere for me my father preſents paid
At thy bleſt altars; or if ever I
From my own hunting did with gifts ſupply,
Or grac'd thy ſhield, or ſacred pillars deckt:
Grant that I rout this troop, my ſpear direct.
This ſaid, with his whole ſtrength a lance he caſt,
Through ſhady night the flying javelin paſt,
And piercing *Sulmons* back, the ſtaffe there broke,
Yet through his bowels glides the knotty oke.
From's breaſt a warm ſtream vomiting, he fell,
And ſhort breath panting, makes his boſome ſwell.
All look about: he takes another ſpear,
Cheer'd with ſucceſſe, and pois'd it at his ear.
Whilſt they're amaz'd, through *Tagus* brows and arms
Singing it flew, and in his hot brain warms.
Fierce *Volſcens* rag'd, nor any he eſpide
Which threw the ſpeare, nor knew which way to ride.
But thou, for both ſhalt with warm blood afford
Me ſatisfaction, firſt. This ſaid, his ſword
He drew, and at *Euryalus* raging flies.
But then aloud affrighted *Niſus* cries,
Nor longer could conceal, nor ſuch grief beare.
At me, me; I, who did the fact am here;
At me convert your ſteel, *Rutilians* bold,
The fraud is mine; he neither durſt, nor could;
This heaven, theſe conſcious ſtars ſhall witneſſe ſuch:
He only lov'd his hapleſſe friend too much.
Such things he ſaid; but the drawn ſword his cheſt,
With violence pierc'd, and tore his ſnowie breaſt.

Dead

Dead he sinks down; bloud through his faire limbs sprung;
And his neck falling, on his shoulders hung:
As when a purple flowr cut by the plow
Languesshing dies; or heads of *Poppie* bow
Their weary necks, oppresst with showrs that fall:
But in bold *Nisus* charg'd, *Volscens* through all
Alone he seekes, only at *Volscens* made;
Though round about, him enemies invade,
Wheeling his sword, no slower he rush'd on,
Till in the mouth of the *Rutilian*
He buried it, and dying kils his foe:
Then wounded on his friend himselfe did throw;
And there at last in quiet death did rest.
You, if my verse have power, be ever blest,
No age shall you forget whilst *Trojans* shall
Plant the fixd Rock, of the high *Capitol*,
Or *Roman* Fathers shall the Empire sway.
But the *Rutilian* conquerours share the prey,
And weeping to the Campe dead *Volscens* beare.
Nor was lesse griefe, *Rhamnes* found slaughterd there,
So many in one massackre, prime men
Serranus, *Numa*; mighty concourse then
Visit the corps, some not quite dead; they slore (gore,
Fresh slaughter warm'd, and full streames fresh with
Messapus spoyles they know and glitttering caske,
And reins recovered by so hard a taske.

And here *Aurora* with new light had spread
The earth, leaving *Tithonius* saffron bed;
Now when the Sun had shewd the world againe,
Arm'd *Turnus* forth did his arm'd souldiers traine,
And all the Iron rancks in order sets;
Each man his wrath with various rumours whets,

When

When *Niſus* and *Euryalus* heads they bring,
Fix'd on tall ſpears, and with loud clamouring
(A wofull ſight) came on.
The valiant *Trojans* the left hand made good,
The right ſide was ſecured with the flood.
They mighty trenches man'd with all their powers,
And ſad they ſtood upon their lofty towers,
When well known heads they ſaw, t'increaſe the more
Their ſwelling grief, flowing with purple-gore.

Whilſt through the fearful town flew ſwift-wing'd fame,
And gliding to *Euryalus* mother came,
Which from the wretch did ſtraight all heat compell;
Her yarn ſhe tumbles down, her ſpindle fell:
Out then with female cries, tearing her haire
Diſtract ſhe runs, and did to th' works repair:
Danger of men and weapons ſhe defies,
Where thus with loud complaints ſhe fils the skies.
Thus view I thee, *Euryalus*? art thou he
That ſhouldſt ſupport my age? thus leav'ſt thou me?
Nor to thy mother grant'ſt one complement,
Before thou waſt to ſuch great dangers ſent?
Ah thou art left to dogs and birds a prey
In a ſtrange land; nor doth thy mother pay
Thee funeral rites, nor cloſe thine eyes, nor lave
Thy wounds, nor cover with the veſt I have
Working both night and day haſten d for thee,
Which task in my old age did comfort me.
Where ſhall I ſeek thee? in what coaſt remains
Thy mangled limbs? what land thy corps contains?
This the returns for all my love, dear ſon?
For this have I by land and ſea thus gone?
Kill me, *Rutilians*, if you pity have,
Dart all at me, and give me firſt a grave!

Or thou great *Jove* thy ſelf in mercy ſhew,
O father! this my body, hatefull now,
Unto the *Stygian* ſhade with thunder ſend,
Since elſe my woful life I cannot end.
This pierc'd their ſouls, a ſad grone paſt through all;
Their courages in war undaunted, fall.
Ideus and ſad *Actor*, by command
Of *Hioneus*, whilſt ſhe thus complain'd,
Mov'd with *Aſcanius* tears, lead her away
By either arm, and to her houſe convay.
But now from far loud trumpets terrifie,
Follow'd with ſhouts, which eccho from the skie.
The *Volſceans* haſte, and ſtraight a Teſtude form,
Trenches to fill prepare, and works to ſtorm;
Some entrance ſeek, and ſtrive to ſcale the wall
Where men ſtood thinneſt, and the guards but ſmall.
Trojans on them all ſorts of weapons throw,
And with ſharp-pointed ſpears repell the foe,
Train'd by long war a city to defend,
Huge rocks and mighty milſtones down they ſend
To break their fence-work, under which they ſlight
All chances, and in danger take delight.
Which now not ſerves; for where they thickeſt drew,
On them a mighty heap the *Trojans* threw,
Which beat the *Rutils* down, their ſhield-work broke.
Nor more the hardy *Volſceans* undertook
T'aſſault with engines, but by open force
To drive them from their works:
On th'other ſide dreadful *Mizentius* came,
Brandiſhing fire, and caſts in pitchy flame.
Meſſapus that brave horſman, *Neptunes* race,
Paſt trenches, and did ſcaling ladders place.
O thou *Caliope*, inſpire my verſe
Slaughters to ſing, and funerals to rehearſe

Which

Which *Turnus* made ! whom, each man ſent to hell.
With me that wars great circumſtances tell,
For this you know, and to relate have power.
With tranſomes vaſt in proſpect was a tower,
A place of ſtrength, 'gainſt which th' *Italians* joyn
Their force : this to orethrow, their chief deſign;
With ſtones the *Trojans* in great flocks defend,
And from their loop-holes deadly weapons ſend;
A brand Prince *Turnus* caſt, and blazing flame
Fix'd to the work ; which, with the wind, the frame
Suddenly ſeiz'd, on burning poſts faſt ſtuck.
Amaz'd, within all ſhake; and whilſt they flock
Contriving to eſcape, and make retreit
Where was no fire; the towre with mighty weight
Suddenly fell, heaven thunders with the ſound.
Half dead with the vaſt load, they come to ground;
VVith their own weapons hurt; that cruel ſteel
Did guard their breaſts, they in their boſoms feel.
Hardly eſcap'd *Lycas* and *Helenor*,
Helenor the eldeſt, whom *Lycimnia* bore,
Bondſlave to the *Mæonian* King did reare,
And ſent to *Troy* unlawfull arms to beare,
With a white ſhield, and ſword inglorious yet.
He, when he ſaw himſelf with troops beſet,
And *Latine* bands on every ſide he found,
Like a wild beaſt which hunters do ſurround,
Runs on the weapons, and reſolv'd to die
Leaps through the toyles upon the enemie.
So charg'd the deſperate youth upon his foes,
And where he ſaw the thickeſt ſquadron, goes.
Lycas much ſwifter through the enemies
And through their arms to the high bulwark flies;
Then ſtrives the tops of the tall works to reach,
Endeavouring his friends right hands to catch.

Whom *Turnus* follows with as ſwift a courſe,
And thus beſpeaks: Fond, couldſt thou hope our force
Thus to eſcape? This ſaid, him hanging caught,
And down with great part of the bulwark brought.
A ſilver ſwan, or hare *Joves* eagle bears
So through the sky, truſt in his hooked ſears,
Or *Marſes* wolf takes from the flock a lambe,
Sought with much bleating of the mourning damme.
They ſhout, they ſtorm, to fill the trenches haſte,
And fire-works to the lofty bulwarks caſt.
Ilioneus with a ſtone, part of a hill,
Firing the gates, did bold *Lucetius* kill.
Lyger, *Emathion*; *Aſylas* did orethrow
Chorinæus; This the dart us'd, that the bow.
Cæneus, *Ortygius*. *Turnus Cænæus* ſlew,
Dioxe, and *Promul*, *Itys*, *Clonius* too,
Sagar, and *Ideas*, as they did maintain
Their towres, *Privernus* was by *Capys* ſlain.
This firſt a ſlight wound got from *Themella's* lance;
But he his hand did to the wound advance
Fondly to bind it, when a ſhaft did glide
On nimble wings, and pin'd it to his ſide;
The breathing places of his ſoul it found,
And panting lungs pierc'd with a deadly wound.
In arms compleat ſtood *Arcens* gallant ſon,
Of Spaniſh dye a rich coat he had on:
A moſt fair youth, whom *Arcens* ſent to have
Breeding in *Mars* his grove, near *Symeths* wave,
Where pleas'd *Palicus* ſmoking altar ſtands.
Mizentius laying by his arms, commands
A ſounding ſling; then thrice about his head
He whirls it round, and with the moulten lead
He pierc'd his temples through, and from his ſtand
He layes him weltring on a bed of ſand.

Then

Then first in war *Ascanius* (as they fame)
A swift-wing'd arrow at the foe did aime:
Before accustom'd wild beasts to persue,
And stout *Numanus* with his own hand slew,
Stil'd *Rhemulus*, who lately did espouse
Turnus young sister, joyn'd to th' royal house.
Boasting things fit and unfit to relate;
Before the bands, puft up with his new state,
He struts, and on with mighty clamour came.
Again, twice captiv'd *Phrygians*, is't not shame
To be besieg'd, and keep out death with walls?
Behold, who seek by war our nuptials!
What god, or folly, caus'd you *Latium* steer?
Here's no *Atrides*, no *Ulysses* here.
We a hard race, use infants to the stream,
In cruel ice and water harden them.
Our children hunting use, in woods resort
To break wild horse, and shooting is their sport,
Youth in toyle patient, and inur'd to want,
They plow the field; or arm'd, proud cities daunt.
We spend our age in war, and goad our steers
With our turn'd javelins: and when struck in years,
Our courage fails not, nor our strength decayes;
We crush gray hairs with helms, and still fresh preyes
Delight to take, and live by spoils of war.
You cloath'd in purple, and in scarlet are,
Are pleas'd with sloth, in wanton dances pride;
Your coats have hanging sleeves, your myters tide:
True female *Phrygians*; men you are not: Go
To *Dyndimus*, whose well-set tunes you know,
Where lutes and harps of *Bericynthian Ide*
Invites; and let Men war; lay arms aside.
Boasting such things, words of so dire extent
Ascanius not indur'd: his bow he bent

With a horſe nerve; ſtretching his arms, prepares
Before *Jove* ſtanding ſupplyant thus, with prayers,
Great *Jupiter*, grant my bold enterprize,
I'le to thy fanes bring ſolemn ſacrifice;
And at thy Altars place a ſnowie ſteer,
Who lofty creſts doth like his mother bear;
And buts with horns, his feet the ſand doth ſpread.
Jove heard and from the left-ſide thundered
Through the clear skie; then ſounds the deadly bow,
As ſoon through *Rhemulus* head the ſhaft did go,
And the wing'd ſteel did through both temples glide;
Go, now, and valour with proud words deride,
Twice captiv'd *Phrygians* you theſe anſwers ſend,
Aſcanius ſaid. *Trojans* with ſhouts attend
And loud applauſe, to heaven their hope advance.
Then bright-hair'd *Phœbus* from the skie by chance
The City and Auſonian bands ſurvaid
Flac'd in a cloud, and to *Aſcanius* ſaid.
Go with new proweſſe boy; ſo climb the ſtars,
From Gods ſprung, Gods to get; tis juſt all wars
Under *Aſſaracus* houſe by fate ſhould ſeiſe;
Nor *Troy* ſhall thee contain. As he ſaid theſe,
He cuts the breathing aire, from heaven deſcends,
And in old *Butes* forme t'Aſcanius bends.
Trojan Anchiſes Squire he was before,
And faithfull kept a guard ſtill at his door,
Whom then to wait on's Son, *Æneas* ſent.
In all points like th'old man, *Apollo* went,
Such his white hair, complection, and his voice,
And dreadfull arms, ratling with mighty noiſe:
Who thus to fierce *Aſcanius* then began.
Trojan enough! *Numanus* thou haſt ſlain,
To thee *Apollo* grants thy firſt deſire,
Nor envies equall arms; from fight retire.

Hav-

Having thus ſaid, from mortall eyes he fled,
And far from thence, to thin aire vaniſhed.
The God, and heavenly ſhafts, the *Trojans* knew,
And ſaw his ſounding quiver as he flew.
Straight from the fight *Aſcanius* they convey,
And *Phœbus* power and his command obey.
But they returne again to charge the foes,
And 'gainſt all dangers do their lives expoſe.
Then clamor rounds the wals from tower to tower,
They bend their bowes, and clouds of arrows poure.
The earth is ſtrewd with arms, with mighty blows
Helms and Shields rattle: a huge fight aroſe;
As from moyſt, *Kids* when boyſterous ſtorms aſſail
The yieldihg earth, and ſhowrs commix'd with hail
Swell to a flood, the skie with rough winds loud
Drives wintry night, and tears a hollow cloud.

Pandarus and *Bitias*, both *Alcanors* ſeed,
Whom Nymph *Hiera* in *Ioves* wood did breed,
Youths like their contreys firre, and mountains tall,
Open a gate, which to the charge did fall
Of their own chief; theſe bold in arms did go,
And bravely challeng'd to the wals their foe;
Within, themſelves on either hand they place;
And arm'd with ſteel, bright creſts their heads did grace.
Such as ſky-kiſſing okes by twins that grow
Near chryſtall ſtreams, or pleaſant banks of *Poe*,
Or nigh fair *Atheſis*, to heaven they ſpread,
And unlop'd boughs ſhake with a ſtately head.
Auſonians ruſh, ſeeing the open gate,
Bold *Quercens* then, and fair *Equicolus* ſtraight
With Martial *Hamon* charge, and *Tmarus* ſtout,
Or with whole ſquadrons theſe would face about,

Or in the entrance of the gate expire.
The quarrell heats, and more increas'd their ire.
There *Trojans* gather with a mighty shout,
Fight hand to hand, dare sally further out.
A Messenger, whilst valiant *Turnus* fought
Bravely 'gainst other parts, these tydings brought,
Foes flesh'd with slaughter open gates afford.
He leavs all businesse then, with anger stir'd
To *Dardan* gates, and the proud brothers goes,
Antiphates first, (for he did first oppose)
(*Sarpedons* naturall son by a *Theban* dame)
He with his spear 'orethrew; the javelin came
Through yielding aire, and through his intrals glides,
He from the wound a purple river bleeds,
And in his lungs warm grows the fixed steel.
Then he did *Merops*, *Erymanthus* kill.
Next, *Bitias* with fierce eyes, and raging heart,
Not with a spear (he yields not to a dart)
With a huge *Phalarick* he did assail,
Like lightning sent; neither his trustie mail,
Strengthned with gold, nor two bull hides defend.
The mighty fals, the earth a grone did send:
Above his huge shield rung: As in times past
On the Euboick shores of *Baia* plac'd,
A stone pile sinks: which erst with mighty wals
Stood in the Sea, now with a ruine fals,
And in the shoales torn from foundations lies.
Waves mix'd with waves, and the deep sands arise;
Then high *Phrochyta* trembles at the sound,
And the hard bed where *Jove Typhæus* bound.
Here bloody *Mars*, the *Ausonians* courage stirs,
And in their bosomes strikes his sharpest spurs:
But to the *Trojans* sends base fear, and flight.
Each where they charge, occasion given to fight,

The

The God of War inflames their minds.
As *Pandarus* beheld his brother ſlain,
And what ſad fortune might for him remain,
He ſtraight with mighty ſtrength claps to the gates
With his broad ſhoulders: many of his mates
Then he ſhut out, and in hard conflict leavs,
But many others ruſhing in, receivs:
Who fond then ſaw not *Turnus* in the troupe
Boldly break in, and willingly ſhut up,
Like a huge Tyger 'mongſt tame cattell found.
His eyes ſeem fierce, his dreadfull arms reſound:
And on his creſt tremble his bloody plumes,
Whilſt from his thundring ſhield, bright lightning comes.
They know his hated face, and Gyant ſize,
Which much th'amaz'd *Trojans* terrifies.
Then up to him ſtraight mighty *Pandarus* made
And raging for his brothers ſlaughter, ſaid.
This not the royall portion from the Queen
Which you expect, nor are you now within
Ardea, nor your native Country (Prince.)
This the foes camp; nor ſhalt thou 'ſcape from hence.
Then *Turnus* ſmiling, calmly did reply,
If you're ſo ſtout, come and your proweſſe try;
For thou ſhalt tell to *Priam* under-ground,
That here a new *Achilles* thou haſt found.
He ſaid, whilſt *Pandarus* boldly did advance,
And caſt at him a rough and knottie lance;
The aire receivs the wound, *Juno* being there
Turns it, and in the gate ſhe fix'd the ſpear.
But this good ſword which in my right hand I
Command with ſo much ſtrength, thou ſhalt not flie.
Our weapons are not like, nor ſhall the wound.
Then with his ſword raiſing himſelf from ground,

He

He with a mighty blow his forehead cleaves,
And on his downy cheeks a huge gash leaves.
Shook with his mighty weight earth did resound,
He stretch'd his dying limbs upon the ground;
His arms besmear'd with brain, his cloven head
On both sides hung, over each shoulder spread.
The *Trojans* flie, routed with trembling feare;
And if the Conqueror straight had took that care
T'have broke the bars, and let his souldiers in,
To th' war, and nation, that day last had been.
But fury, and mad love of slaughter, him
Drove raging 'gainst the foe
And first he *Gyges* maim'd, and *Phalaris* slew,
And spears from flyers snatch'd, at them he threw.
For *Juno* did both strength and courage yield.
Halys he kills, runs *Phegeus* through his shield.
Alcander, *Halius*, *Noemon*, *Prytanus* slew,
Whilst hot in fight, of this they nothing knew.
And *Lynceus*, as he charg'd, and others calls,
With his bright sword surpriz'd them on the walls:
Whose head and healmet cut off at one blow,
Tumbles far off. *Amycus*, then a foe
To savage beasts; none better could annoint
Weapons then he, with poison arm the point.
Clitius and *Cretеus* next, the *Muses* friend,
Cretеus that lov'd the *Muses*, verses pen'd;
Pleas'd with the Lyre, he numbers set to strings,
And still of horse, and arms, and battels sings.
At last the *Trojan* leaders at the fame
Of this great slaughter, in to rescue came;
And up with *Mnesthеus* bold *Serestus* bends,
They saw the foe, and their amazed friends.
When *Mnesthеus* said, Where fly you? where d'ye go?
What other strength or bulwarks do you know?

Shall

Shall one man, ſirs, and round inclos'd with wals,
Eſcape, and make ſo many funerals,
And ſuch great numbers of prime men deſtroy?
Baſe cowards! Of your ſelves, and hapleſſe *Troy*
Have you no pity? bluſh you not with ſhame
For your old gods, and great *Æneas* fame?
With words like theſe encourag'd, boldly then
In a thick body they drew up agen.
But *Turnus* by degrees retreats from them,
Toth' river and thoſe parts lay neer the ſtream.
At which more fierce the *Trojans* with a ſhout
Preſſe boldly on, and gather round about:
As when a troop a Lion hath beſet
With cruel ſpears, he makes a brave retreit,
Although forbid by valour and by rage,
Nor can, though willing, 'gainſt ſuch power ingage.
So unreſolv'd, bold *Turnus* did retire,
Whilſt in his boſome boyls a flood of ire.
Yet twice, where foes were thickeſt, on he falls,
And twice he drove that party from the walls.
When from the Camp, in a full body made
'Gainſt one, th'whole army drew; nor longer aide
T'oppoſe ſuch forces, *Juno* durſt ſupply.
For *Jove* had ſent bright *Iris* from the ſky,
Who to *Saturnia* carried ſtrict commands
That *Turnus* ſhould eſcape the *Trojan* bands.
Therefore his ſhield and ſtrength too weak he found,
Orewhelm'd with darts, with ſhowres of arrows drown'd;
His hollow cask which arm'd his temples, grones,
And ſolid braſſe gives way to battering ſtones:
His plumes are beaten off, nor doth his targe
Suſtain the blowes, nor thundring *Mneſtheus* charge;
Whilſt thick their javelins a whole army throwes,
No intermiſſion: then a ſalt ſweat flowes

Ore

Ore all his limbs, and a black river glides,
And faint ſhort-breathing ſhakes his ample ſides.
At laſt with all his arms a leap he gave
Into the ſtream, which on his ſilver wave
Receiv'd him, and on yielding billows bore
From ſlaughter cleans'd, to's friends on th'other ſhore.

THE

THE TENTH BOOK OF VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

The Argument.

Jove *calls a Councel, and declares the fates:*
Venus *complains:* Juno *recriminates.*
Æneas, Tarchon, *and the* Tyrrhens *joyn'd,*
Their men aboard, they ſaile with proſperous wind.
The martial Liſt. Ships turn'd to Nymphs appear,
And ſad Æneas *with their counſel cheer.*
Landed, they fight; the Plain huge ſlaughter fills.
Æneas, Lauſus; Turnus, Pallas *kills.*
Shap'd like Æneas, *a fantaſtick ſhade*
Turnus *provokes, and thence to ſea convaide.*
Mizentius, *to revenge his ſon, again*
Entring the fight, is by Æneas ſlain.

MEan while heavens mighty courts are open, when
The father of the gods, and king of men
A counſel calls: from ſtarry thrones, all lands
He views. the *Dardan* camps, and *Latian* bands.
And thus, all plac'd, he ſaid: You deities,
Wherefore ſo often change you your decrees?

And

And why in sharp debates ars you thus hot?
Latium to war with *Troy*, I granted not.
Why this unlawfull strife? what jealousies made
Or these, or them take arms, to fight perswade?
Just time of war (nor hasten it) shall come,
When cruel *Carthage* to the towres of *Rome*
Through open *Alpes* shall great destruction send.
Then may they all things spoile, with hate contend;
But now desist, and make a happy peace.
Jove brief; but beauteous *Venus* answered these
At large.——

Father, of men and gods eternal king,
(For to none else may we petitions bring)
Thou seest how *Rutils* boast, and *Turnus* rides
Triumphing through the bands, who bold now prides
In wars successe; nor *Trojans* wals defend,
But they within their gates and works contend,
With blood their trenches flow, and now their Prince
Æneas absent, wants intelligence.
Must we be still besieg'd? must we again
The walls of rising *Troy* 'gainst foes maintain?
More armies yet? shall once more *Diomed*
Against the *Dardans* his *Æolians* lead?
Then I new wounds, as I suppose, must feel,
And I thy race, be pierc'd with mortal steel.
If *Trojans*, without leave, for *Latium* made,
Let them be punish'd, neither grant them aide:
But if they all those Oracles obey
Which *Gods* and *Manes* gave, who thy decree
Can alter then? or why new fates ordain?
Of our fir'd Navie why should I complain?
Nor of the King of tempests, and those loud
Storms which he rais'd, nor *Iris* from a cloud.

And

And now the fiends (which only were untride
Of all the world) ſhe raiſeth to her ſide,
And ſtraight *Alecto* ſent from *Stygian* waves:
Who now through all th'*Auſonian* Cities raves.
Nor am I mov'd for realms; whilſt fortune ſtood
We hop'd; let them now conquer thou think'ſt good.
If no land thy ſterne wife grants them t'injoy;
By ſmokie ruines of conſumed *Troy*,
Father, I thee beſeech; from arms detain
Aſcanius ſafe, preſerv'd, let him remain.
Æneas may be toſt through unknown ſeas,
And whatſoever courſe fortune ſhall pleaſe
He may purſue; Let me but ſave the boy,
Ah let not cruel war the child deſtroy.
Mine lofty *Paphos*, mine *Amathus* is,
Cytherum and *Idalian* Palaces;
Let him unexerciſ'd in cruel ſtrife
Of dreadfull war, there finiſh quiet life;
Command aſpiring *Carthage* then to lay
Huge taxes on ſubdu'd *Auſonia*,
And Tyrian Towrs that nothing ſhall debar.
What help'd it us to 'ſcape from cruel war?
To flie through *Græcian* fire, and to exhauſt
All dangers of the ſea and countreys vaſt,
Whilſt *Trojans* for new *Troy* and *Latium* ſtand.
We had better built, on aſhes of our land,
Dwelt where *Troy* ſtood. *Xanthus* and *Simois* grant,
And that again we *Ilium* may replant.
Highly incenſ'd then Royal *Juno* ſpake;
Why mak'ſt thou me deep ſilence thus to break,
And in this place our hidden grief declare?
What *God* or man *Æneas* forc'd to war?
Or to the king *Latinus* made a foe?
Fate him to *Italy* ſent; then be it ſo,

Drove

Drove by *Caſſandra's* rage, have we enjoyn'd
Him to ſet ſail, and venture life to wind?
Or truſt a boy with conduct in the war?
Or *Tyrrhen* faith, or realms in peace to ſtir?
What power of mine betraid him, or what god?
Where's *Juno* here, or *Iris* from a cloud?
It is unjuſt *Italians* ſhould ſurround
Troy with a leaguer, and on native ground
Turnus ſhould ſtand, the great *Pilumnus* heire,
Whom bright *Venilia*, the bleſt goddeſſe bare.
Shall *Trojans* thus with fire and ſword perſue,
Take ſpoiles, and lawleſſe others land ſubdue;
Match where they pleaſe, rob husbands of their bride;
Make ſhew of peace, and yet for war provide?
Thou couldſt from *Grecian* troops thy ſon regain;
Place empty clouds, and ſhadows for the man:
Thou couldſt to Nymphs the *Trojan* Navy change:
But if we help the *Rutils*, this ſeems ſtrange.
Æneas abſent, wants intelligence;
And abſent let him: thou for thy defence
Idalium, high *Cytherum* haſt: why then
Tempſt thou ſeats big with war and valiant men?
Did we declining *Phrygia's* realm deſtroy?
Or they who mov'd the *Greeks* to war with *Troy*?
What did to arms *Europe* and *Aſia* ſtir,
And to break peace by rape? Th' Adulterer
Did he take *Sparta* by our conduct led?
Did I give arms, or war with foul luſt fed?
Thou ſhouldſt have then been carefull; now complaints
Are but in vain; falſly thou me attainſt.
Thus *Juno* pleads, and all the gods a noiſe
With votes divided made; as when winds riſe,
And ſtopt by woods, a ſudden murmur ſend,
Which doth a ſtorm to mariners portend.

Then

Then mighty *Jove* began who governs all,
Silence impos'd through the *Olympick* Hall.
Earth to the Center shook, Heaven at a stand,
The winds were laid, seas smooth as champaign land;
Careful attend my words; and bear in mind.
Since these two Nations cannot be conjoyn'd,
And your divisions never will have end:
What hope or fortune doth on each attend?
Twixt *Trojans*, *Rutils*, Ile no difference make.
This Siege by fate, if *Latins* undertake,
Or else by *Troys* ill conduct or advice:
Let each the chance of his own enterprise
And danger bear: *Jove's the same King to all,*
The fates will make their way whatever fall.
This by his brothers streams he ratifide,
Which round about th'infernall kingdome glide;
Banks full of sulphure, and the horrid lakes,
And with his nod he all *Olympus* shakes.
Then from his golden throne great *Jove* did rise,
Attended to his Court by deities.
Mean while the *Rutils* with great clamour came,
Close to the gates, and hem'd the wals with flame;
But in their trenches kept the *Trojan* band,
No hope to 'scape, sad on high towrs they stand;
To man their works but slender guards they place,
Iasius, *Thymetes*, bold *Hicetons* race,
With *Castor*, th'*Assaraci* and *Tybris* stood,
With them two brothers of *Sarpedons* blood,
Who them accompaned from the *Lycian* shore.
Acmon with all his strength a huge stone bore,
A mountains greatest part, who in the wars
No lesse then's father, or his brother dares;
Some Javelins cast, and others stones did throw;
And these did wild-fire hurl, or use their bow,

Behold *Ascanius*, *Venus* chiefest care,
Amidst the thickest, with his Temples bare.
So shines a jewell set in purest gold,
Made to adorn the head, or neck infold,
Such lustre ivory doth to box impart;
Or to *Orician* brazill wrought by art.
His snowie neck, his flowing hair receives:
And purest gold his tresses interweaves.
Aiming thy shafts, and poisoning darts, the bold,
Nations did thee, brave *Ismarus*, behold,
In *Lybia* born, where men plow fertile lands,
And rich *Pactolus* rowls his golden sands.
And *Mnestheus* present was, whose late successe,
When from the wals he *Turnus* did represse,
Him honour gave; and *Capys* of great fame,
From whom *Campania* doth derive her name.
Whilst thus they were ingag'd in cruell fight;
Æneas sails through the dark seas by night.
As soon as he to th' *Etrurian* army came,
He acquaints the General with his stock and name,
What aids he needs, and what he hath declares:
And what great force *Mizentius* prepares:
And shews how fury *Turnus* doth incense,
In humane greatnesse what small confidence
Is to be plac'd; and humbly help did beg.
Straight *Tarchon* forces joyns, and makes a League;
Then freed by fate the *Lydyans* haste aboard,
Under the conduct of a forrain Lord.
Æneas ship the Admiral, sail before,
And in her prow two *Phrygian* Lyons bore.
Ida above which *Trojans* much did take;
In this *Æneas* did his voyage make,
And various chance of war did ruminate;
But on his left hand youthfull *Pallus* late,

And

And learns the ſtars by which through night they ſtand
Their courſe, his ſuffering then by ſea and land.
You *Muſes*, now open your ſacred ſpring,
And raiſe my notes, that I inſpir'd may ſing
What bands *Æneas* brought from *Tuſcan* ſhore,
Who man'd his ſhips which him to th' ocean bore.
I'th' *brazen Tyger Maſſicus* firſt ſtands,
From *Cluſius* he a thouſand youth commands;
Who *Coſas* left, theſe darts and javelins throw,
And bear light quivers with a deadly bow;
Fierce *Abas* next, with compleat armed bands,
On's ſtern in gold ſhining *Apollo* ſtands.
His mother *Populonia* did preſent
Six hundred expert; and three, *Ilva* ſent,
The Ile for inexhauſted mines prefer'd.
Aſylas, gods interpreter, was third,
Whom ſmoaking entrails, and the ſtars obey'd;
He tongues of birds, preſaging thunder ſway'd;
A thouſand he did with ſharp ſpears convey,
Whom *Latian Piſa* that they ſhould obey
Gave ſtrict command; and joyn'd in covenant,
Who in the *Ceres* dwell, and thoſe who plant
By *Minio's* ſtreams, them from old *Pyrgians* were,
And from *Graviſca* of intemperate aire.
Cycnus that bold *Ligurian*, neither you
Cupavo I'le orepaſſe, who led but few:
A ſwans bright plume did from his creſt advance,
Of his transformed ſire the cogniſance.
Love was your only crime: for, as 'tis ſaid,
Whilſt *Cycnus* mourning in his ſiſters ſhade
For his dear *Phaeton*, in the poplar grove,
And with his ſweet Muſe comforts his ſad love,
His hoary hair into ſoft feathers grew,
Then mounting to the ſtars he ſinging flew.

His ſon accompanied with equal bands,
Rowes the great *Centaure*; ſhe through billows ſtands
Threatning the waves, tall like a mighty hill,
And the deep ocean plowes with her long keel.
Ornus a band rais'd from his fathers ſhore,
Prophetick *Manto* him to *Tyber* bore,
Who gave to *Mantua* walls, and's mothers name:
Mantua high-ſtock'd, but not from one race came:
A triple kind, four tribes in each of them;
But this the head, and ſtrength o'th' *Tuſcan* ſtem.
Hence came five hundred, which *Mizentius* deeds
Arm'd 'gainſt himſelf, whom *Mincius* crown'd with reeds
Brought down from antient *Benachus*, the brine
They boldly plow in a moſt warlike pine.
A hundred oars with bold *Auletes* come,
Who ſweep the waves, and make the billows ſoame.
This mighty *Triton* bore, frighting the tydes
With his ſhrill trumpe, his face and hairy ſides
Above preſents a man, a whale the reſt,
And ſomy waves reſound beneath his breaſt.
In thrice ten ſhips as many Leaders go
Troy to relieve, and the ſalt ocean plow.
Now day had heaven forſaken, and the bright
Moons black chariot ſcales *Olympus* height.
The Prince, (for no reſt grants his troubled mind)
Sits at the helm, and ſwells the ſails with wind.
But then, behold! amidſt his voyage, bends
To him a train of Nymphs, his antient friends;
Whom bleſt *Cybelle* bid to rule the ſeas,
And had from ſhips transform'd to goddeſſes.
They ſwam together, and the waves divide;
As many ſhips did once at anchor ride:
They knew their King, and round about him dance.
Cymodocea, of beſt utterance,

Seiz'd

Seiz'd with her right his ſtern, her left hand layes
(Raiſing her ſelf from ſea) the ſilent waves,
And thus ſhe ſpake: Sleepſt thou, O *goddeſſe* ſon?
Awake, great Prince, and clap more canvaſe on.
We are thoſe pines which once crown'd ſacred *Ide*,
Thy Fleet, now chang'd to Nymphs: when terrifide
With *Turnus*, threatning ſword and fire, then we
Our cables broke, and through the ſea ſought thee:
Cybelle pitying us, this form did give,
Sea-Nymphs to be, and under waves to live.
But young *Aſcanius* is beleaguer'd round
With arms, and *Latines* ever warlike found;
And now th'*Arcadian* horſe joyn with the bold
Hetrurians, and allotted quarters hold:
To ſend a party, 's *Turnus* main deſigne
To keep the paſſe; leſt both their forces joyn.
Riſe, and command thy friends with early dawn,
To arm themſelves, and brace thy target on
Which *Vulcan* gave thee, and th'unconquer'd ſhield
Did with pure gold on the large border gild.
Next day, if thou conceive my words not vain,
Thou ſhalt behold huge heaps of *Rutils* ſlain.
This ſaid, ſhe takes her leave, and as ſhe dives
Her skilfull hand, the luſty veſſel drives.
Swift as a dart through billows flies the ſhip,
Or winged ſhafts that nimble winds outſtrip.
So the whole fleet divide the briney ſeas,
This, much amaz'd great *Anchiſiades*,
But yet the omen did his ſpirits raiſe:
Then freely viewing heavens mighty convex, prayes,
Mother of gods, thou who in *Dyndimus* prid'ſt,
And towre-crown'd cities, and with lyons rid'ſt:
O guide me in the fight! Dear goddeſſe, be
Neer with protection, and bleſt augurie!

Whilſt thus he pray'd, *Aurora* with new light
Led on the day, and darkneſſe put to flight.
Firſt he commands that they ſhould all appeare,
Refreſh their ſpirits, and for fight prepare.
And now his *Dardan* city he beheld,
Then from the ſtern he ſhews his glittering ſhield,
At which a *Trojan* ſhout mounts to the ſtars;
And hope thus added, more their fury ſpurs.
Then thick they javelins caſt: Cranes, not ſo loud
Extend their voices from a gloomy cloud,
When they with clamour cut the yielding skie,
And from a threatned tempeſt ſounding flie.
But the *Rutilian* King, and all the bold
Auſonian chiefs with wonder did behold,
Till they to ſhore ſaw the tall Navy ſtood,
And winged veſſels hide the ample flood.
His creſt now burns, flames from his plumes aſpire,
And *Turnus* golden helm did ſhine with fire.
As in moyſt night, a blazing Comet ſtreams
With bloody omens red, and *Syrius* beams
Brings to ſad mortals ſickneſſes and thirſt,
And heaven in mourning hangs, with influence curſt.
But nothing daunts bold *Turnus* confidence
To march to ſhore, and drive th'adventurers thence;
And thus, with words did ſleeping valour rouſe.
You have obtain'd what long you ſought with vowes,
And now you have it in your power to fight;
Then let your wives and fortunes you excite!
Your fathers facts and fame to memory call;
Let's ſudden charge, and on them bravely fall,
Whilſt now they landing reel, with ſtaggering feet.
Fortune aſſiſts the bold.
This ſaid, he caſts what forces out to lead,
And whom to truſt with walls beleaguered.

Mean

Me ⁊ while *Æneas* laders for his men
Plac'd from the lofty ſhips: but many then
Obſerv'd when waves retreated from the ſhores,
Then leap to land; but others truſt their ores.
Tarchon ſuppoſing he a coaſt had found
Where was no ſhoal, nor broke waves did reſound,
But a calme water with a ſwelling tyde.
Thither he turns, and to his men thus cryde.
Now luſtie youth, now to your tackling ſtand;
Drive in the ſhip, and ſtrike that enemie land;
And let the keel in its own furrow ſit;
To gain that landing, Ile my veſſell ſplit.
This ſaid, at once all ſtoutly ply their ores,
And brought their foaming ſhips to Latine ſhores,
Untill their fleet ſafe on dry ground did ſtand,
And without harme the whole navie came to land.
But thy ſhip *Tarchon* did not ſave her ſelf,
For whilſt it hung upon a ſpightful ſhelf,
Beaten with billows, it was bilg'd at laſt,
And all her Souldiers in the Ocean caſt;
Whilſt Plancks and broken ores did hinder them,
And drew their ſliding feet back with the ſtream.
Nor *Turnus* uſ'd delay, but all his bands
'Gainſt *Trojans* draws, and on the ſhore he ſtands,
They ſound a charge; and firſt *Æneas* ſets
On ruſtick bands, and a good ſigne, defeats
A Latine ſquadron, and bold *Thero* ſlew,
Who at *Æneas* deſperately flew;
Quite through his golden mail, and brazen targe,
His ſword in's boſome found a paſſage large.
Then *Lycas* rip'd from's mothers belly kil'd,
Sacred to thee O *Phœbus*, though a child,
He ſteel eſcap'd: not far from thence orethrows
Stern *Cyſſeus* and huge *Gyas*, dealing blows

With knottie clubs; nor could *Alcides* armes
Nor mighty size, nor could in those alarms
Their father help, who *Hercules* did aid
In all th'adventures which on earth he made.
Behold! whilst *Phuron* vainly boasts, he cast
A spear, which in's clamouring mouth stuck fast:
And nex'd unhappy *Cydon*, whilst he seeks
His new love *Clytius*, fair with downie cheeks
Æneas slew, and of that love now freed
Youth to him made; thou hadst lamented dy'd,
But that thy brothers up against him drew,
Seven, *Phorcus* off-spring, who seven javelins threw:
Some harmlesse, on his shield and helme resound,
Some *Venus* broke, not suffering to wound.
Then did *Æneas* true *Achates* call,
And said, bring me those darts (nor this hand shall
Spend one against the *Rutilie* in vain)
Drawn from *Greek* bodies on the *Dardan* plain.
This said, he snatch'd a javelin strong and large,
Which well aim'd, pierc'd through *Meons* brazen targe,
And through his breast and breast-plate passage made.
Alcanor his bold brother giving aid,
Bringing his dying brother of, by chance,
Through th'arm sustain'd him flies the winged lance,
And sticking in the wound with blood was dide:
His hand, with slack nerves hanging by his side.
From's brothers body *Numitor*, a lance
Having pul'd forth, t'*Æneas* did advance;
But him it must not wound, the spear past by,
And fix'd it self in great *Achates* thigh.
Here youthfull *Lausus* up a squadron brings,
And a rough javelin at bold *Driophes* flings;
Under his chin, in's throat fast stuck the lance;
Bereaving him of speech and life at once.

Down

Down on his face he tumbles on the earth;
And a deep sea of purple vomits forth.
Three *Thracians* next, of *Boreas* high descent,
And three of *Ida's* sons, from *Ismar* sent
By severall ways he slew: *Hales* brings on
Aruncian bands; next charge great *Neptune's* son
Well horsd *Messapus*: these get ground, now they,
They fought in th'entrance of *Ausonia*:
At warring tempests meet, in th'ample skies,
With equall strength, and equall courages;
Nor winds, nor clouds, nor seas give place; in doubt
The battell stands, resolv'd to fight it out.
So came the *Trojans* and the *Latins* on,
Set foot to foot and close up man to man.
But on the other side, where streams had born
Down rowling stones, and shrubs from bancks had torn,
Pallas beheld, th'*Arcadian* horse unskil'd
To fight with foot, to shrink, and leave the field,
Whom disadvantage of the ground compels
To quit their horse, having no succour else
In that extream; these he intreats and prayes,
And now with sharp words did their courage raise.
Where do you flie? by th'acts which you have done,
By great *Evanders* name, and victories won,
And my adventures for my Countreys praise:
Trust not to flight, but charge the enemies;
And where they thickest stand, there venture through;
Your Prince, your Countrey, this requires of you.
No Gods oppose, mortal 'gainst mortal stands,
You have more courage; and as many hands;
Before the Oceans waves opposed be,
No land is left, are you for *Troy* by sea?
This said, he charg'd amongst the thickest foes,
Whom *Lagus* by sterne fates did first oppose;

Who

Who whilſt he lifts at him a mighty ſtone,
Was with his ſpear run through the ſhoulder bone;
Then back again he drew the faſtned lance,
Whom *Hisbon* could not, though he did advance,
Relieve: for *Pallas* whilſt he ruſh'd betwixt
Him in his rage, with the ſame javelin fix'd,
And gave him his companions cruell death;
For he his ſword in's ſwelling lungs did ſheath.
Next *Sthelenus* and *Anchemelus* he kil'd,
Who boldly his ſtep-mothers bed defil'd.
Then *Thymber* and *Larides* were orethrown
In *Rutile* fields, theſe twins, ſo like, that none
Though well acquainted, could a difference make;
Whoſe Parents oft rejoyc'd at the miſtake.
But *Pallas* now a ſad diſtinction made,
Lops *Thymbers* head off with th'*Evandrian* blade,
And thy right hand for thee (*Larides*) felt;
The half-dead fingers trembling, ſought the hilt;
Mov'd with this ſpeech and valour of the man,
Vex'd and aſhamde, on the *Arcadians* ran,
And here the valiant *Pallas Rhetus* ſlew,
As in his chariot paſſing by he flew;
(This only ſtay there was of *Ilus* chance,
For he at *Ilus* aim'd his mighty lance.)
And *Rhetus* hits, as cowardly he ſhuns
Bold *Teuthrus* thee, and from thy brother runs:
With his deaths wound he from his chariot reels,
And beats *Rutilian* Plains with dying heels;
As when a ſwaine in woods makes many fires,
When gales in ſpring, blow freſh, to his deſires:
Straight the main bodie's ſeiz'd; all meet again,
And *Vulcans* bands triumphing ſpread the Plain;
Whilſt victor he the conquering flames ſurvaid:
So *Pallas* friends conjoyn'd to bring him aide.

But

But ſtout *Haleſus* bends 'gainſt all alarms,
And puts himſelf in poſture with his arms.
Demodocus, *Ladon*, *Pharetes* did diſpatch,
Lops *Strymons* hands, which at his throat did catch:
Then with a ſtone o'th' head takes *Thoas* full,
And beats into his brains his battered ſcull.
Haleſus was in woods by's father hid,
Foreſeeing fate: but when the old man dy'd,
Him deſtiny with cruel hands did ſeiſe,
And by th' *Evandrian* ſword did ſacrifice,
Whom *Pallas* charg'd, thus having made his prayer.
O father *Tyber!* grant, this brandiſh'd ſpear
May through *Haleſus* boſome make its way!
And to thy oke his arms and ſpoils I'le pay.
The god inclin'd; whilſt he did *Imaon* ſave,
His open breaſt t' *Arcadian* lance he gave.
But *Lauſus* powrfull in the war, kept all
His men undaunted, at this Captains fall.
Firſt *Abas* ſlew, who firſt maintain'd the fight,
Th' *Arcadians* and *Hetrurians* put to flight,
And you O! *Trojans*, ſcap'd the *Grecian* bands.
They charge with equal Chiefs, and like commands;
Double their fronts, ſo thick the iron grove
They could not uſe their arms, nor weapons move.
Here *Pallas* charges: *Lauſus* did ingage
Another party there; nor of their age
Much difference was, and both moſt gallant men:
But fortune had denide they ſhould agen
Their native country ſee; for who commands
Olympus ſtarry palaces, withſtands
That they ſhould meet, in ſingle fight oppoſe;
On them their fates attend by greater foes.
Mean while his ſiſter *Turnus* did adviſe
Lauſus to help: he through the battel flies

On

On winged wheels; and there where he eſpide
His men ingag'd, he ſpake; Stand all aſide,
And let me only now with *Pallas* joyn,
The honour of his death muſt needs be mine:
I would his father were ſpectator here!
This ſaid, the field at his command they cleer.
But *Pallas*, when the *Rutili* had retir'd,
Then *Turnus* proud commands the youth admir'd;
And viewing his huge body, was amaz'd:
Yet with a cruel eye upon him gaz'd;
And ſaying thus, againſt the Tyrant came:
I ſhall obtain his ſpoils and mighty fame,
Or noble death; each will my father pleaſe.
Then briefly ſaid, Forbear ſuch threats as theſe.
And with the word, drew to the open plains.
Cold fear th' *Arcadians* blood drives from their veins.
Turnus from's chariot lights, on foot to fight:
And as a Lyon comes who from a height
Hath ſeen a Bull, for battel to prepare;
So in his march the King himſelf did beare.
When *Pallas* ſaw he could him with his lance
Reach, as he pleas'd; then firſt he did advance,
If fortune pleas'd, would him, though weaker, aid:
Then thus to *Hercules* in high heaven he praid.
Oh, by my fathers hoſpitable board,
Which thou a ſtranger honour'dſt once; afford
Aſſiſtance now to this great enterpriſe!
Let *Turnus* me behold with dying eyes,
Breathing his laſt, a Conqueror to ſeiſe
His bloody arms! This heard great *Hercules*;
And powring vain tears forth, he gave a groan.
Then *Jove* with comfort thus beſpake his ſon,
Each hath his fate; *Short and irreparable time*
Mans life enjoyes: But by brave deeds to clime

To

To honours height, this they by valour gain.
How many sons of Gods at *Troy* were slain?
Sarpedon there, my progenie, did fall;
And *Turnus* fates for him already call,
And he to his appointed date must yield.
This said, his eye turns from th' *Ausonian* field.

But *Pallas* with huge strength his javelin threw,
And's glittering sword straight from his scabberd drew;
It through æthereal orbs resounding flies,
Where the high coverings of his shoulder lies;
Then through the skirts of's shield a passage found,
And gave to mighty *Turnus* a small wound.
Here *Turnus* having pois'd a spear of oke,
Pointed with steel, aiming at *Pallas*, spoke:
See if our javelin will not better passe.
This said, his shield plated with steel and brasse,
So thick with bull-hides lin'd, trembling, it prest;
And through his corslet pierc'd his ample brest.
He from the wound in vain the warm spear drew,
Whilst the same way, blood and his soul, persue.
Falling on's wound, his arms above resound,
And dying, bites with bloody mouth the ground.
Then *Turnus* standing ore,
Arcadians, tell *Evander* these he said;
I *Pallas* send such as he merited:
Whatere the honour is of obsequie
And joy at funerals, shall my bounty be;
Æneas entertainment shall be paid
Back with no small reward. Thus having said,
And treading with his left foot on the dead,
He seiz'd his belt richly embroidered,
Wrought with a crime; in one nights nuptials slain
So many youths, blood, bridal chambers stain.

Which

And with pure gold skilfull *Eurytion* wrought,
Which ſpoils now *Turnus* boaſts proud to have got;
Men not foreſeeing chance, and future fates,
And to obſerve a mean in proſperous States.
The time ſhall come, when *Turnus* will in vain
Wiſh, with a Kingdomes price, *Pallas* unſlain,
And with thoſe ſpoils he ſhall abhor the day.
With groans and tears his ſervants *Pallas* lay
Upon a ſhield, and round about him mourn,
Great grief and glory to thy ſire return,
This thy firſt day in war, and this thy laſt,
But yet thou heaps of ſlain *Rutulians* haſt.

Not of ſo great misfortune only fame,
But certain tydings to *Æneas* came;
Which told his army in great danger ſtands,
And now or never aid his ſhrinking bands.
Whoere he meets, he levels with his ſword,
And ſteele to him a paſſage did afford.
Seeking thee *Turnus* with new ſlaughter proud:
Pallas, Evander, favours they allow'd
To him a Stranger, and thoſe aids he brought
Preſent themſelves, to his revengeful thought.
Four gallant youths, which were at *Sulmon* bred,
As many which cold *Ufens* nouriſhed,
Living he took: for ſhades an offering dire,
Whoſe captive blood ſhould due the funeral fire.

At *Mago* then a dreadful ſpear he threw,
Who ſtooping, 'ore him, the ſwift javelin flew;
He ſuppliant then, graſping his knees, begun.
By thy ſires *Manes*, and thy hopeful ſon,
This life, both for a ſon and father ſave.
I have a Pallace, where I talents have
Of hoarded ſilver, and huge ſummes of gold,
Coind and uncoin'd. This victory can't withhold;

Nor

Nor one mans life ſo great a difference make.
This ſaid: Then thus to him *Æneas* ſpake.
The gold and ſilver which thou mention ſt, ſpare
To help thy children; *Turnus* in this War
Hath bar'd all quarter ſince he *Pallas* ſlew,
This to my father, and my ſon is due.
Then, whilſt he mercy craves, he ſeiz'd his creſt
And ran to th'hilts his ſword within his breſt.
Hard by was *Phœbus* preſt, *Æmonius* ſon
With all his *robes*, *Surplice* and *Mytre* on,
Known by his glorious arms, and glittering ſhield,
Him firſt he charg'd, and drives through all the field.
Then of him ſain a ſacrifice he made,
And ſtanding ore, hides with his mighty ſhade.
Sereſtus takes his curious arms to be
A laſting trophie, father *Mars* to thee.
Ceculus, *Vulcans* ſon, and *Umbro*, who
Came from th'*Martian* fields, the fight renew,
Whom the Prince meets: as *Anxure* did advance,
He lops off both his ſhield and arm at once.
For he devin'd t'himſelf ſome great ſucceſſe,
And vain Enthuſiaſmes, beleev'd no leſſe;
With his phantaſtick ſpirit he mounts the ſtars,
Promiſing t'himſelf long life and hoarie hairs.
Well arm'd *Tarquitus* then came boldly on,
Whom the nymph *Dryope* bore, old *Faunus* ſon,
Towards him *Æneas* raging did advance,
And through his ſhield and corſlet drives his lance.
Whilſt he did many ways beg life in vain,
And uſ'd perſwaſions quarter to obtain,
Cuts off his head the warm trunck down did rowl;
Then ſtanding ore him, from a bitter ſoul
Thus much he ſaid. Thou ſo much fear'd lie there,
Nor ſhall thy woful mother thee interre:

Or

Or in thy fathers tombe thy body lay;
Thou shalt be left for birds and beasts a prey,
Or waves shall roll thee in the ocean drownd,
And greedy fish shall lick thy bleeding wound.
Anthæus and *Lycas* next he followed,
Who the prime squadrons of bold *Turnus* led.
Stout *Numa* did, and bright-hair d *Camers* chace,
Sprung from great *Volscens*, who the richest was
Of *Italy*, and rul'd *Amyclean* lands.
As bold *Ægean* with a hundred hands
Did belch from fifty mouths devouring flame,
When arm d against *Joves* thunderbolts he came;
As many swords did shake, and sounding shields.
So rag'd *Æneas* conquering through the fields:
His sword now warm, behold he next proceeds
Dreadfull against *Nyphæus* chariot steeds;
But they far off, as him they saw draw near,
Raging extremely, turn, being struck with fear,
And rushing back, their Captain overthrew,
And ro the shore they with the chariot flew.
But mean while *Lucagus* with white horse rides,
In th'open plain his brother *Lyger* guides
The winged chariot, and the reins commands,
His drawn sword *Laucagus* brandish'd in his hands,
Nor them *Æneas* suffers to advance,
But gainst them boldly he presents his lance.
To whom then *Lyger* said,
These are not *Diomedes* horse, nor dost thou see
Achilles chariot, nor *Greek* enemie:
Now, in this field thou life and war shalt end.
Thus vapouring *Lyger* did with words contend,
But the bold *Trojan* studied no reply,
He throws his javelin at the enemy;

When

When *Leucagus* bending, having caſt his ſpeare,
His left foot out, did for the fight prepare.
Under his ſhield *Æneas* javelin found
Way to his left thigh with a mighty wound:
He from his chariot tumbles down half dead,
When in ſtern language thus *Æneas* ſaid:
Sir, your ſlow horſe have not your chariot loſt;
Nor were they frighted from the enemies hoſt;
But you your ſelf your chariot have forſook,
And ſtrait he ſeiz'd the horſes, as he ſpoke.
His brother then diſarm'd, himſelf ſubmits,
And craving quarter, he his office quits.
Now for thy ſelf and thy great parents ſake,
Brave Prince, O ſpare my life, and pity take!
Æneas ſaid, You were more malepert:
Die; for thy brother thou ſhalt not deſert.
Then he the cloſet of his ſoul diſplaid
With his bright ſword. The *Dardan* Heroe made
Such ſlaughters then, and like a whirlwind raves,
Or ſome huge deluge with orewhelming waves.
Aſcanius and his bands beſieg'd in vain,
Break through their ports, and ſally to the plain.

Mean while to *Juno* thus beſpake great *Jove*:
My deareſt ſiſter, and my moſt dear Love;
As thou believ ſt, (nor doth thy judgment erre)
Venus upholds the *Trojans* in this war;
And not great ſtrength, and lively courages.
To whom then *Juno* modeſtly replies:
Great Sir, why do you thus diſquiet me
Oppreſt with woe, fearing thy ſad decree?
Had I that power by love, which once was mine,
And ſhould be ſtill; at leaſt thou wouldſt incline

That I in safety from the fight should bring
Turnus to's fathers court. But now, great King,
Let him be slain, and if thou think it good,
Let cruel *Trojans* shed his royal blood,
Though he from us derive his stock and name,
Who from *Piluvnus* the fourth ofspring came,
And oft thy altars heap'd with sacrifice.
To whom *Olympus* mighty King replies:
If thou delayes from speedy death wouldst have,
And for a time the hapleſſe young man save;
And if thou thinkst it lies within my power,
Turnus by flight save from the fatal houre.
This I may grant: but if in your requeſt
Conceal'd you drive a further intereſt,
So the whole fortune of the war again
To bring about; thou foster'st hope in vain.
Then *Juno* weeping, said: You may connive
At what you dare not grant; and he may live.
But now his woful deſtiny draws near,
Or elſe I am transported with vain fear:
Oh that falſe terror ſtill would me delude!
And thou, who mayst, wouldst better things conclude.
Thus having said, from lofty heaven she flies,
Girded with clouds, winds driving through the skies;
And to th' *Ausonian* camp and *Trojans* made.
Then she an aiery cloud, a hollow shade
Form'd like *Æneas*, which (most strange) she dreſt
In *Dardan* arms, and shield; a flowing creſt
Puts on his honour'd head; then made it talk,
Speak without lungs, and like *Æneas* walk.
Such shapes they say, that dead mens spirits have,
Or those in dreams our drowsie sense deceive.
But the insulting shadow takes the Van,
Calling aloud, and challeng'd out the man.

Turnus

Turnus advanc'd, and's sounding javelin threw;
The Shade retreats, and suddenly withdrew.
As soon as *Turnus* did himself perswade
Æneas fled, swolne with vain hope, he said:
What, fly'st thou *Trojan*, and thy bride dost leave?
The land thou sought'st by sea, this hand shall give.
Thus brandishing his sword, he eas'd his mind;
Nor thought his hope did fleet before the wind.
Behind a rock, by chance, in a calm bay
With ready ladders a tall vessel lay,
Which king *Osinius* brought to *Clusine* shore;
Hither it self the fleeting shadow bore,
And takes the hold; nor slower were *Turnus* steps,
All stay he conquers, ore high bridges leaps.
No sooner shipt, *Juno* the cable cuts,
And to the sea the floating vessel puts.
But through the fight mean while *Æneas* goes
Turnus to find and many overthrows.
Nor longer the phantastick shadow lies
Hid under deck, but vanishing, it flies
Up to the stars, and with dark clouds conjoin'd:
Whilst *Turnus* drives to sea before the wind,
And both his hands did to high heaven advance,
For safety thankless, ignorant of the chance:
O *Jove*, he said, deserve I this from thee?
And is't thy will thus, thus to punish me?
Ah whether must I go? from whence came I?
Where shall I land? or whither do I fly?
Shall I *Laurentian* towrs behold agen?
View my own camp, where all those gallant men
Which did my fortune and my arms attend,
Ah, I have left, to meet a woful end!
I hear their dying groans; now now I view
My routed army flie: what shall I do!

Oh that the earth would gape and swallow me:
Or rather gentle winds, more favouring be,
(For your assistance *Turnus* now invokes)
Ah drive this vessel on obdurate rocks;
Split on the sands where friends shall never see
My corps, nor blasted fame shall follow me.
This said, his mind on no resolve cou'd place;
Whether he should for this so vile disgrace
Upon himself a punishment afford,
And desperate in his bowels sheath his sword;
Or leap into the sea, and swim to shore,
And 'gainst the *Trojans* arm himself once more.
Thrice he attempted both; great *Juno* thrice
His rashnesse staid with soberer advice.
The ship cuts billows, and with favouring tides
To the old city of his father glides.
Jove did mean while *Mizentius* soul enlarge,
That with fresh power the conquerours he should charge.
'Gainst whom the *Tyrrhens* joyn; all 'gainst one man
With deadly hate and cruel weapons ran.
He as a rock amongst vast billows stood,
Scorning loud winds, and raging of the flood;
And fix'd remaining, all the force defies
Muster'd from threatning seas, and thundring skies.
Hebrus, *Dolicaons* son, he overthrew,
Latagus with him, and *Palmus* as he flew;
But with a stone, no small part of a hill,
Dashing in s face, he *Latagus* did kill.
Palmus comes ore maim'd with his wounded knee,
And gave his arms, bold *Lausus*, unto thee.
Next *Phrygian Eavns*, *Mimas* was orethrown,
Of *Paris* age, and his companion,
Whom, the same night the Queen gave *Paris* birth,
Pregnant with fire, *Theano* did bring forth

To

To old *Amycus*: he at home was ſlain,
But *Mimas* fell in the *Laurentian* Plain.
He as a hunted bore from mountains bends,
Whom, long, pine bearing *Veſulus* defends,
And many years *Laurentian* marſhes bred,
Where he with maſt and bul-ruſhes was fed,
After he finds himſelf amidſt their nets,
He ſtands, and foaming, up his briſtles ſets,
Againſt his rage the boldeſt dare not go,
But with ſafe ſhowts at diſtance javelins throw.
So ſtood *Mizentius* 'gainſt his Subjects rage,
Yet none ſo hardy durſt their King ingage;
Put out of reach at him they caſt their ſpears
With mighty ſhouts; he not the proudeſt fears,
But angry raungeth through the ſpacious field,
Bearing a grove of javelins on his ſhield.
Acron a Greek, but in *Corytus* bred,
Drawn to this war, left his new-marriage bed:
Him when he ſaw amongſt the ſquadrons, dreſt
In wedding garments, and a purple veſt;
As a ſtarv'd lion who doth oft invade
Some lofty ſtall, (for hunger will perſwade)
If he a nimble goat eſpie by chance,
Or elſe a dear a tall creſt to advance,
Gaping he raves, and briſtles up his main,
And growling lies devouring of the ſlain?
Then baths his mouth with blood.
So fierce *Mizentius* rag'd 'mongſt thickeſt foes,
And moſt unhappy *Acron* overthrows.
Breathing his laſt, beating the earth, he lies,
And the ſtrong javelin with his blood he dies.
Yet ſcorns *Orodes* flying to orethrow,
And through his back to give the deadly blow;

But runs and meets him; he by proweſſe can
More then by art, and charges man to man;
Then on him down ſetting his foot and ſpear,
Said great *Orodes*, once ſo fear'd, lies here:
His Souldiers raiſe a ſhout. But dying, he
Who e're thou art, ſaid, I reveng'd ſhall be;
Nor ſhalt thou long triumph, thy fate draws nigh,
And thou with me, in the ſame field ſhalt lie.
VVith a grim ſmile *Mizentius* then replies,
Thou firſt ſhalt die; who rules both earth and skies,
Let him diſpoſe of me. Thus ſaying, he then
His javelin draws from the dead corps agen;
A hard and iron reſt ſeal'd up his ſight,
And cloſ'd his eye in everlaſting night.
Cædicus, *Alcathous*; and *Sacrator* ſlew
Hydaſpes; *Rapo*, *Parthens* overthrew,
And valiant *Orſes*; but *Meſſapus* ſped
Clonius and *Ericates* he left dead;
This tangled in the trappings of his ſteed;
On foot makes th'other ſure: next did proceed
Lycius 'gainſt him who *Valerus* did kill,
Though he was cunning at his Grandſires skill.
Salius, *Antronius*; *Neacles*, *Salius* ſlew,
Who ui'd the dart, and well a long bow drew.
Now bloody *Mars* inrag'd on both ſides fals,
Marching their grief with equall funerals;
Victors and thoſe are worſted, both come on,
And both retreat: flight is to neither known.
The Gods in *Joves* High court pity their rage,
That thus poor mortals ſhould themſelves ingage.
Here *Venus* ſits, there cruell *Juno* ſtands,
And pale *Diſiphone* raves amidſt the bands.
But here *Mizentius* a huge javeline ſhakes,
And to the field highly incenſed makes.

So

So tall *Oryon* through the ſwelling tides
Marcheth on foot, the waves ſcarce reach his ſides;
Or when he ſtalks more proudly on dry land,
Bringing from hils an old aſh in his hand;
Whilſt his proud head amongſt the clouds he hides:
So in his mighty arms *Mizentius* prides.
Æneas having ſpi'de him through the bands,
Marches againſt him: He undaunted ſtands,
Waiting th'approach of his magnanimous foe;
And having took the meaſure of his throw:
This hand which is my God, and this my ſpear
Which now I poiſe, grant your aſſiſtance here.
That cruell Pirates ſpoils and arms I now
For thee a trophie, deareſt *Lauſus* vow.
This ſaid, at him he caſt his ſounding lance.
But the ſwift ſpear did from his target glance,
And far from thence through noble *Anthor* run;
This was great *Hercules* companion,
Who ſent from *Argos* with *Evander* ſtaid,
And his abode now in *Auſonia* made.
Thus hurt he fals, and hapleſſe views the skies,
Remembring his dear *Argos* as he dies.
His javelin then valiant *Æneas* threw,
Which through his brazen quilted target flew,
Where three bull-hides tan'd did their force conjoyn,
And faſt it ſtuck, in bold *Mizentius* groyn.
Whoſe ſtrength now fails: ſoon as *Æneas* ſaw
The *Tyrrhens* blood, ſtraight he his ſword did draw,
And whilſt he was aſtoniſh'd, ruſheth on,
This *Lauſus* viewing, fetch'd a heavy grone
For his dear father, and ſalt tears he ſheds:
Here thy ſad death, and moſt renowned deeds,
If antient ſtories have related truth,
I ſhall not ſilence, O moſt noble youth.

Mizentius hurt, began some ground to yield,
Drawing the hostil weapon from his shield;
Lausus steps in and brought his father aid,
And took the blow which fierce *Æneas* made
On his own shield; receives him with delays;
At which a shout his glad companions raise:
Whilst the hurt father from the fight withdrew,
Defended by his son, Javelins they threw,
And 'gainst the foe their lances thick discharge:
Æneas rag'd protected with his targe.
As when a showre descends of hail and rain,
Straight all the husbandmen forsake the Plain;
Under dry roofs himself the traveler saves,
Or shelters under bancks, or rockie caves,
Until the storm is o're: that when the Sun
Returns, he may perfect the work begun.
So was *Æneas* overwhelm'd with darts,
Bearing the tempest thundring from all parts:
And *Lausus* he rebukes; now menaceth
The bold youth thus; why hasten'st thou thy death?
And dost so much above thy strength assay?
Thy Piety, fond youth, doth thee betray.
But he no lesse rashly himself ingag'd;
At which the *Dardan* Prince extreamly rag'd;
And now his thread of life the fates had span;
In him to th'hilts his sword *Æneas* ran,
And through the threatners shield, and arms it pass'd,
And coat, his mother with pure gold had grac'd:
Blood drown'd his breast, his soul her Progresse makes
Down to pale shades, and the cold corps forsakes.
But when his face great *Anchisiades*,
And cheeks now wonderfully pale espies,
He stretch'd his hand, then sigh'd with grief oppress,
And now his fathers love affects his breast,

Say-

Saying poor youth, what fame for thee is due?
What worthy gift ſhall I beſtow on you?
Take thy lov'd arms (if thoſe thou doſt regard)
And with thy Royall Parents be interr'd,
This comfort have in thy ſad funeral,
That thou by great *Æneas* hand didſt fall.
Then checks his lingring friends, himſelf before
Raiſing him up, his hair defil'd with gore.
Mean while his father at the cryſtal ſtreams
Of *Tyber* cleans'd his wound, and eas'd his limbs
Againſt a tree, on which his helm he hung,
And on the graſſe his pondrous armour flung;
A choice guard round: panting, his neck did reſt,
Which bowing, with his beard cover'd his breaſt;
Then asks for *Lauſus*, and oft ſends to find,
And call him off, ſince 'twas his fathers mind.
But the dead youth, his friends in ſorrow drown'd
Bore on a ſhield, ſlain by a mighty wound;
Far off the crie his ſoul preſaging knew.
Then on his ſilver hair rowl duſt he threw,
And both his hands at once to heaven he heaves,
Then thus complaining to the body cleaves.
Dear ſon, was life to me ſo ſweet that thou
Whom I begot, for me ſhouldſt ſuffer now,
Muſt I thy father draw this vital breath,
Sav'd by thy wounds, and live by thy ſad death?
O let me now to woful exile go,
Since I behold this wound, this fatall blow.
Oh ſon, my acts have blaſted thy renown,
Expuls'd by malice from my throne and crown;
'Twas I ſhould ſuffer in this hatefull ſtrife,
And many deaths pay for this wicked life;
Yet ſtill I live, view heaven, converſe with man;
But I'le forſake them all. Then he began,

Thus

Thus saying, to raise his feeble thigh from ground,
And though it fail'd him with so great a wound,
Undaunted he, commands his horse provide.
This was his comfort, this his only pride,
On this through all his fights did Conqueror go,
To whom he spake, declaring thus his woe;
Of long life (*Phœbus*) we have had the proof,
(If any time to mortals were enough.)
Either we must *Æneas* head this day,
And bloody spoils in triumph bear away,
Revenging *Lausus*: or if fates deny
Assistance, we will both together die.
For sure most valiant Steed thou'lt not admit
A *Trojan* rider, nor a strangers bit.
Thus having spoke, up sad *Mizentius* gets,
And soon himself in comely manner seats;
Then both his hands did with sharp javelins load;
On his bright helm whole mains of horses flood.
And straight he marches up; whilst mighty shame,
Grief and distraction, did his soul inflame,
Love provokes rage; and losse of honour, all.
Then thrice aloud, did for *Æneas* call.
The *Trojan* knew the voice, and thus he pray'd,
So may great *Jove* and *Phœbus* now perswade
That thou begin the fight.
And praying, with a dreadful spear march'd on.
But he, why hast thou rob'd me of my son
Most cruell man, and terrifiest me thus?
Since no way else thou hadst to ruine us:
Nor fear we death, nor any God regard.
Leave of thy prayers, to die I come prepar'd;
But first these legacies Ile on thee bestow.
This said, he cast a javelin at the foe,

Another

Another after, then another flings;
And swiftly wheels about in mighty rings.
Æneas shield receives them; thrice he goes
About him standing, and sharp lances throwes.
Three times the *Trojan* turning where he stood,
Bore on his brazen shield a mighty wood.
Vext with delay, and plucking from his targe
So many spears, and with the dangerous charge,
Plotting all means, at last he did advance,
And through his horses head he sent his lance;
Who rising then, beats with his feet the skies,
And tumbling backward, on his rider lies
Oppressing much his arm extended out.
Trojans and *Latines* send to heaven a shout.
In, leaps *Æneas*, and his bright sword drew,
And thus he said; Where's proud *Mizentius* now,
And that fierce courage made him once so bold?
But he, as soon as heaven he did behold,
And coming to himself recover d breath;
Why triumph'st thou, proud foe, and threatenst death?
May I not die? Therefore I fought with thee,
Nor made my son such articles for me.
One thing (if vanquisht foes gain suits) I crave
A burial: I know my people have
Me in disdain; their fury, oh prevent,
And grant my son and me one monument.
This said, his throat receives th'expected blow,
And on his arms his soul in blood did flow.

THE

THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

The Argument.

Mizentius *trophey.* Pallas *funerals.*
Ceſſation made. The King a councel cals.
Diomed's *anſwer* Venulus *relates.*
Drances, *and* Turnus, *loud in hot debates.*
Æneas *gives the City an alarm.*
The King his Councel leaves, and Latines *arm.*
Camilla's *ſtory. Troops of horſe maintain*
A doubtfull fight: the bold Virago *ſlain.*
The Trojans, *flying* Rutilie *perſue.*
Turnus *inform'd ſtraight from his ambuſh drew.*
Æneas *takes the paſſage, then march'd down*
To th' open plain, and lies before the town.

MEan while *Aurora* from the ſea aſcends,
Æneas (although care t'interre his friends
The time requir'd, much for their death diſmaid)
Early his vows to heaven a conquerour paid.
A mighty oke, depriv'd of bowes, he plac'd
Upon a hill, and with bright armour grac'd;

The ſpoils of King *Mizentius* to be
A trophie, mighty God of war, to thee.
His plumes bedewd with blood, and broken lance,
And breaſt-plate twelve times pierc'd he did advance.
Then to his friends triumphing, (for a guard
They made about him) he himſelf declar'd.
Moſt valiant *Trojans*, the great work is done;
What now remains, but that all feare we ſhun?
The proud Kings ſpoils, here, our firſt offering, ſtands;
Mizentius now ſerves under our commands.
Next for *Latinus* walls let us prepare,
And boldly arm, nor doubt the chance of war.
Leſt for their ſtay, any plead ignorance;
When firſt the Gods ſhall pleaſe, we will advance
Our ſtandard, and our army forth ſhall lead.
Nor for baſe fear let none excuſes plead.
Mean while let's beare our friends unto the grave;
The only honour which the dead can have.
Go, thoſe brave ſouls with ſolemn rites attend,
Whoſe blood for us hath purchaſed this land:
But firſt on *Pallas* mournful obſequies wait,
And bear him to his fathers woful ſeat:
Whom from ſweet life a cruel death did call
(Wanting no valour) to ſad funerall.
Weeping he ſaid, and to the herſe he bends,
Where old *Acetes Pallas* corps attends;
Who when *Evanders* ſquire, much honour won,
But not ſo happy waiting on his ſon.
Round him his ſervants, and the *Trojans* were,
And *Ilian* dames, ſad with diſhevel'd hair.
But when *Æneas* enter'd, a huge cry,
Beating their breaſts, they raiſe unto the ſky,
And the whole court with loud complaining fild.
Soon as he had dear *Pallas* corps beheld,

And the wide wound upon his lovely breaſt,
With many tears, his grief he thus expreſt.
Brave youth, when better fortune came, did ſhe
For very ſpight, deprive us ſtraight of thee:
Leſt thou ſhouldſt ſee our conqueſt, and return
Unto thy fathers Court in triumph born.
I to *Evander* no ſuch promiſe made
At my departure: when with mighty aid
He me diſmiſt; and fearful, did foreſhew
We ſhould incounter with a dangerous foe.
But now perhaps glad hope his mind doth raiſe,
And vows he makes with frequent ſacrifice,
Whilſt to the dead, who's not indebted now
To any God, vain honour we allow.
Theſe are the promis'd triumphs thou ſhalt ſee
Perform'd by us, thy ſons ſad obſequie.
Thus I diſcharge my truſt But no baſe wound
Shall by *Evander* on his corps be found,
Nor ſhall he wiſh his life at honours coſt.
What ſtrength hath *Latium* and *Aſcanius* loſt?
This ſaid, to raiſe the ſad corps he commands,
And ſends a thouſand choſen from the bands,
Who ſhould attend his laſt ſolemnitie,
And with *Evanders* tears their ſorrow Vie,
And to a mourning father comfort be,
Though ſmall, yet gratefull in great miſerie.
Some buſie, joyning verdant *Arbuts* were;
And deck with oken leaves the ſtately Bier:
Then the ſad hearſe, with boughs and branches ſhade,
Where, on green ruſhes the brave youth they laid.
Such the pale *Daffadill* or *Violet*
Pluck'd by a Virgins hand: whoſe beauty yet
And form remains; though from the ſtalk now rent
Their mother earth affords no nourishment.

The

The Prince, two robes of gold and purple brought,
Which with her own hand beauteous *Dido* wrought,
And to *Æneas* did present of old,
And mixt the curious web with purest gold.
Which for a hearse-cloth on the corps he laid,
Then with a vail his comely hair did shade,
And with *Laurentian* spoils did him adorn,
Bids what he won, in order to be born,
And horse and arms were taken from the foe;
Then those to shades a sacrifice must go,
Quenching the cruell flame with luke-warm blood,
Their hands behind them bound, prepared stood.
Next bids prime Captains hostile arms to bear,
And names of slaughter'd foes upon their spear.
They old *Acetes* led, with grief oppresst,
Tearing his hair, beating his wofull breast;
Who falling down on th'earth extended lay:
They chariots stain'd with *Rutile* gore convay.
Ethon his horse in mourning next took place,
And weeping with great tears blubber'd his face.
This bore his lance, and that his shining crest,
For *Turnus* being Conquerour, spoil'd the rest.
The *Trojans* follow, and the *Tyrrhen* Peers,
And sad *Arcadians* trailing of their spears.
Next all the mourners march'd in order on;
Then spake *Æneas* with a heavy grone;
Now we must others mourn in battel fel,
Dear *Pallas* now eternally farewel,
For evermore adieu. Nor more he said,
But to the wals of the high City made.
When from *Latinus* some were sent to treat,
With olive vail'd, a breathing space to get,
That he would please, the bodies of the slain,
Which now in heaps lay scatter'd on the plain,

They

They might interre: for with the vanquiſhed
Should no contention be, nor with the dead;
And thoſe once ſtil'd his friends, he now would ſpare.
Their ſuits, which not to be rejected were,
Æneas grants, and did their fears aſſwage.
Sirs, what ſtrange fortune forc'd you to engage
In ſuch a war, and us your friends to ſhun?
Seek you a peace for thoſe in fight orethrown?
I'de rather grant it unto them remain.
Nor had I come, but that the fates ordain
Theſe ſeats for me, nor had with you made war.
Your King left us, for *Turnus* did declare.
'T were fitter, *Turnus* ſhould in ſingle fight
Try't out himſelf; if he would put to flight
The *Trojan* bands, and give the war an end,
Let him with me then hand to hand contend;
And let whom God, and's right hand favour, live.
Go, and your hapleſſe friends due funerals give,
Æneas ſaid; whilſt they ſtood all amaz'd,
And with deep ſilence on each other gaz'd.
Old *Drances* then, who bore eternal ſpleen
'Gainſt valiant *Turnus* did at laſt begin.
O *Trojan*, great by fame, greater by wars,
How ſhall I match thy honour with the ſtars?
Shall I thy power, or juſtice firſt admire?
Humbly our King ſhall know of thy deſire:
If fortune aid us, we ſhall him perſwade
To peace: let who ſo will then *Turnus* aid.
To build your promis'd city we ſhall joy,
And bear upon our backs the ſtones of *Troy*.
All with one voice approve the words he ſaid,
And a ceſſation for twelve dayes is made.
Trojans and *Latines* wander here and there
Through woods and mountains, and no danger feare.

Now

Now mighty *Aſhes* with the axe reſound,
And *Pines* that kiſt the ſtars, tumble to ground;
Whole *Okes* they cleave, ſweet *Cedar* is orethrown;
And with wild Aſh huge cars continual groan.

And now ſwift *fame* this ſad diſaſter tels;
Evanders court the doleful rumour fills,
Which ſaid but now, *Pallas* the victory won.
Swift to the gates amaz'd *Arcadians* run,
And as the antient cuſtome torches beare:
With a long train of light the wayes appear,
And all the field with funeral tapers ſhine.
Whilſt to theſe mourners the ſad *Trojans* joine;
Whom, when the matrons did behold draw nigh,
They through the City rais'd a woful cry;
When no perſwaſions could *Evander* ſtay,
But in he comes, and falling down, he lay
Fix'd on the herſe, weeping and groning there,
And long, ere thus his grief he could declare.
Dear *Pallas*, th'alt not kept thy word with me,
That thou in fight wouldſt not ſo ventrous be.
I knew how much new glory would inflame,
And in firſt ſervice the deſire of fame.
Woful firſt fruits! too hard ſuch rudiments are
In thy firſt leſſon, which thou learnſt in war.
No God did hear my prayer, nor mind my vow;
And thou bleſt wife, in death moſt happy now,
That didſt not live to ſee this ſight; whilſt I
Now do ſurvive my own ſad deſtiny,
And a moſt wretched father muſt remain.
I ſhould have dy'd, and *Rutils* me have ſlain
For joyning with the *Trojans*; and for me,
Not *Pallas*, ſhould have been this obſequie.

Nor will I blame the *Trojans*, nor ſhall rue
Th aſſociation which I made with you
This chance belong'd to my gray hairs. But ſince
Untimely death hath took my ſon from hence;
I joy that thouſand *Volſceans* fell before
Him leading *Trojans* to th'*Au onian* ſhore.
Nor other rites, dear *Pallas*, ſhalt thou have
Then what *Æneas* and bold *Phrygians* gave;
What *Tarchon* and their Captains did ordain,
Who honouring bear, trophies of thoſe th'haſt ſlain:
For thee a huge one, *Turnus*, we had ſeen,
If he of equal ſtrength and age had been.
But I the *Trojans* keep too long from war.
Farewell; and to your King this meſſage bear,
That I loath'd life prolong, *Pallas* being gone;
His valour muſt a father, and a ſon,
Revenge on *Turnus*; this remains for him
Whoſe worth hath plac d in *Fortunes* beſt eſteem.
Nor joys of life I wiſh for, but to ſtay
Till I theſe tidings to my ſon convay.

Mean while *Aurora* cleers the darkned aire,
And brought to wretched mortals toyl and care.
Æneas then, and *Tarchon* on the ſhores
Huge piles erect; and as their anceſtors,
Ere their dead friends they brought, then kindle fire,
And to high heaven clouds of thick ſmoke aſpire.
Thrice round about the burning piles they goe
Girded in ſhining arms; thrice fires or woe
Mounted on mourning horſes they ſurround,
A dolefui cry they raiſe, loud trumpets ſound;
Arms, and the earth is water'd with their tears,
And lamentations ſcale the higheſt ſphears,

Some

Some in the fire the *Latine* ſpoils do burn,
Helms, ſwords, and reins, and wheels from chariots torn;
Some their friends ſhields, well known in all alarms,
Caſt after them, and their unhappy arms.
Whole herds of cattel and of ſwine were kil'd,
And flocks of ſheep brought in from every field.
Their burning friends they view through all the ſtrand,
And round about the half-burnt piles they ſtand;
Nor could be taken off, till dewie night
Adorn'd high heaven with conſtellations bright.
No leſſe on th'other ſide, the *Latines* reare
Innumerable piles, many interre,
Many are to the neighbouring confines born,
And to the city ſome again return.
The reſt, confuſed heaps of ſlaughter'd men,
They burn uncounted, and unhonour'd; then
The ſpatious fields with frequent fires are bright.
When the third day from heaven drove gloomy night,
Mourning they ſweep the aſhes from the hearth,
And mingled bones yet warm, they load with earth.
Now in the Court, and rich *Latinus* ſeat,
Were loudeſt cries, and lamentations great:
Here mothers ſiſters, there the woful nurſe,
Children depriv'd of parents, weeping curſe
The cruel war, and *Turnus* hapleſſe ſute,
That he alone the quarrel ſhould diſpute,
Who hopes to gain all *Latium* with the bride.
Fierce *Drances* urg'd, nor could it be denide,
That *Turnus* had been chalenge'd to the fight.
Theſe warm debates their Votes made oppoſite.
But he ſtands ſhaded with the Queens great name,
And laſting trophies of's deſerv'd fame.
Amidſt theſe tumults and commotions great,
Behold then ſad, from *Diomed's* Royal ſeat

Embaſſadours anſwers brought; they nothing could
With ſo much toyl, expence, nor gifts, nor gold,
No ſuit avail'd, they muſt ſeek elſewhere aide,
Or with the *Trojans* muſt a Peace be made.
Latinus faints under a load of care;
Heaven's anger, and their ſlaughter'd friends declare,
Æneas came by Fates authority.
Then his great councell, all prime nobles, he
Summon'd before him at his Royall Court:
And through full ſtreets to th'Pallace they reſort;
Then firſt his place old King *Latinus* took
Holding his Scepter with a heavy look,
And bids his Lords return'd from *Diomed*, ſay
What they had brought, and his whole anſwer lay
In order open: ſilence then being made,
Obeying his command, thus *Venulus* ſaid.

My Lords, Tydides ſeat we ſaw, and paſt
All dangers of the tedious way at laſt,
And kiſt that hand the *Trojans* overcame.
He *Argyripa* built, and gave a name
From his own ſtock, now in *Apulian* Plains,
A Conquerour he in ſetled peace remains.
After admittance, we to audience came;
Gifts we preſent, our countrey tell, and name,
Who raiſ'd this war, what buſineſſe brought us there;
He full of honour did himſelf declare.

Bleſt Nation of the old *Auſonian* race,
Of *Saturns* realm, what chance diſturbs your peace?
And to a war ſo dangerous doth perſwade?
Who e're did ſacred *Trojan* fields invade
(Thoſe Ile omit, who under her high wall
Periſh'd by war, or *Simois* drown'd) we all
Scatter'd throughout the world, had puniſhment:
Such as would make *Priam*, himſelf relent,

Enboick

Euboick rocks, and *Pallas* cruel ſtar,
And vengefull *Caphareus* witneſſe are,
We from that war were driven from coaſt to coaſt;
Menelaus was t'*Hercules* pillars toſt:
And *Ithacus*, *Ætnean Cyclops* view'd.
Why ſhould I mention *Pyrrhus* realms ſubdu'de?
Idomeneus, or his Kingdome loſt?
Or *Locrians* dwelling on the Lybick coaſt?
Then the great Generall of the Græcian bands
By his falſe wife was murdred as he lands.
O're *Aſia* now, th'Adulterer doth raign.
The Gods with-ſtand my native ſoyl again,
My houſe, and *Calydon* that I ſhould ſee;
And ſtill moſt dreadful Prodigies follow me.
My friends have wings, and ſoar unto the ſky,
And chang'd to birds 'bout rivers margents flie.
Oh! what ſad troubles my companions found,
Whoſe doleful notes made woods and rocks reſound,
Which ſince that time ſhould have been fear'd by me,
When I inrag'd, aſſail'd a Deitie,
And on fair *Venus* hand did leave a ſcar;
Seek not my aid, not mine in ſuch a war,
Troy's fallen, nor more 'gainſt *Trojans*, will I fight:
Nor to remember ancient woes delight.
Thoſe gifts you me preſent; t'*Æneas* bear;
We oft have fought, and chang'd a dangerous ſpear.
Experience truſt; arm'd how would he advance?
With what a whirlwind would he throw his lance?
If two like him *Idæan* realms had bred,
Priam, th'*Inachian* ſeats had conquered;
And *Greece* of her chang'd fortune had complain'd.
Whatever us at *Troys* ſtrong wals detain'd,
Hector, and he, our victory with-held,
VVhilſt ten long years their lingring periods fil'd;

Both bold, moſt expert both in war; but he,
Was moſt of all prefer'd for Piety.
Make Peace then as you can, but ſtill beware
How you provoke ſuch valiant men to war.
Now beſt of Kings his anſwer you have heard,
What he concerning this great war declar'd.
Scarce theſe were ſaid, when a great mumur roſe
Of votes divided: as when water flows
Delay'd by rocks, and floods impriſon'd rore,
Whilſt thundring waves ſound 'gainſt the neighbouring ſhore.
When all were ſetled, and their noiſe allai'd,
Having the Gods beſought, *Latinus* ſaid.
' won d, and better we had thought of all
Before, rather then now a councel call,
When round about our wals the enemie lies.
'Gainſt men undaunted, ſprung from Deities,
We have ingag'd; whom nothing could debar:
Nor being vanquiſh'd will deſiſt from war.
What hope you had from *Diomed*, lay that by:
For aid, although but ſmall, you muſt relie
Upon your ſelves. You ſee how things now ſtand,
We're loſt your ſtrength is all in your own hand:
I none accuſe, what force we could, we brought;
And with the power of the whole realm 'twas fought.
Now in my doubtfull mind what conncels are
I ſhall unfold, and briefly will declare.
I have ſome ancient forreſt lands, which lie
Nere *Tyber* weſt, bordring on *Sicanie*,
Which the *Aruncians* and *Rutilians* plow;
Their worſt is paſturage, and their beſt the ſowe.
Let all that tract, and high-hils ſtor'd with pine,
The *Trojans* have, and let us leagues conjoyn,
And them aſſociates in our Kingdome call;
There let them dwell, and build their Cities wall.

But

But if ſome other ſhore they'd rather plant,
And leave our coaſt, let's twenty veſſels grant
Built of *Italian* oke, or more provide,
All our materials neer the rivers ſide.
Put firſt let our Commiſſioners be choſe,
Impowr'd with theſe Conceſſions, to ompoſe
A ſeiled Peace, and olive boughs to wear:
And let them Preſents gold and ivory bear;
The nations honour, gown and chair be ſent;
Conſult, and help in this great exigent.
Then the ſame *Drances* next with *Turnus* State,
With ſquinting envie ſpur'd, and bitter hate,
Rich, and moſt eloquent, but cold in war,
Yet in debates a moſt grave Counſellor,
And one t'appeaſe ſedition excellent;
Who from his mother ſprung of high deſcent;
But in obſcurity his fathers name;
He roſe, and with theſe words ſtirs up the flame.
Renowned King, the matter now you ſtate
Is not obſcure, nor needs a long debate;
For all confeſſe to ſee what woes muſt fall
Upon this realm yet dare not ſpeak at all.
Let him free-voting grant and threats forbear,
By whoſe contrivements, and croſſe counſels are
(Ile ſpeak my mind though now he threaten death)
So many valiant Chiefs depriv'd of breath.
And now th'whole City drown'd in ſorrow lies,
Whilſt he provokes the *Trojans*, and then flies,
Out-braving th'aire: unto thoſe gifts, which thou
Intend ſt upon the *Trojans* to allow,
Preſent one more, this one, (Renowned Prince,)
Nor be o recome by any violence:
That thou a ſire, thy daughter ſhouldſt not give
A worthy ſon, that we in Peace might live.

But if our hearts have so much fear possest,
Let's sue to him, and gain by our request
The King his just prerogatives, and law
That we enjoy. Ah! whither wilt thou draw
This wretched people to their ruining,
O thou of *Latinus* woe the source and spring!
In war's no safety: All crave peace from thee
Turnus, and th'only pledge of amitie.
I, whom thou call'st a foe, nor do I care,
Behold! petition first: Thy nation spare;
Worsted, give ore; slaughter too much we have seen,
And our large country hath devasted been.
But if that honour, and thy strength excite,
And if the royal dowre thy soule invite,
Something attempt, to meet the foe provide:
Yes, *Turnus* so may gain the royal bride.
We, poor unburied souls, multitudes lie
About the field, and have no obsequie.
But thou, if thou hast honour, if thou hast
The prowesse which thy ancestors did boast,
Behold who dares thee forth!

Vex'd with these words, a deep groan passage made
From *Turnus* breast, and highly mov'd, he said:
Drances th'hast still full regiments of words,
When war craves deed; Thou first of summon'd Lords
Appear'st; but speeches will not serve these courts:
Which safe thou utter'st, whilst our walls and ports
Keep out the foe, nor trenches flow with blood.
With flashy eloquence then thunder loud,
And charge thou me of flight, when thou dost send
So many *Trojans* to untimely end;
Grac'd with such trophies, now thy valour try,
Nor far off need we seek the enemy.

Behold

Behold, eachwhere about the walls they throng!
Come, charge; why ſtay we thus? Thy fluent tongue,
And flying feet, in thoſe thy martial ſtrength
Hath alwayes been.
Was I repuls'd, baſe man? turn'd I my face?
Will any lay on me ſo high diſgrace?
Who *Tyber* ſaw with *Trojan* blood to ſwell;
How with *Evanders* houſe his whole ſtock fell;
When from the field diſarm'd th' *Arcadians* ran.
Pandar and *Bitias* found me no ſuch man,
When I ſhut in with hoſtile works and wals
To hell did ſend ſo many funerals.
In War no ſafety! Tell the *Trojan* ſo,
And thy own party: Uſe all cunning too
Vain fears to raiſe, and the twice vanquiſh'd race,
Their power extoll, but *Latin* arms diſgrace.
At *Phrygian* forces now *Greek* Princes ſhake;
Now *Diomed* and fierce *Achilles* quake,
From th' *Adriatick*, *Aufidus* retreats,
And when the timorous feins to dread our threats,
On us layes ſcandals by pretended fear:
Nor ſhalt thou loſe that ſoul of thine (forbear
To tremble thus) by this hand; let it reſt
With thee, and dwell within that narrow breaſt.
Now Sir to you, and your command, great Prince;
If in our arms you have no confidence;
If ſo we are deſerted, loſt, oreborn
By one defeat, nor fortune will return:
With unarm'd hands for peace let us intreat.
But oh! were any antient valour yet,
He ſeems to me the happieſt of all,
In that laſt fight, and the moſt noble ſoul,
Who would not live to ſee ſuch things brought forth,
But rather dy'd, and dying bit the earth.

Yet

Yet we have wealth, and yet unbroken bands;
And we have aide through all th *Ausonian* lands:
Nor can the *Trojans* blood-lesse victory boast,
They have their funerals, and as many lost.
Why then at first so poorly lose we ground,
And tremble, ere we hear the trumpet sound?
The various work of time and many days,
Often affairs from worse to better raise,
Fortune reviewing those she hath cast down,
Sporting restores again unto their crown.
Will not *Ætolians* give their aid to us?
Messapus will, and rich *Tolumnius*,
And prime Commanders many more will send;
Nor small fame on *Laurentian* Lords attend,
Camilla of the noble *Volscean* line,
Leads troops of horse who all in armour shine.
If me to fight the *Trojan* doth command,
And I alone the common good withstand;
So far from me victory not took her flight:
I should refuse for such a prize to fight.
Ile meet him, had he great *Achilles* charms,
And let him have like him *Vulcanian* arms.
To you great King this life I I *arme* now
Second to none of my great fathers, vow,
Æneas cals me forth; that he may call
Is my desire nor *Drances* rather thall,
Whether it be the wrath of deities,
Appease by death or glory win the prize.

Whilst these hard questions thus debared were
With differing votes; the *Trojan* Prince drew near,
Which to the Court a speedy messenger brought,
And with strange terror the whole city fraught.
All are distracted, but the vulgar rage,
Whom no small Provocations did ingage.

Arme,

Arme, arme they cry, the youth are mad for Arms,
The old men ſilent mourn; here, there alarms
With factious tumults mix'd aſcend the sky.
As when by chance a flock of ſea-fowl flie
To lofty groves, or when loud ſwans do go
Sounding through murmuring lakes, to pleaſant *Poe*.
On this occaſion, Sirs, then *Turnus* ſayes,
Call counſels: yes, and Peace thus ſtiring praiſe
Whilſt they the town invade. Nor more he ſpoke,
But ſtreight the hall and lofty Courts forſook.
Voluſus draw forth now, thy *Voſcean* force,
And dear *Meſſapus*, let thy *Rutile* horſe,
Joyn'd with thy brothers, march to th'open plain.
Let ſome make good the gates, and towrs maintain.
Thoſe in my conduct forth with me ſhall go.
Straight to the wals the towns whole forces flow.
The king his councell and deſigne forſook,
And vex't with ſtirs, for better times did look,
Blaming himſelf, that he did not declare,
The *Trojan* Prince his ſon, and make his heir.
Some trench the gates; theſe *Palliſado* round;
For war, loud trumpets bloody ſignals ſound.
Women and children to the wals are ſent,
All muſt aſſiſt in this great exigent.
When bearing gifts, the ſad Queen with a train
Of matrons went to *Pallas* lofty fane;
Next her the virgin fair *Lavinia* goes,
Thoſe eyes dejected had procur'd ſuch woes.
The matrons enter, and the quire perfume,
And with ſad voices from high portals come.
Pallas, arm'd virgin, *Patroneſſe* of war,
O break thy ſelf the *Phrygian* Pirats ſpear.
Moſt warlike maid, tumble him to the ground,
And near our gates give him his deadly wound.

Whilſt

Whilst *Turnus* for the battel arms in haſte,
And rough with brazen ſcales, ſtraight on he brac'd
Rutilian arms, and golden cuiſhes tide,
His head unarm'd, a ſword girds to his ſide,
Shining in gold; then quits the lofty towres,
And in his hope the enemy devoures.
So when a horſe flies out in broken reins,
And ſtables left, enjoyes the open plains;
Either through meads he ſeeks a ſtud of mares,
Or to accuſtom'd watering repairs;
Wanton, his head erected, loud he neighs,
His mane upon his neck and ſhoulder plays.
Camilla meets him with her *Volſcean* force,
And bravely in the gates leaps from her horſe.
Then all the ſquadrons imitate the maid;
And quit their ſteeds. Bold *Turnus*, then ſhe ſaid,
If any confidence of the valiant be,
To charge the foe, I dare; and promiſe thee,
Alone the *Tyrrhen* horſmen to defie:
Grant that I firſt may charge the enemy,
Let your force guard the walls. Then *Turnus* ſaid,
Fixing his eye upon the valiant maid,
Bold Virgin, glory of *Auſonia*,
Theſe great obligements how ſhall I repay?
But now, ſince all the danger of the war
Thy ſoul contemns, with me the honour ſhare.
Æneas (as fame tels, and ſcouts inform)
Through th' plains light-horſe hath ſent to give th' alarm,
Whilſt from the rocks and mountains he comes down
With the main body to aſſault the town.
An ambuſh in the woods I have deſign'd,
And in the paſſe, the hedges ſtrongly lin'd:
Meſſapus ſhall, and *Tyburs* march with thee,
And to thy care ſhall the whole conduct be.

Meſ-

Meſſapus and the other Leaders, ſo
Encouraged, they march againſt the fo.
There is a winding vale, for feats of war
And ambuſh fit; the dark ſides ſheltred are
With a thick wood, where leads a narrow path
Through a ſtrait paſſe, and dangerous entrance hath.
Above the valley, in the mountains heights,
Lay unfrequented plains, and ſafe retreats;
If on the right, or left thou wouldſt come on,
Or guard the top, and huge ſtones tumble down.

Mean while *Diana* from ſuperior ſeats
Swift *Opis* cals, one of her virgin mates
And ſacred train; and thus her grief declares.
The maid *Camilla* goes to cruel wars,
And with our arms ſhe girds her ſelf in vain;
More dear to us then any of our train;
Nor new acquaintance takes me with her love,
Which doth the mind with ſudden ſweetneſſe move.
Metabus drove from's realm by force and hate;
When he *Privernus* left, his antient ſeat,
Scaping through fierce alarms of cruel war,
With him the infant did companion bear;
And from her mothers name, the change but ſmall,
Caſmilla, did the child *Camilla* call;
Her in his lap; he ſeeks the higheſt parts
Of deſert woods, oppreſt with cruel darts
Which from each ſide came from the *Volſcian* ranks.
When *Amaſenus* had oreflown his banks,
And with a huge ſhowre ſwelling hindred him,
He careful of his charge, prepar'd to ſwim;
Delaid with her dear love, all means revolves,
And ſuddenly at laſt on this reſolves.

The

The warriour then in his ſtrong hand did beare
Of ſolid oke a huge and knotty ſpeare:
His daughter ſwadling up in cork-tree rinds,
Faſt to the middle of his lance he binds;
Then poiſing it in's large hand, thus he praid:
Great Queen of forreſts, bleſt *Latonian* maid,
To thee the father doth this handmaid vow,
Bearing thy arms through skies; a ſuppliant now
To ſcape the foe. *Goddeſſe*, receive thy own,
Which to th'inconſtant winds is left alone.
Thus having ſaid, with mighty ſtrength he flung
The ſounding ſpear, the ſwelling billows rung;
And poor *Camilla* the wing'd javelin bore
Ore the ſwift ſtream ſafe to the other ſhore.
But *Metabus*, as th'enemy drew neer,
Swam ore the river, pulling with the ſpear
The maid *Diana's* Votreſſe from the ſhore.
Nor dwelt he in wall'd towns or cities more,
Diſpleas'd with vulgar rage and popular ſtrife;
But in high mountains led a ſhepherds life,
Where in dark caves and groves the child he fed,
And with the milk of wild mares foſtered,
Draining betwixt her prety lips the teat.
When ſhe her tender feet to ground could ſet,
He loads her hand with a ſharp ſpear, and tide
A bow and quiver to the virgins ſide;
For golden hair, for a long courtly gown,
A Tygers ſpoils hung flowing from her crown.
From her ſoft hand now childiſh darts ſhe flings,
And skilful round her head whirls ſmooth-thong'd ſlings;
Kils a fair Swan, or a *Strymonian* Crane.
Her many *Tyrrhen* matrons wiſh'd in vain
For their own ſons: but to *Diana* ſhe
For ever vow'd unſtain'd virginitie,

And

And the eternal love of arms did ſwear.
Would ſhe had not engag'd in ſuch a war,
Nor with the *Trojans* ſtrove, who dear to me
The number fils of my chaſt companie.
Put now ſince ſhe draws nigh a cruel end;
Glide from high heaven, and to *Auſonia* bend,
Where a ſad fight begins, with ſigns of woe.
Take thou this vengeful arrow and this bow:
Who ever with a wound ſhall violate
Her ſacred perſon, give with this his fate;
Let him be *Trojan*, or *Italian*, he
In blood ſhall be accountable to me.
Her corps unſpoil'd, wrapt in a cloud Ile bear,
And with her royal anceſtors interre.
This ſaid, through skies ſwift *Opis* thundred loud,
Borne with a whirlwind in a dusky cloud.

Mean while to th' wals drew nigh the *Trojan* force,
Hetrurian Chiefs and all the troops of horſe
In order were drawn up: through all the plains
Proud horſes neigh, and ſtrive with curbing reins;
Here, there they turn, dreadful are th'iron fields
With ſpears, the champaign ſhines with glittering ſhields:
Meſſapus, *Coras*, and his brother brings
Swift *Latines*, and the maid *Camilla's* wings
Appear againſt them, and far off the bands
Shake their proud javelins, raiſing high their hands
With threatning points: th'advance of men at arms
And neighing ſteeds, make dreadful the alarms.
And now march'd up in diſtance of their lance
They make a ſtand; then with a ſtout advance
Spurring their ſteeds, at once from all ſides powre
Darts thick as hail, heaven darkned with the ſhowre.

And

And now *Tyrrhenus* and *Acoetes* first,
Each other charg'd, and their huge javelins burst
With a loud crack; full breast to breast they met;
As lightning bold *Acoetes* fell from's seat,
Or stone which from some thundring engine flies,
And leaves his life behind him in the skies.
The bands are broke, and flying *Latins* cast
Their shields behind them, and to th'City hast.
Trojans pursue, *Asylas* follows hot,
And now draw nigh the gates, the *Latins* shout,
And turn their ready horse: then through the Plains
The *Trojans* flie and slack their curbing reins.

As when the sea mov'd with alternate tydes,
Hasts to the shore; o're rocks now proudly rides
A foming wave, a swelling billow beats
'Gainst highest bancks, then swift again retreats,
Loose stones with him in much disorder sweeps,
And shores forsaking, sinks into the deeps.

Twice *Tuscans* drive the *Rutiles* from the fields,
And twice they save their flying backs with shields.
But the third time they charg'd with all their might,
Break through and through, and man to man they fight.
Then dying grones, then in a crimson sea,
Helms, Shields, and slaughter'd men commixed be,
And over all were half dead horses towl'd:
And a most cruell fight you might behold.

Orsylocus cast at *Remulus* horse a spear,
(Who durst not meet) and fix'd beneath his ear.
The horse then rag'd, vex't with the grievous wound,
And rising, cast his rider to the ground.
Great sould *Iola*, *Catillus* orethrew,
And huge in arms and size, *Herminius* slew.
His head and shoulders naked, golden hair
He wore for arms, nor so did danger fear:

Through his broad ſhoulders the ſwift javelin flew,
And in his body did it ſelf imbrue.
The fields wax red; ſuch funerals they bequeath,
Seeking by wounds an honourable death:
But midſt theſe ſlaughters th' *Amazon* delights
Quiver'd *Camilla*, one breaſt ſear'd for fights.
Now thick ſhe javelins caſts; and now ſhe takes
In her ſtrong hand a mighty battel axe.
Her golden bow *Dianas* armes reſound,
Hanging behind; if flying ſhe gave ground
At any time; as much ſhe gal'd the foe,
With deadly ſhafts from her reverſed bow.
Larina, *Tulla*, and *Tarpeia*, were
Her choſen guard, who brazen axes bear,
Italian maids; the bold *Camilla* theſe
Choſe to attend on her, in war or peace.
So arm'd, the *Thracian Amazons* come on
Warring about the ſtreams of *Thermidon*;
Such guard *Hyppolyte*, or with martial pride
About *Penthiſilea's* chariot ride;
Then female ſhouts reſound through all the fields,
And virgin troups triumph with creſcent ſhields.
Whom firſt or laſt didſt thou orethrow bold maid?
How many in the earth by thee lay dead?
Eumenius, *Clytius* off-ſpring firſt ſhe ſlew,
And his bare boſome with a ſpear thruſt through;
Caſting a ſtream of blood, the purple ground
Dying he bites, and turns upon his wound.
Then *Lyris*, *Pegaſus* one, his horſe being ſlain;
As ſtooping down to recollect his reine;
Th'other, whilſt he ſtretch'd his hand to aid,
Tumbles with him, ſlain by the valiant maid.
Amaſtrus next, was by her lance orethrown;
Tereas, *Harpalicus*, *Chromis*, *Demophon*.

As many javelins as the Virgin threw,
So many valiant *Phrygians* she slew.
Ornitus in strange arms far of she spide,
The hunter rode on an *Apulian* Steed,
O're his huge shoulders a bull-hide was cast,
And gaping with huge jaws upon his creſt
With silver teeth, a Wolfs head he did bear,
His hand was arm'd with a rough knotty spear.
Amidst the battell he a squadron lead,
And wheeling taller shews by all the head.
Him (and 'twas easie whilst he turn'd) she laid
Dead on the ground, and like a foe thus said.
Thought'st thou in woods wild beasts thou didst pursue?
The time draws nigh when female arms shall you
Better inform: and this great honour bear
Thy Fathers ghost, thou felst, b'a Virgins speare.
Orsilochus and *Butes* men of might,
Next fell by her; strong *Butes* she did smite
Betwixt his Cask and Maile through the neck bone,
Whilst his left hand hung with his Target downe.
Orsilochus did with a large turne delude,
Then wheeling the perfewer she prued,
Raising her selfe high with her mighty Ax,
His Cask and Scull whilst he for quarter speaks,
She cleaves at once his braines on's face did run.
Struck at this sight was *Aunus* valiant son,
In *Apenine* bred who whilst the fates gave leave,
Was not the worst *Lygurian* to deceive;
He, when to shun the fight no way was seen
Not knowing how t'escape the following Queen,
Tride what his art could do, and thus began.
What fame is't that a woman charge a man,
And worst him better mounted? darst thou fight
With me on foot? if so, then quickly light,

And

And know to whom vain glory grants the fame.
Straight the bold maid whom anger did inflame,
Gives to the next her horſe, and in the field,
Stands with a naked ſword and ſilver ſhield.
But the young man thinking his Plot had took,
Swift as the winds the place and her forſook.
And his reins turning, his ſwift courſer rides,
Dying his rowels in his bloody ſides.
Then ſpoke the Queen, puft up with pride in vain,
Conceiv'ſt thou thus to 'ſcape from me again?
Tricks ſhall not thee to thy falſe father bear;
This ſaid, on foot ſhe cuts the yielding aire,
Out-ſtrips his horſe, and ſtraight his reins did ſeiſe,
Then with his blood her anger did appeaſe;
As eaſie from a rock a Falcon flies,
After a dove, ſoaring in lofty skies;
And truſſing up, doth in his pounces bear,
Then blood and plumes fall ſcatter'd through the air.
Whilſt the great ſire of men and deities
Regardleſſe view'd not this from ſtarry skies,
But ſtirs up *Tyrrhen*, *Tarchon* to ingage
In cruell fight, and urg'd with no ſmall rage,
'Mongſt ſlaughter he, and ſlaughtring ſquadrons rides,
And by their names, his ſouldiers cheers and chides;
And thoſe which ſhrunck, to turn again commands.
And ſaid, whence is this fear, baſe *Tyrrhen* bands?
What breeds this terror? ſhall a woman beat
Our ſtragling troups, and our whole power defeat?
For what theſe arms? why march you with vain ſpears?
You'r bold at *Venus*, and nocturnall wars,
Or when for *Bacchus* ſports, loud cornets ſound,
Or boards with banquets, and full goblins crown'd.
Th'is all your care, and when the Prieſt approves
Entrals and offrings call to ſacred groves.

This said, amongst the thickest he spurs his horse;
And from his Steed puls *Venulus* by force,
And desperate raging, grasping of the foe
Carries away, laid on his Saddle bow.
Showrs heaven a scend, the fact the *Latins* view,
But through the plaines the fiery *Tarchon* flew,
Bearing both armes, and man, his javelins point
Breaks of then in his armes he seeks a joynt,
To give the deadly wound; he strong, his hands (stands.
Keeps from his throat, and strength with strength with-
So with a Serpent a swift eagle flies,
Wreathd in her feet, and tallons through the skies,
The wounded Snake winding himself defends,
Brisling his scales, a hissing tongue extends,
She with her beake and pounces rears, and eats,
And the soft Ayre with spread ing pinions beats:
Triumphing so bold *Tarchon* did convey,
From the *Tyburtine* troupes the wofull prey,
Their chiefs example and successe inharg'd,
The *Tuscane* courage that againe they charg'd,
When subtil *Arun's* one condemnd by fate
Did with much cunning on *Camilla* waight:
And to dispatch her, safest meanes he tride.
Where ere the Virgin through the troupes did ride,
Thether by stealth his speedie course he makes,
Now this way he attempts now that way takes;
And round about her searcheth every where,
Then cruell shakes at her his deadly Speare.
Chlorens Cybeles priest did then by chance,
Shining far of in *Phrygian* armes advance,
And rid a foming Steed, whom skins infold
Plume wise commixd, with brazen Scales and gold,
In *Tyrian* purple bravely he did shew,
And *Cretan* shafts sent from a *Lycian* bow,

Which

Which golden hung at's back; golden his creſt,
His ſwolne traine ruſtled, and his Scarlet Veſt
With burniſh'd gold drawn in a knot he ties:
His Coate was wrought, rich cuiſhes on his thighes,
The Queen that ſhe the Temple might adorne
With *Trojan* Armes, or would her ſelfe have worne
The golden ſpoyle, this man of all the foes
She ſingles out, t'incounter him ſhe goes,
And careleſſe through whole ſquadrons made her way,
Inflam'd with female love, ſpoyle, and prey.
Taking th occaſion *Arunx* threw his ſpeare,
And to the powers above thus made his Prayer.
Phebus who ſwayſt *Soracte*, beſt of Gods,
Whom firſt we adore: to whom we burn whole loads
Of ſcorching pines, and then paſſe through the fire
With much devotion: grant almighty Sire,
That our Armes may aboliſh this diſgrace;
Nor I deſire the Virgins ſpoyles to place
A Trophy, nor at any prey I ayme;
My other actions ſhall preſerve my name,
That I may give this Plague her deadly wound,
Then pleas'd I will return home unrenown'd.
Apollo heard, and partly grants his prayer,
The other part flyes with the fleeting ayre,
He grants by him *Camilla* ſhould be ſlaine
But not to ſee his native Land againe,
That the ſwift winds did carry from his eare;
Then through the clowds reſounds the flying ſpeare,
The ſquadrons look about, and all begin
To caſt their eyes upon the *Volſcean* Queene;
But ſhe did nothing the great ſound regard,
Nor coming through the skie the Lance ſhe heard,
Till in her naked breaſt the Javlin ſtood,
And thirſtie takes a draught of Virgins blood.

Trembling with feare her Ladies all rush in
To keepe supported up the falling Queene.
But *Aruns* frighted, did not now forbeare
Basely to fly, his joy commixd with feare,
Nor longer now would trust unto his Lance,
Nor durst against the Virgins speare advance.
And as a Woolf, when he some shepheard kils,
Or mighty steere, flyes to the lofty hils
Before that hostile weapons him distresse,
And conscious of so bold a wickednesse,
Cowring. betwixt his legs his tayle he casts,
And struck with terrour to the Forrest hasts.
So from their eyes affrighted *Aruns* bends,
Hasting his flight and mingles with his friends.
To pull the Javlin out she dying tryde,
But fast the steele sticks in her wounded side.
Pale, she sincks down and cold death seales her eyes,
And from her cheeks her rosie colour flies,
Breathing her last: to *Acca* then she spake,
One most she love'd, who alwayes did partake
Her cares, and councels, the most trustie maid
Attended her; and thus she groaning, said.
Sister, I once had strength, but now I fall,
By a sad wound, and darknesse covers all;
To *Turnus* hast and these my last words tell,
That he fall on, the *Trojans* to repell,
Adieu. This said, no more her reines she guides,
And though unwilling, to the ground she slides;
Then by degrees benum'd with cold she dies,
Her yeelding neck now bends, her head now lies
Prisoner to death, leaving her arms diseas'd,
And life to shades flies with a groane displeas'd.
The golden stars then mighty clammors smite,
Camilla slaine, afresh begins the fight,

And

And a hot charge with all the *Trojan* force,
The *Tyrrhen* Captains, and th' *Arcadian* horse,
But *Opis* sent by *Trivia*, undismaid,
Plac'd on a rising hill the fight survaid,
'Mongst cries of raging youth as far of she
Camilla punish'd by sad death did see;
She sigh'd and weeping said; 'ah Virgin such
A punishment for thee, was too too much.
Because thou *Trojans* boldly hast assaild;
Nor hath *Diana's* service thee avail'd,
Or quiver at thy shoulders to have borne:
Nor will thy Queene forsake thee this a scorne
In death, nor shalt thou without honour die,
Nor unreveng'd, through earth thy fame shall flye,
For who slew thee redelerv'd death shall come.
Under the hill did stand a mighty Tombe,
For th'ancient *Latine* King *Dercennus* made,
Which high with earth an aged Oke did shade;
Hither the beauteous Goddesse swiftly flies;
And *Aruns* from the Sepulchre espies.
As him in bright armes swoln with pride she saw,
Why said she dost thou shun us? hither draw,
Come, and *Camilla's* Legacie receive:
Diana's shafts shall thee of life bereave;
The *Thracian* from her golden quiver drew
An Arrow, and inraged bends her bow,
And so much strength to draw the tree she set,
Untill the crooked ends together met.
To th'iron head her left hand she did bring,
Her right unto her bosome brought the string;
Aruns at once did heare the aire resound,
And in his breast the feather'd weapon found.
He, now expiring, as he groaning sends
His last breath forth, neglected by his friends

In dust of forraign fields forsaken lies;
And winged *Opis* mounts unto the skies.
Their Lady slain, *Camilla's* troops first fled,
Rutilians next, *Atinas* followed;
The officers desert their souldiers, all
Now fly, and swift ran to the cities wall.
Nor any could the *Trojans* charge withstand,
By arms or strength deem bearing in their hand.
Their bowes unbent hung at their weary backs,
And iron-hoof'd steeds the ground beneath them shakes.
Then black and troubled clouds of dust appear,
Darkning the sun, and to the walls drew near.
Beating their breasts, the matrons female cries
Send from the towres, and clamours raise to skies;
Who first through open gates did entrance make,
In, the foes troup with them commixed, brake:
Nor could the wretches woful death avoid,
But are at home just at their dores destroid,
And under their own battlements their fates
Receive by steel; when others shut the gates,
And durst not open to receive within
Their calling friends: sad slaughters now begin
Of those the passe kept, and maintain'd the fight.
Some shut out, in their weeping parents sight,
Into the trench are tumbled headlong down;
Others with loose reins desperately ride on,
And tilt against the gates and massie bars.
The matrons, in such danger of the wars,
Mov'd with *Camilla*, and their countries love,
Logs, blocks and stones do tumble from above,
And these in stead of better weapons use,
To save their country death they not refuse.
Turnus mean while sad news heard in the groves,
And him with mighty sorrow *Acca* moves.

Volsceans

Volscans were scattered, and *Camilla* slain,
Favour'd by *Mars*, they did the battell gain,
Who now pursue and drove them to the gates;
For so had *Jove* decreed and cruell fates.
He from the hils then rose, with fury struck,
And the rough groves, and dangerous passe forsook.
Scarce out of sight into the Plains he drew,
But Prince *Æneas* marching he might view
Down to the open Champaign, and at last
The danger of the hill and forrest past.
So both now march'd unto the Royal seat,
Nor was the distance 'twixt the armies great.
At once from far *Æneas* view'd the lands
Smoking with dust, and the *Laurentian* bands;
And *Turnus* fierce in arms, *Æneas* saw,
Heard his horse neigh, and squadrons neerer draw.
Straight they in fight had joyn'd, and battell gave,
Had not bright *Phœbus* in the Western wave
Wash'd his tir'd Steeds, night vanquishing the day;
Intrench'd before the town both Armies lay.

THE

THE TWELFTH BOOK OF VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

The Argument.

Turnus *resolv'd by fight to end the wars,*
Straight challengeth Æneas; *he prepares*
To meet. The Time and Place appointed, both
To observe articles, take a solemn Oath.
Iuturna *sent th'agreement to disturbe.*
Nor could the Trojan *Prince his Army curbe.*
Æneas *hurt:* Turnus *incourag'd, then*
Enters the fight, and slaughters many men.
Venus *her off-spring cures. Inrag'd he goes*
To seek bold Turnus, *amongst thickest foes;*
But missing him, attempts the Town to gain;
Amata's *wofull death and* Turnus *stain.*

WHen *Turnus* saw the valiant *Latins* tir'd
With bad successe, his promise now requir'd,
Himself now look'd upon, he rages more,
And courage takes. As on the *Lybian* shore,
A wounded Lyon by the Hunters chac'd,
Bold makes a stand, and chargeth them at last.

Breaking

Breaking the ſpear, he ſhakes his curled main,
And roaring, doth with bloody mouth complain.
Such rage as this inflames bold *Turnus* breaſt,
Who thus to th'King his troubled mind expreſt.
There ſhall be no delay in *Turnus* ſword;
Will the perfidious *Trojans* keep their word,
And ſtand to their ingagement? I will fight;
Perform great King for leagues the ſacred rite.
Either this Aſian fugitive by me
Shall periſh, (let the *Latins* ſit and ſee)
And I this common miſchief ſhall deſtroy,
Or he victorious over me, injoy
The fair *Lavinia* for his Royall bride.
To whom the King undiſcompoſ'd repli'de.
Moſt valiant Prince; the more thy vertues be,
So much more carefull it behoveth me
Councel to take, and weigh each chance with care.
Thine *Daunus* realms, and many cities are
By wars ſucceſſe and thy great valour thine;
By Wealth and power I have enough for mine.
In *Latium* other Virgins may be found,
Who for their high extraction are renown'd.
Let me unfold theſe ſayings which are hard,
Without formalities, and my words regard;
That I to no *Italian* Prince ſhould wed
My daughter, men and gods all propheſ'ed.
Took with thy love, with thy alliance took,
And with my ſad wives tears, all bonds I broke,
The promiſ'd bride detain'd, took impious arms;
Since you have ſeen what miſeries, wars, what harms
Inſu'd, and thy own danger; we orethrown
In two great battels, ſcarce defend the town;
And ſwolne with *Latin* blood, yet *Tyber* boyls,
Our bones make white the fields in mighty piles.

How

How is our mind with various counsels toſt?
What weakneſſe changeth it? were *Turnus* loſt,
I ſhould make peace; why rather then all ſtrife
Remove not I, and yet preſerve thy life?
What will thy own *Rutilians* think? what may
The other Princes of *Auſonia* ſay?
If (heaven forbid it) I ſhould ruine thee,
Seeking our daughter and affinitie,
View wars events, and thy old father ſpare,
Who now at home for thee lies plung'd in care,
But words could nothing *Turnus* wrath aſſwage,
The medicine makes him worſe, and more to rage.
Soon as he could, thus he began to ſay.
What care you take for me, great Prince; I pray
For me lay by: life is ſold cheap for fame,
Nor we dear father feeble javelins aim.
And from thoſe wounds I deal blood will appear.
Nor ſhall his goddeſſe mother then be near,
Him flying with a feemall cloud to ſave,
Nor with vain ſhadows ſhall our eyes deceive.
But the Queen weeping, with wars chance diſmai'd,
Orewhelmed with grief, thus did her ſon diſſwade,
Dear *Turnus* by theſe teares, if any love
Of ſad *Amata* thy kind boſome move,
(Thou my ſole comfort, and my ages prop,
Who art our glory, and our Kingdoms hope,
On whom our falling houſe doth only reſt)
O challenge not the *Dardan* I requeſt.
Whatever chance attends thee in that fight,
I muſt bear part, and ſhall this hated light
Forſake at once, nor captive will I ſee
That fugitive my ſon in law to be.
Lavinia heard her mothers ſpeech; whilſt teare
Drown'd her fair cheeks, on which a bluſh appeares

Like

Like new born flame, and o're clear beauty flowes;
So *Indian*-ivory ſtain'd with crimſon ſhews,
Or lilies amongſt *Province*-roſes plac'd:
So ſweet a colour the bright virgin grac'd,
When mov'd with love *Turnus* beheld the maid,
And more incenſ'd, thus to *Amata* ſaid.
My deareſt mother, follow not with teares
So ſad an omen, him, who now prepares
For ſtrife of cruell *Mars*: the fatall houre
Of death to ſtay is not in *Turnus* power.
Idmon our Herald, go, this meſſage bear
Not pleaſing to the *Phrygian* Princes eare.
Soon as the bluſhing chariot of the morn,
With roſes ſhall days infant brows adorn,
Let him not draw his *Trojans* to the field,
Let both the armies to ceſſation yield.
With our own blood this war we ſhall decide,
There let him ſtrive to gain the royall bride.
This ſaid, he went to ſee his horſe; their plight,
And fiery mettall gave him much delight,
Which, *Orythia* gave *Pilumnus*, who exceed
The ſnow in whiteneſſe, and the wind in ſpeed,
The grooms attend; they clap their necks, and rein
Their well born heads and combe the flowing main.
Next on he tride a ſute of armour, which
Was bright with gold, with *Orycalcus* rich:
Then puts his ſword on, and his target brac'd,
And fits his creſt with bloody feathers grac'd.
Vulcan the ſword for's father *Daunus* made,
And hot in *Stygian* waters cool'd the blade.
Then to a ſtately hall he did advance,
Where 'gainſt a pillar ſtood a mighty lance,
Aruncian Actors ſpoyle: this down he took,
And ſpeaking thus, with mighty violence ſhook.

O never failing when I made my prayer,
The time draws nigh, thou once wert *Actors* ſpear,
And now art mine: O grant I may orethrow
Th'effeminate *Phrygian*, and this hand the foe
Diſpoyl of armes with duſt his treſſes foyl
Curl'd with hot irons, and moiſt with myrrhe and oyl.
Thus mov'd with rage, through all his face did riſe
Sparkles of flame, fire ſhines in his bright eyes.
As when a bull roars dreadfully for fight,
And doth his fury with his hornes excite;
Charging a tree, out-braves the winde with blows,
And ſand *præludium* to the combate ſtrows.
Then rag'd *Æneas* in *Vulcanian* arms,
And whets his wrath, preparing for alarms,
Glad thus to end the war; his ſon and friends
To comfort them, he ſhews what fate intends.
Then he commands ſome to the King ſhould bear
Th'accepted challenge, and ſhould peace declare.
Scarce had the morning crown'd with golden rayes
The hils, when *Phœbus* ſteeds forſook the ſeas,
And from their fiery noſtrils blew the light:
When neer the city wall, liſts for the fight,
Trojans and *Rutiles* meaſuring did prepare.
Hearths in the midſt, and flowry altars were
To common gods. Some water, fire, deſign'd,
With linnen vail'd, *Vervaine* their brows did bind.
Auſonian ſquadrons, and the piled troop,
March from the town, and *Trojans* all drew up,
And *Tyrrhen* ſquadrons haſt with various arms,
Standing imbattel'd, ready for alarms.
Amidſt the chiefs in ſcarlet ſhine and gold,
Aſſaracus off-ſpring, *Mneſtheus*, and the bold;
Aſylas, with *Meſſapus* next took place;
Meſſapus bravely mounted *Neptunes* race,

The

The ſignals heard; all cleer th'appointed fields,
On earth they fix their ſpears, and reſt their ſhields.
Feeble old men, and fearful women haſte
With the unarmed vulgar, where, well plac'd
The fight they might behold; on towres ſome get,
Or houſes tops, on battlements theſe ſit.
But *Juno* looking from a hill, whoſe name
Is *Alban* now, (then without ſtile or fame)
Did the whole army of the *Latines* view,
The *Trojans*, and the royal city too.
When thus the goddeſſe to a goddeſſe ſaid,
Who *Turnus* ſiſter was, whom floods obey'd;
Which gift *Jove* gave, king of the ſtarry sky,
In recompence of her virginity.
Nymph, glory of the floods, whom moſt I love
Of all thoſe *Latine* dames aſpir'd to *Jove*
's Ungrateful bed, and plac'd in heaven with me.
Leſt us thou blame, thy ſad condition ſee.
Whilſt fortune pleas'd, and fate to *Latium* gave
Succeſſe, I *Turnus* and thy walls did ſave.
Now cruel fates attend the youth, and I
Behold his day, and woful chance draw nigh;
Nor I this peace, nor combatants will view:
If ought thou dar'ſt, now for a brother do;
Perhaps ſome better fortune may ariſe.
Scarce ſaid, when tears poure from *Juturna's* eyes,
Beating her ſnowy breaſt. Then *Juno* ſaid,
This is no time to weep; thy brother aid,
And ſave, if now thou canſt; raiſe war again,
And break the peace. I'le the bold act maintain.
Adviſing thus, ſhe left her much diſtreſt,
And deep the wounding ſorrow pierc'd her breaſt.
Mean while both Kings draw forth in ſolemn ſtate,
Latinus in a gallant chariot ſate,

Twelve

Twelve golden rayes impaid his shining browes,
Declaring *Sol* his grandfire; *Turnus* goes
With white steeds drawn, and shakes two mighty spears.
Æneas, Rome's original, appears
Bright in celestral arms: with him did come
Ascanius the next great hope of *Rome*.
The priest in white did fleecie sheep designe,
And the fat ofspring of the brisled swine,
And cattel to the flaming altars brought:
They to the rising sun, their hands well fraught
With salt fruit, turn their eyes; beasts for divine
Uses they take, and on their foreheads signe;
And with full bowls and offerings th'altars lade.
Then with a drawn sword Prince *Æneas* prayd.
Witnesse O sun, this Earth confirm the fame,
For which I through so many troubles came.
Great *Jove*, and *Juno*, who will now declare
For us I crave; and thou great God of war
Who still in dreadful battels governst all.
The sacred springs and fountains, you I call,
And mighty powers which in high heaven reside,
And gods which on the azure billows glide;
If *Turnus* fortune shall the victory get,
We shall return to King *Evanders* seat,
Nor my *Ascanius*, nor the *Trojan* bands
Bear arms against you, nor invade these lands:
But if my valour to me conquest give,
(Which may the Gods confirm, and I believe!)
Latines shall not the *Trojan* power obey,
I seek not rule, together they shall sway
With equal lawes, and leagues eternal make;
I'le joyn our gods, and let *Latinus* take
The power himself: for me the *Trojans* shall
A city build, which I le *Lavinium* call.

Æneas

Æneas ſaid, then thus *Latinus* prayes,
And looking up, to heaven his hands did raiſe;
By the ſame earth, and ſea, and ſtars I vow,
The ſun, and moon, and *Janus* double brow,
And deepeſt gates of hell: Great *Jove*, hear theſe,
Who with thy thunder doſt eſtabliſh peace.
Altars and fires I touch, and powers invoke,
Never by us ſhall this our league be broke;
Whatever chance do fall, no day ſhall tell
That I was drawn to break one article.
Firſt ſhall the earth be with a deluge drown'd;
Or heaven ſhall ſink into the *Stygian* ſound:
And as this ſcepter *(he a ſcepter bore)*
Never ſhall ſprout with verdant branches more;
Which long cut down, no ſap from earth receives,
And hath to th' axe bequeath'd both boughs and leaves:
Which once a tree, now gold and art adorn,
And is by princes of the *Latines* born.
Thus they confirm the leagues in open view
Of all the chiefs, and ſacred cattel ſlew.
Then from the beaſts alive hot entrails pull,
And ſoad the altars with huge chargers full.
But to the *Rutiles* now the fight appears
Unequal, who are mov'd with various fears;
And more when they him not ſo cheerfull ſaw,
With heavy pace neer to the altar draw,
And caſt down looks, who whilſt heavens aid he ſeeks
Had loſt the manly colour in his cheeks.
This obſervation as *Juturna* view'd
To ſpread, and ſeiſe the giddy multitude,
Camerta's form ſhe takes, whoſe grandſire won
And fathers valour, honour for the ſon;
And he himſelf moſt valiant; in ſhe goes
Amidſt the bands, and thus ſtrange rumour ſowes:

For all these forces, is it not a shame
One man t'expose? what, have we not the same
Number and strength? Behold, before us stand
Trojans, *Arcadians*, and the fatal band
Those fierce *Hetrurians*, who hate *Turnus* so:
We're two for one; if we should charge the foe.
He rais'd by fame, shall with the gods survive;
T'whom he's devoted, and for ever live.
Our countrey lost, we must proud lords obey,
Who now sit still, and help to him deny.
Thus being incens'd, the murmur louder grew,
And more and more now through the army flew.
Latines, *Laurentians*, who did late suppose
An end of war, and rest from former woes,
Are all for arms, the peace they much detest,
And *Turnus* fortune doth their minds molest.
To these another did *Juturna* joyn,
Which mov'd far more; from heaven she gave a signe,
Then which could nothing more their souls inrage,
Or sooner make th'*Italians* to ingage.
For *Joves* fair bird, cutting the arched skies,
As at a loud-wing'd troop of fowl he flies;
Then stooping down, he from the water bears
A silver swan, trust in his hooked fears.
Th'*Italians*, courage raise; for the whole flight
With loud cries face about, (a wondrous sight)
They cloud the heaven with wings, and through the sky
In a full body charge the enemy;
Vanquish'd by force, tyr'd with his load, he threw
His prey i'th' stream, and to the clouds withdrew.
The omen then, *Rutilians* did salute,
And arms prepared with a mighty shout.
And first the Augur bold *Tolumnius* said,
For this with vowes so often I have praid.

You

You gods, I take your ſigne; and led by me
Now draw your ſwords out, valiant *Rutilie*.
Thoſe whom this ſtranger did with war infeſt,
(As harmleſſe fowl) and hath their realms oppreſt,
Shall drive him hence, and force him to the main,
Then with one mind array your ſelves again,
And ſave your King in danger to be loſt.
This ſaid, his ſpear againſt the foe he caſt,
The well-aim'd javelin ſounding cuts the skies;
At once, huge ſhouts, at once the ſquadrons riſe,
Deſire of tumult now inflames their blood.
But the ſent ſpear, where nine bold brethren ſtood,
Which by a *Tyrrhen* dame true to his bed
Were to *Gilipus* an *Arcadian* bred,
One in the midſt where his rich belt did ſit,
Cloſe to his ſide juſt where the button knit,
As the brave youth in ſhining arms did ſtand,
Went through his ribs, and ſtretch'd him on the ſand.
But the bold brothers in a body make,
And ſtir'd with rage, ſome draw their ſwords, ſome take
Their ſpears in haſte, and mad, advance; a band
Of *Laurentines* draw forth theſe to withſtand.
Trojans, *Arcadians*, *Agelinians* move,
To try it out with ſteel they all approve.
Altars are ſpoil'd, and ſtorms of javelins poure,
And from the sky deſcends an iron ſhoure.
They ſeize the cups and hearths; *Latinus* flies,
The peace being broke with injur'd deities.
Some mount their horſes, others ſtraight prepare
Their chariots, and with drawn ſwords ready are.
Meſſapus at this peace much diſcontent,
Did charge a King in royal ornament,
Tyrrhen Auleſtes: who, as he withdrew
Backward, himſelf on th'alter overthrew,

On's head and ſhoulder pitch'd; but with his lance
Meſſapus fiercely did to him advance;
And whilſt he quarter cry'd, with his huge ſpeare
Slew as he ſate above; then ſaid, Lie there,
To the great gods a better ſacrifice,
Th' *Italians* ruſh, and ſpoile him ere he dies.
Chorineus from the altar ſnatcht a brand,
With which, *Ebuſus* charging boldly, gain'd
A blow on's face, that ſet his beard on fire,
Which burning ſmelt: he, as he did retire,
With his left hand perſuing of his blow,
Did ſeize the hair of his amazed foe;
And wraſtling with him, brought him to the ground,
Then with his ſtiffe ſword gave the deadly wound.
Podalirius, the ſhepherd *Alſus* ſlew,
As 'fore the ſquadrons and firſt ranks he flew,
And following with a drawn ſword, overtakes;
But his deaths wound bequeath'd him with an axe.
The mighty blow clove to the chin his head,
And all his arms with blood beſprinkeled:
A hard and iron ſleep cloſeth his ſight,
And ſeal'd his eyes up in eternal night.

But prince *Æneas* naked hands extends,
His head yet bare, and calls aloud his friends;
Where ruſh you thus? what ſudden rage is this?
O ſtay your wrath! the peace concluded is,
All are agreed; tis I muſt end this war:
Let me then fight and lay aſide your fear;
A laſting peace I with this hand ſhall bind,
Theſe offerings me, and *Turnus* have deſign'd.

Whilſt theſe he ſaid, behold with mighty ſound
A winged arrow gave the King a wound.
By what hand ſhot, or whirlwind ſent, unknown,
What god or chance did *Rutils* ſo renown,

But *Turnus*, when he saw *Æneas* turn,
His Captains troubled, straight with hope did burn;
Calls for his steeds, then arms, and from the plains
Leaps in his chariot, and strait takes his reins,
And many valiant souldier overthrowes,
And ore them dying with his horses goes;
Or with his chariot wheels whole squadrons tears,
And at them flying casts their taken spears.
So near cold *Hebrus* bloody *Mars* proceeds,
Whilst his shield rattles, to his fiery steeds
Giving the reins, then winds they fly more fleet,
And farthest *Thrace* grones with their thundering feet:
With him pale fear, and cruel anger rode,
And treachery accompanies the god.
Fierce *Turnus* so, his horse drives through the plain,
Smoking with sweat, insulting ore the slain:
From their swift heels a sanguine dew he spreads,
And sand with streams of blood commixed, treads;
And now he *Sthenelus*, *Thamaris*, *Polus* slew;
These hand to hand, him afar off orethrew.
Glaucus and *Lades*, both in *Lycia* born,
Whom *Imbrasus* their father did adorn
With arms of equal proof, either to fight,
Or mounted, to outstrip the winds in flight.
In th'other wing, *Eumedes* fierce came on
With new supplies, old *Dolons* warlike son;
His grandsires name, and fathers strength he had,
Who in times past, when he a spy was made
To view the *Grecian* camp; bold, for his hire
Achilles horse and chariot did require.
For this, *Tydides* gave him other pay,
Nor bore he ere *Pelides* steeds away.
As afar off bold *Turnus* him did view
Through th'ample sky, at him his javelin threw;

Then

Then ſtops his horſe, and from his chariot leaps,
Whom falling down half dead on's neck he ſteps,
Puls his ſword from him, and the ſhining blade
He colour'd in his throat, and thus he ſaid.
Trojan behold that land thou ſtriv'ſt to gain;
And ſtretch'd out thus, meaſure th'*Heſperian* plain.
To thoſe dare fight with us, we alwayes yield
Rewards like theſe; and thus they cities build.
Next *Butes* with his ſpear He overthrew,
Bold *Cloris*, *Sabiris*, and *Dares* ſlew,
Therſilocus, *Thymetes* next did ſpeed,
As he was tumbling from his warlike ſteed.
And as *Edonian Boreas*, when aloud
He thunders raging on th'*Ægean* flood,
To ſhore the billows follow; through the ſky,
Which way winds blow, the fleeting clouds do fly.
So *Turnus*, whereſoere he way doth make,
The troops give place, the bands to flight betake;
He with's own force on like a whirlwind comes,
The wanton winds ſhaking his waving plumes.
Phegeus withſtands him; though his fury burns,
He ſtops his chariot, and his horſes turns;
Their foamie mouths he checkt, and whilſt he hung
Drawn by their mains, at him his ſpear he flung;
Which pierc'd quite through his double mail, and found
Paſſage to raſe his body with a wound:
But he defended with his target, made
Still at the foe, and from his ſword craves aid;
When hurried with the wheel, and flying axe,
He was at laſt orethrown, whom *Turnus* takes
Betwixt his helm and gorge, and ſmote off's head,
And left upon the ſand his body dead.
Whilſt conquering *Turnus* made ſuch ſlaughters thus;
Mneſtheus, *Achates*, ſad *Aſcanius*,

Æneas

Æneas bleeding to the camp attend:
Each other step on a long spear he lean'd;
To draw the broken arrow he assayes,
Strugling with pain, and tries the easiest wayes;
They lance the wound, and where it lay conceal'd
Cut deep; that they again might take the field.
Japix, whom *Phœbus* lov'd most was there,
Who once to him did such affection bear,
That his own arts on him he did bestow,
The spirit of Propheſie, with his harp and bow.
That he might long deferre the fatall houre
Of his old father, he the use and power
Of Simples learn't, and to himself imparts,
By study knowledge of despised arts.
Æneas chafing lean'd upon a spear,
With sad *Julus*, and great concourse there,
Nor is he mov'd nor troubled at their tears.
Then old *Japix* many things prepares,
His vest girt back in the *Paeonian* guise,
And *Phœbus* powerfull herbs in vain applies,
Vainly he labours to draw forth the steel,
Tries with his Probe, and doth with pincers feel;
No way will hit, no aid *Apollo* yields.
Now horrour, more and more rag'd in the fields,
Danger draws neer, dust hides the heaven from view;
Horse charge, and 'midst the camp thick javelins flew;
A wofull noise did now ascend the sky,
Of valiant youth, who in fierce battell die.
Here *Venus* troubled at her sons deep wound,
Brought *Dittanie*, in *Cretan Ida* found,
The stalk hath sprowting leaves, and on the crown
A purple flower, not to wild goats unknown,
When their rough backs the winged shaft hath gal'd:
This *Venus* brought, in clouds her beauty vail'd;

To this ſhe did freſh ſtreams in gold infuſe,
In ſecret, and with ſweet Ambroſian dewes,
She odoriferous *Panax* did compound,
With which th' old man not knowing, bath'd the wound.
Then from his body, ſtraight all anguiſh fled,
And now the wound no more, though mighty, bled,
The ſteel now uncompel'd follows the hand,
And ſtrength returns unto its old command.
Bring armes, why ſtay you? firſt *Iapix* cries:
Inflaming courage 'gainſt the enemies,
This is no work of man nor did this art,
My maſter *Phœbus* unto me impart,
Nor have I drawn the ſteel, which deep did lurk,
A greater God ſends thee to greater work.
Then for the fight *Æneas* earneſt, ties
His golden cuiſhes to his manly thighs,
Hating delays, brandiſh'd his ſpear; this done
Buckles his ſhield, and claps his corſlet on,
And then his ſon imbracing, thus arrai'd,
He through his beaver, ſweetly kiſſing ſaid;
Valour, true honour, learn (my boy) from me,
Fortune from others; this right hand ſhall be
In war thy ſhield, and ſhall with realms endow;
To riper years attain'd, remember thou
Thy friends example; let thy fathers fame,
And uncle *Hector*, to brave acts inflame.
Thus having ſaid, through open ports he makes,
And mighty he a mighty javelin ſhakes.
Anteus and *Mneſtheus* ſtraight a body make,
And all the bands draw forth, the campe forſake,
Then mighty clouds of duſt obſcure the field,
And thundring feet makes the ſhook earth to yield.
Turnus beheld them, as the troups did draw
Forth from the works, and th' *Auſonians* ſaw,

Straight

Straight through their bodies runs cold trembling fear,
But before all his ſiſter firſt did hear,
She knew the ſound, and frighted fled amain.
He haſts, leading his black band through the plain.
As when a mighty ſtorme flies to the ſhore,
Through the deep ſea, ſuſpected long before
By skilfull ſwains, who fear it will annoy,
Their plants, their ſtanding corn and all deſtroy,
The wind as Herbingers bring th' ſound to land,
So charg'd *Æneas* with his *Trojan* band.
And cloſe together they in bodies drew.
Tymbræus, ſtout *Oſiris* overthrew,
Mneſtheus, *Archetius*, and *Achates* ſped
Bold *Epulon*, *Gyas* left *Ufens* dead:
Toſumnius the Augurer, he ſlew,
Who 'gainſt the *Trojans* firſt his javelin threw;
Clamour ſcales heaven, now *Rutilians* yield
And ſwift turn duſty ſhoulders through the field.
Æneas ſcorns to fight with any here,
Who charge on foot, or horſe, or caſt a ſpear;
He *Turnus* ſeeks alone through duſty miſts,
And only him demands unto the liſts.
Juturna that *Virago* ſtruck with fear,
Tumbles *Metiſcus*, *Turnus* charioteer
Out of his ſeat, and ſnatch'd from him the reins,
And leaves forſaken, falne upon the Plains.
Acting his part, ſhe guides the foaming bits,
In voyce, arms, ſhape, like to *Metuſius* ſits.
As when a ſwallow flies through ſpatious Courts
Of ſome rich lord, and in vaſt hals reſorts,
Food ſeeking for her young, portches ſhe rounds,
And now about the chryſtall fountains ſounds,
Thus mounted through the foe *Juturna* makes,
And with her thundring wheels all overtakes:

Then

Then here her brother, and now there she shews,
Nor lets him fight, but far from thence she goes.
Æneas so, turns here, now there he flies,
And *Turnus* trac'd through scatter'd enemies;
Calling as oft as him he had in sight:
And spurs adds to his winged horses flight.
As oft *Juturna* thence her chariot guides;
What shall she do, tost with such various tides?
Æneas as he many plots prepares,
At him *Messapus* (for he had two spears)
Cast one of them, and sent with mighty force.
Æneas guards himself, and stops his course,
Bending his knee; through's crest the javelin comes,
And from his cask quite sweeps away his plumes.
Then for the treachery, his rage grew hot;
When he perceiv'd his flying chariot,
Jove, and the altars he to witnesse cals,
Of broken leagues, then on the slaughter fals,
No difference makes, with all he doth ingage,
And gives full reins to his late curbed rage.
What God can tell those slaughters? who in verse
The funerals of the captains can rehearse,
Which fell by *Turnus* on th' *Ausonian* Plain,
Or count those numbers by *Æneas* slain?
Could *Iove* be pleas'd to see such wars as these
'Twixt nations that must joyne in lasting peace!
Æneas Sacro slew, (this fight first staid
The flying *Trojans*,) nor he long delaid:
Through's breast, where fate did easiest way afford,
Mongst his short ribs he sheaths his naked sword.
Turnus, *Amicus*, false from's Courser, met
On foot, on's brother next *Diores* set;
To this advancing, death he did afford
With his long spear, that slaughters with his sword;

Their

Their heads cut off, he to his chariot bore,
And hung them up, bloody with purple gore.
He *Talo*, *Tanais* and *Cethegus* slew,
Three at one charge, and sterne *Onytes* too
Of th'*Echion* name, whom dame *Peridia* bore,
Brother from *Lycia* sent, and *Phœbus* shore;
And young *Menetes* who in vain denide
To go to wars: neer fishy *Lernas* side
He had his craft, and house, wealth was unknown,
Whose father til'd a countrey not his own.
As fires are kindled in contrary ways,
Amongst dry woods, and sprigs of crackling bays,
Or when with rapid course from mountains steep
Sound foamy streams, and hurry to the deep,
And both alike make devastations large.
So stout *Æneas* and bold *Turnus* charge;
Their rage now boyls, and breasts unconquer'd bleed;
With their whole strength, to slaughter they proceed.
Murranus here, (boasting the antient name
Of Grandsires who from *Latine* Princes came;)
He with a stone orethrew, and on the Plains
Measur'd his length: whom falne, and lost his reins,
The wheels ran ore: thick blows swift heels afford,
Of horses now unmindfull of their lord.
Turnus meets *Ilus* mainly raging now,
And casts his javelin at his golden brow:
Quite through the helme it fixed in his brain.
Nor could thy valour thee protection gain,
Bold *Græcian Creteus*, from fierce *Turnus* ods;
Nor from *Æneas* charge, could his own Gods
Cupentus save: his breast to th sword must yield,
Nor to the wretch avail'd his brazen shield.
Thee *Æolus*, *Laurentian* fields saw dead,
And the large Champaigne thy broad shoulders spread,

Whom

Whom not the *Argive* squadrons could destroy,
Nor sterne *Achilles* who subverted *Troy*,
Here was thy place for death, from *Ida* come,
Laurentian fields thy body must intombe.
Latins and *Trojans*, now are all ingag'd;
Mnestheus, *Sergestus* and *Messapus* rag'd.
Well mounted, on bravely *Asylas* brings
Up *Tuscane* bands, and the *Arcadian* wings,
They battell joyne and strive with all their might;
No reserve left, there was a cruell fight.
The most fair mother of *Æneas* here
Puts in his mind to th'wals he should draw neer,
And straight with's Army to the city go,
Which sudden should the Latins overthrow.
He, as he *Turnus* sought through all the bands,
Bending each way, saw how *Laurentum* stands,
From so much troubles safe, in quiet rest:
A shape of greater war inflames his breast.
Mnestheus, *Sergestus* and *Serestus* stout,
Plac'd on a mount, he cals, where round about
Trojans might flock, nor shields or spears they laid
Aside, whilst thus from rising ground he said,
What I command obey; this *Jove* decrees;
Nor slow move for the suddain enterprise.
This town and city, cause of all this war,
Unlesse they yield, and say they vanquish'd are,
I will destroy, and levell with the ground
Their smoking spires; till *Turnus* will be found,
Must I expect? whilst he is pleas'd to fight
Vanquish'd again, must I attending wait?
Of all our woes this is the head and spring.
Sue then for peace with flames, and fire-bands bring.
This said, they cheerfull into order fall,
And in a body draw unto the wall.

Straight

Straight ſcaling ladders were, and fire prepar'd:
Some to the gates advance, and kill the guard:
Others, all heaven with ſhafts and javelins cloud;
Æneas firſt, raiſing his hand, allowd
Latinus blames: cals heaven to witnes then,
He is compel'd to take up arms agen,
They by hoſtility Peace had broken twice.
Then 'mongſt the People factious ſtirs ariſe;
Some for the *Trojans* bid open the gate,
And that they ſhould march through the city ſtraight,
And to the out-works they their King do call;
Others bring arms, and will defend the wall.
As when a ſwaine finds in a hollow rock,
A ſwarme of bees, and fils the place with ſmoke:
Diſturb'd they flie about their waxen ſeat,
And with a mighty noiſe their anger whet;
Smoke ſcales their roofs, within ſad murmurs riſe,
And pitchy fumes advance unto the skies.
When to the fainting *Latins* chanc'd a woe,
Which the whole city did with grief oreflow.
As the Queen ſaw the foe draw neer the wall,
The gates beſet, fire on the roofs to fall;
Nor *Turnus* nigh, the city to maintain.
Hopeleſſe, ſhe thought in fight the Prince was ſlain.
Struck dead with woe, I am the cauſe, ſhe cries,
I, I the ſpring of all theſe miſeries.
Thus raving ſhe, her bitter grief expreſt,
And deſperate, ſhe rends her purple veſt:
Then on a beam, a knot for baſe death knit.
Soon as the wofull *Latins* heard of it;
(But firſt *Lavinia* tore her golden hair
And roſie cheeks) they all in uprore were:
And the whole palace rung with diſmall cries.
Hence the ſad fame through the whole city flies;

Their

Their hearts now fail'd; amaz'd *Latinus* went,
And regal weeds, at his wives fortune, rent;
Then for his ruin'd town oppreſt with woes,
Foul duſt upon his ſilver hair he throwes;
Himſelf much blaming, 'cauſe he did refuſe,
And for his ſon did not *Æneas* chuſe.
Mean while the warriour *Turnus* did a few
Poor ſtraglers to the fartheſt plains purſue;
And by degrees now ſlower, and ſlower he rides,
And leſſe and leſſe in his ſwift horſes prides.
Hither to him the wind ſtrange terror bears,
With clamours mix'd; and to his liſtning ears
The cities confus'd noiſe and cries had blown.
Ah what misfortune now diſturbs the town!
Why from *Laurentum* come ſuch ſounds! This ſaid,
Diſtracted in his mind, a while he ſtaid.
His ſiſter, who *Metiſcus* ſhape had got,
His charioteer, and drove his chariot,
To him then ſpake: The *Trojans* there purſue
Where victory opens now a way to you:
Others there are that will defend the town.
Æneas drives th'*Italians* up and down,
Thundring in arms; let us like ſlaughters make
Amongſt the *Trojans*, nor the field forſake,
Since thou in ſtrength and valour equal art.
Then *Turnus* ſaid——
Siſter, long ſince I knew thee, when by charms
Thou brok'ſt the league, and tookſt thy ſelf up arms.
Now Goddeſſe, thou deceiv'ſt in vain: but who
From heaven to ſuffer thus commanded you?
Cam'ſt thou to ſee thy brothers cruel death?
What ſafety elſe can fortune now bequeath?
Did not theſe eyes behold *Murranus*, when
He call'd to me aloud, and call'd agen?

Then

Then whom to me (alas) was dearer none:
The brave man fell, by a great wound orethrown.
And hapleſſe *Vfens* dy'd, leſt he ſhould ſee
Our foul diſgrace; his arms and body be
The *Trojans* prize. Shall I here tamely ſtay
Till they deſtroy the town? Is that the way?
Nor ſhall this arm *Drances* confute? ſhall I
Retreat, and ſhall this land ſee *Turnus* fly?
Is death ſo hard? You ſpirits, that dwell below,
Oh ſend me aid; ſince heaven's declar'd my foe!
To you my ſpotleſſe ſoul not knowing t'offend,
Worthy my predeceſſors ſhall deſcend.
Scarce ſaid; when *Sages* through the foe did come,
His horſe behold all over in a ſome:
In's head an arrow ſticking, poſt he came
Requiring aid of *Turnus* by his name.
Great *Prince*, in thee is our laſt hopes, allow
Some aid to us; *Æneas* thunders now
In arms about our gates, and threatens, he
Will now deſtroy the towres of *Italie*;
And ready with deſtruction fire-brands flie
About the roofs. The *Latines* fix their eye
Only on thee; all's loſt, if thou not aid.
Nor will *Latinus* longer be delaid
Whom to call ſon, or with which ſide t'agree.
Beſides the Queen moſt faithful ſtill to thee,
Is dead; and frighted with her own ſad fates
Hath made her ſelf away; only the gates
Are by *Meſſapus*, and *Atinas* man'd;
Round theſe, on every ſide thick ſquadrons ſtand,
An iron crop gliſters with ſwords and ſhields,
Whilſt thou doſt drive here in forſaken fields.
Turnus amaz'd, with various objects ſtood
Silent a while; great ſhame then boyls his blood,

Grief

Grief with diſtraction mix'd, and love did call,
Stir'd up by rage, and loſſe of honour, all.
Soon as his mind he recollected had,
The walls (much griev'd) with burning eyes ſurvaid,
And the great town did from the wheels behold,
When he might ſee amongſt the bulwarks roll'd
And the dry timber up a mighty flame
With ſmoke towards heaven: then to a towre it came
Wrought with huge beams, which he himſelf had made,
And had with wheels and lofty arches laid.
Fate calls now, ſiſter, there is no delay:
What God and hard chance bids, we muſt obey.
I'le meet *Æneas*; deaths worſt forme Ile face;
Nor longer ſhalt thou ſee my great diſgrace:
Grant ere the fight I may to fury yield.
This ſaid, from's chariot leaps into the field,
And ruſh'd through foes, his ſiſter ſad forſakes,
And ſwift he through the middle ſquadron makes:
As a huge ſtone drove by a tempeſts power
From a hills top, or carried by a ſhower;
Or ſliding years which time hath freed from thence,
The mighty rock roll'd down with violence
Bounds from the earth; and tumbling headlong then
With it ſweeps woods, and flocks, whole herds, and men:
So through the broken ſquadrons *Turnus* goes
To th' city walls: and where the ſad earth flowes
With ſtreams of blood, where javelins cloud the skies,
Waving his hand, with a loud voice he cries.
No more in fight *Rutilians Latines* joyn,
What ere the fortune is, it muſt be mine.
I with my ſword firm peace ſhall make. This ſaid,
They all retreat, and a fair ſpace they made.
But when *Æneas* heard of *Turnus* name,
Straight from the walls and lofty towrs he came.

And

And breaks off all delayes, quits all designs,
And joyfull now in thundring arms he shines.
So mighty *Athos*, or tall *Eryx* shew,
Or antient *Apennine*, when with snow
Above the stars his lofty head is crown'd,
And doth with tempest beaten okes resound.
Rutilians, *Trojans*, and th' *Italians*, all
Who did maintain, and those who storm'd the wall,
Fix'd there their eyes, and from the fight withdraw.
Latinus was amazed, when he saw
Such mighty men, born in far distant land,
Resolv'd to try it out, now hand to hand.
Soon as the field with open lists appears,
With a swift course far off they cast their spears:
They charge then with their targets, and the ground
Doth with a grone return the brazen sound.
Then with their swords blow after blow lay on,
Fortune and valour are conjoyn'd in one.
So in great *Syla* or *Taburnus* height
Two bulls with horns begin a cruel fight;
Their frighted Lords retreit: the cattel stand
Silent with fear, who shall the steers command,
Whom the whole herd shall follow; whilst the foes
Gore one another, dealing cruel blowes:
In streams of blood their necks and shoulders dround,
And with their bellowing all the woods resound.
So with their shields they at each other flie,
Whilst mighty fragor fills the ample skie.
With equall beame Jove holds the ballances,
And in each scale the various fate he layes
Of both the Princes; who shall honour have,
And whom deaths weight shall sink down to the grave.
Here *Turnus* did his arm and sword advance,
Then makes a blow, suspecting no mischance.

A shout the *Trojans* and the *Latines* made,
Both sides are rais'd; but the perfidious blade
Breaks in the stroke, and on the earth it lies.
Flight now must aid; more swift then winds he flies,
When a strange hilt he in his hand did find.
Fame is, when he did mount his horses joy'nd
In the first fight, and was for battell hot,
He seiz'd *Metiscus* sword, his own forgot:
And that serv'd long, while stragling *Trojans* fled.
But when it came to arms by *Vulcan* made,
The mortal sword like ice broke in his hand,
The peeces shining on the yellow sand.
Therefore amaz'd he flies through th'open plain,
Now here, now there; and wheels about again.
For each side *Trojans* with a guard surround,
There did a fen there lofty bulwarks bound.
Nor slower *Æneas* after him, though he
Sometimes complained of his wounded knee.
And swiftly at the heels he follows him;
As when a Deer inclosed with some stream,
Or struck with terror, when the arrow sounds,
The huntsman neer with a full crie of hounds;
But he a thousand wayes tries for escapes,
Frighted with nets and banks: Fierce *Umber* gapes
Ready to seize, and now so nigh doth get
He bites, but cozen'd with an empty bit;
Then clamours rise, the banks and lakes reply,
And all the heavens thunder with the cry.
He flying, then upbraids *Rutilian* bands,
Cals each by name, and his own sword demands.
Æneas threatens death to any one
Dares give him aid, and to destroy the town:
This vows to do; at which they shake, dismaid.
Too and agen they full five courses had:

For no meane prize they strove, or sporting strife;
But they for blood contend, and *Turnus* life.
Sacred to *Faunus*, here an Olive stood;
On which those scap'd the danger of the flood,
To the *Larentian* God did pay their vowes,
And promis'd vests Hang on the sacred boughes.
Trojans without respect cut down this tree,
That a cleare list might for the Champions be.
Here stuck *Æneas* speare with violence cast,
And in the yielding root was fixed fast.
The *Dardan* puls, that he with this the foe
Might overtake, because he was too slow.
Then *Turnus* frighted prayes, O *Faunus* heare;
And pity, and dear earth detain the speare,
If alwaies I your honours have maintain'd,
Which now with war the *Trojans* have prophan'd.
Nor with vain vowes he call'd the deities ayd;
For whilst *Æneas* strugling, was delaid
In the soft stump, nor could the root constraine;
Juturna, in *Metiscus* form again,
Runs in and helps her brother to his sword.
Venus with furie at the bold nymph stird,
Then comes, and from the deep root puls the lance.
Now brave in armes and chear'd they both advance;
This to his sword, that trusting to his speare,
And for the strife of panting *Mars* prepare.
Mean while heav'ns mighty King to *Juno* said,
As from a bright cloud they the fight survaid,
What now remains deare wife, when ends our ods?
Æneas thou knowst, must sit amongst the Gods,
And *Fates* to him have starry seats alow'd,
What plot thus stays thee in a gloomy cloud?
What! shall a mortall wound a God: or thou
(For to *Juturna* thy power did allow

To bring the ſword for *Daunus* ſons defence)
To give freſh courage to the vanquiſh'd Prince.
Give ore at laſt, to our intreaties bend,
Nor let ſuch eating grief thee ſilent ſpend,
Nor with ſuch care ſo often trouble me;
Time was, when thou couldſt vex by Land, and Sea
The *Trojan* race; and kindle cruel warres:
Houſes deſtroy, and *Hymen* mix with jars.
More I forbid t'attempt: ſuch things *Jove* ſpoke,
When *Juno* ſaid, with a ſubmiſſive look.
Becauſe great *Jove* thy mind to me was known,
Unwilling I have *Turnus* left alone.
Nor ſhouldſt thou ſee me ſolitarie ſit
In a cold cloud, and ſuffer things unfit:
But girt with flames, our ſquadrons to excite,
And draw the *Trojans* to unhappy fight.
I muſt confeſſe, pittying, I did perſwade
Woefull *Juturna* to her brothers ayde;
And greater things I for his life would doe,
But not to uſe a dart, or bend a bow.
This by th'inexorable *Stygian* floods
I ſweare, that only oath which tyes the Gods;
And now I goe, and leave the wofull fight,
But one thing I requeſt, which yet no right
Or Fate denies: for th' *Majeſtie* of thine,
When with bleſt *Hymen*, they ſhall leagues conjoyne,
(And may it be,) and Lawes of peace proclaime,
Let not the *Latins* change their antient name,
Nor let them be call'd *Trojans* I beſeech,
Nor yet to change their habit, nor their ſpeech;
Let it be *Latium*, and for ever be
The *Alban* fathers in great *Italie*;
Let *Romans* by their valour conquer all.
Troy's ſtain: and with her let the name now fall:

The

The king of men and Gods, then ſmiling ſays,
Thou art *Joves* ſiſter, *Saturns* ſecond race;
Why in thy breaſt rowlſt thou ſuch floods of rage?
Lay by that ſpleen, ſo vainly did ingage;
I am o'recome, and thou thy ſute ſhalt gain.
They ſhall their cuſtomes, and their ſpeech retain;
And keep their ancient name. The *Trojan* race,
Mix'd with ſo great a body ſhall give place.
Ile adde their ſacred rites, and I ſhall make
Latins and *Trojans*, both one tongue to ſpeak.
A race mix'd from th'*Auſonians* thou ſhalt ſee
Excelling men, and gods in pietie:
Nor any nation more in war or peace
Shall hononr thee. Theſe words did *Juno* pleaſe,
And ſatiſfide, her mind being chang'd, ſhe flies
From the dark cloud and leaves the troubled skies.
This done; *Jove* with himſelf contrives to call
Iuturna, from her hapleſſe brothers fall.
Two helliſh hags there be, the *Dire* height.
Which to *Megæra*, were by diſmall Night
Born at a birth, and arm'd with ſerpents ſtings:
Who gave them power to uſe reſounding wings.
Theſe at *Ioves* throne, and cruell court appear;
Theſe ſtir in mortals *jealouſie* and *feare*,
When the Gods king, ſickneſſe and death prepares,
Or wicked cities terrifies with wars.
Iove one of theſe, ſending from heaven, injoyns
To meet *Iuturna* with ill boading ſignes.
She to the earth in a ſwift whirlwind flies;
So glides a *Parthian* arrow through the skies,
With poiſon arm'd, or by *Sydonian* art
Sounding through th'aire, with deadly bane, a dart:
Unknown it comes, ſwift through the gloomy ſhade;
So haſts Nights daughter, and to earth ſhe made.

After

After ſhe ſaw the *Trojans*, and did looke
On *Turnus* bands; a ſmall birds form ſhe took,
Which, or on tombs, or roofs forſaken hants,
And late in ſhady night her ſorrow chants.
Thus chang'd, the hag at *Turnus* face did charge,
And with her flapping wings ſhe beats his targe.
Here ſudden numbneſſe ſeis'd his limbs with fear;
Amaz'd, ſtruck dumb, erected was his hair.
But afar off, as neer the *Dira* drew
Her ſounding wings, woful *Juturna* knew,
Tearing her flowing hair, her face infeſts
With her own nails, and beats her panting breaſts.
How can thy ſiſter, *Turnus*, aid thee now?
Or what is left for me, poor wretch, to do?
How ſhall I ſave thy life? which way ſhall I
Oppoſe my ſelf againſt this prodigie?
Fright me no more, foul hag; now I ſhall go;
The ſounding of your deadly wings I know:
Nor proud commands of *Jove* deceived me,
And this he gives for my virginitie.
Why did he me immortal make? and why
Took he from me the happineſſe to die?
Then I might give a period to this woe,
And to the ſhades with my dear brother go.
But I immortal am; yet wanting thee,
Nothing that's mine, ſhall pleaſant be to me.
That earth would gape and ſwallow me! that now
A Goddeſſe might deſcend to ſhades below!
This ſaid, her head with a green vail ſhe hides,
And with a groan beneath the river glides.

Æneas ſtands, and a huge javelin ſhooke,
A mighty tree; and like a foe thus ſpoke;

What

What ſtayes thee now O *Turnus*? tis not flight
Muſt end our quarrell, but a cruel fight.
Transforme thy ſelfe into all ſhapes, and try
What ere thou canſt by ſtrength or art apply.
Deſire with wings to the high ſtars to glide:
And in earths hollow wombe thy ſelfe to hide.
Shaking his head, thy proud threats feare not me,
The Gods, (he ſaid) *Jove* is my enemie.
Thus having ſaid, a ponderous ſtone he found,
An ancient mighty one, which for a bound
By chance juſt on the neighbouring limits lay,
And for the meers all ſtrife did take away;
Scarce twice ſix men, this to their necks could reare,
Such men as now the earth grown old doth beare.
The Heroe running, with huge ſtrength did throw
Raiſing himſelfe, this ſtone againſt the foe:
Nor himſelfe running nor yet going, knew;
Or lifting, how his hand the huge-ſtone threw.
His knees did tremble, and a cold blood flowes
Through all his nerves; the ſtone with violence goes
Through empty aire; but it fell ſhort, nor went
Half way to give the blow, where it was ſent.
As when in quiet night, ſleepe ſeiles our eye,
In vain we ſeeme ſome earneſt flight to trie,
But in the midſt we faint, our voice doth faile,
Nor ſpeech, nor words, nor our known ſtrength prevaile;
So *Turnus*, what ſo ere his valour tries,
Succeſſe the cruel Goddeſſe him denies.
Troubled, the Town and *Rutils* ſtruck with feare
Standing he view'd; and trembles at the ſpeare.
Where ſhall he fly, how ſcape the enemie,
No Chariot, no *Juturna* can he ſee.
Æneas aiming, did himſelfe advance,
And at him maz'd, he throwes his fatall lance,

A ſtone ſhot from a batterer not ſo loud
Thunder'd, or lightning from a broken cloud.
Like a black whirlwind he the javelin threw,
Bearing ſad death; which through his armour flew,
And through ſeven foldings of his ſhield it paſt,
And ſounding, in his groyn it fix'd at laſt.
The mighty *Turnus* wounded, ſinks upon
His double knee; *Rutilians* gave a grone,
And all the hils the voyce re-ecchoe round,
And the tall groves reply the mournfull ſound.
He ſuppliant then, did hands and eyes advance,
And ſaid, I have deſerv'd it, uſe thy chance;
But haſt thou ſenſe of a ſad Parents woe?
And ſuch thy father was; then pity ſhew
To aged *Dauno*, or if rather thou
Wouldſt take my life, my corps to friends allow.
Thou haſt o'recome; the *Auſonians* me have ſeen
Mercy to crave; *Lavinia* is thine;
Here end debate. Then fierce *Æneas* ſtands
Surveying him all o're, and ſtaid his hands,
And at this language more and more did melt;
When on his ſhoulder he perceiv'd the belt
Which *Pallas* was, the golden backles ſhone,
Whom *Turnus* by a deep wound had orethrown,
And on his back the hoſtile enſigne had.
After thoſe ſpoyls with grief he had ſurvaid,
Incenſ'd with deadly rage, ſhalt thou ſaid he,
Grac'd with my deare friends ſpoyls, eſcape from me?
Thus *Pallas*, *Pallas* thee an offering makes:
And on thy wicked blood revenge now takes.
Thus having ſaid, with indignation ſtir'd,
He in his boſome ſheaths to th'hilt his ſword.
Straight numbing cold on all his body ſeiz'd,
And with a grone, life flies to ſhades diſpleas'd.

FINIS.